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THE LIFE OF

JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN

VOLUME II

THE LIFE OF
OHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN

BASED ON HIS PRIVATE JOURNALS
AND CORRESPONDENCE

BY
WILFRID WARD

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME II

WITH PORTRAITS

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LIFE

OF

CARDINAL NEWMAN

CHAPTER XX

THE WRITING OF THE 'APOLOGIA' (1864)

AT Christmas 1863 there appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* a review by Charles Kingsley of J. A. Froude's 'History of England.' In it occurred the following passage:

'Truth for its own sake had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not be, and on the whole ought not to be;—that cunning is the weapon which Heaven has given to the Saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage. Whether his notion be doctrinally correct or not, it is, at least, historically so.'

Newman wrote to the publishers, not, he said, to ask for reparation, but 'to draw their attention as gentlemen to a grave and gratuitous slander.' Kingsley at once wrote to him as follows, acknowledging the authorship of the review:

'Reverend Sir,—I have seen a letter of yours to Mr. Macmillan in which you complain of some expressions of mine in an article in the January number of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

'That my words were just, I believed from many passages of your writings; but the document to which I expressly referred was one of your sermons on "Subjects of the Day," No. XX in the volume published in 1844, and entitled "Wisdom and Innocence."

'It was in consequence of that sermon that I finally shook off the strong influence which your writings exerted on me, and for much of which I still owe you a deep debt of gratitude.

'I am most happy to hear from you that I mistook (as I understand from your letter) your meaning; and I shall be most happy, on your showing me that I have wronged you, to retract my accusation as publicly as I have made it.

'I am, Reverend Sir,
Your faithful servant,
CHARLES KINGSLEY.'

The retort was obvious—Newman was not yet a Catholic priest in 1844 when he wrote his sermon. Moreover, he wrote to Kingsley pointing out that there were no words in the sermon expressing any such opinion as Kingsley had ascribed to him. To this simple statement of fact Kingsley never replied. In the course of their correspondence, however, he said: 'the tone of your letters makes me feel to my very deep pleasure that my opinion of the meaning of your words is a mistaken one.' But Kingsley's *animus* was naïvely shown in the *amende* which he offered to publish.

The proposed apology ran as follows: 'Dr. Newman has, by letter, expressed in the strongest terms, his denial of the meaning which I have put upon his words. No man knows the use of words better than Dr. Newman; no man, therefore, has a better right to define what he does, or does not, mean by them. It only remains, therefore, for me to express my hearty regret at having so seriously mistaken him, and my hearty pleasure at finding him on the side of truth, in this, or any other matter.'

Newman naturally objected to the passages stating that 'no man knows the meaning of words better than Dr. Newman,' and that Mr. Kingsley was glad to find him 'on the side of truth, in this, or any other matter.' Kingsley withdrew them. But he would not change the gist of the letter, which implied that Newman had explained away his own words; whereas (as Newman pointed out again) Kingsley had not confronted him with any words at all.

Newman quoted the opinion of a friend, to whom he showed Kingsley's amended apology, that it was insufficient, but it appeared without further change in *Macmillan's Magazine* for February, and ran as follows: 'Dr. Newman has expressed, in the strongest terms, his denial of the meaning I have put on his words. It only remains, therefore, for me to express my hearty regret at having so seriously mistaken him.'

To the more or less apathetic onlooker this *amende* might have appeared sufficient. An apology had been made, and had been called by the man who made it, a 'hearty' one. But Newman judged otherwise. The apology was merely conventional. It accepted politely Newman's disclaimer of having meant what he seemed to mean. But the real accusation Kingsley had to meet was that he had ascribed to Newman views which he had never expressed at all, or could be fairly charged with seeming to mean. Newman saw his opportunity and pressed his argument. Kingsley declined to do more by way of apology, and said he had done as much as one English gentleman could expect from another. Newman published the correspondence between them, with the following witty caricature of Kingsley's argument:

'Mr. Kingsley begins then by exclaiming: "Oh, the chicanery, the wholesale fraud, the vile hypocrisy, the conscience-killing tyranny of Rome! We have not far to seek for an evidence of it! There's Father Newman to wit;—one living specimen is worth a hundred dead ones. He a priest, writing of priests, tells us that lying is never any harm." I interpose: "You are taking a most extraordinary liberty with my name. If I have said this, tell me when and where." Mr. Kingsley replies: "You said it, reverend Sir, in a sermon which you preached when a Protestant, as vicar of St. Mary's, and published in 1844, and I could read you a very salutary lecture on the effects which that sermon had at the time on my own opinion of you." I make answer: "Oh . . . *not*, it seems, as a priest speaking of priests; but let us have the passage." Mr. Kingsley relaxes: "Do you know, I like your *tone*. From your *tone* I rejoice,—greatly rejoice,—to be able to believe that you did not mean what you said." I rejoin: "*Mean* it! I maintain I never *said* it, whether as a Protestant or as a Catholic!" Mr. Kingsley replies: "I waive that point." I object: "Is it possible? What? Waive the main question? I either said it or I didn't. You have made a monstrous charge against me—

direct, distinct, public; you are bound to prove it as directly, as distinctly, as publicly, or to own you can't!" "Well," says Mr. Kingsley, "if you are quite sure you did not say it, I'll take your word for it,—I really will." "My *word!*" I am dumb. Somehow I thought that it was my *word* that happened to be on trial. The *word* of a professor of lying that he does not lie! But Mr. Kingsley reassures me. "We are both gentlemen," he says, "I have done as much as one English gentleman can expect from another." I begin to see: he thought me a gentleman at the very time that he said I taught lying on system. After all it is not I, but it is Mr. Kingsley who did not mean what he said. *Habemus confitentem reum*. So we have confessedly come round to this, preaching without practising; the common theme of satirists from Juvenal to Walter Scott. "I left Baby Charles and Steenie laying his duty before him," says King James of the reprobate Dalgarno; "Oh Geordie, jingling Geordie, it was grand to hear Baby Charles laying down the guilt of dissimulation and Steenie lecturing on the turpitude of incontinence.""

In spite of the extreme brilliancy of this sally it is likely enough that the British public, with its anti-Catholic prejudices, would have charged Newman with hyper-sensitiveness and ill-temper, and considered that the popular writer against whom the sally was directed had really made ample amends by his apology. But at this juncture there intervened a man who was already becoming a power, by force of intellect and character, in the world of letters. Richard Holt Hutton, editor of the *Spectator*, was a Liberal in politics, until lately a Unitarian in religion, a known admirer of Kingsley, a sympathiser with the Liberal theology of Frederick Denison Maurice. It was to his intervention that an able critic—the late Mr. G. L. Craik, who well remembered the controversy and whose theological sympathies were with Kingsley—used confidently to ascribe the direction which public opinion, in many instances trembling in the balance, took at this moment, and ultimately took with overwhelming force. All Hutton's antecedents seemed to be against any unfair partiality on Newman's behalf. But he had been for years keenly alive to spiritual genius wherever it showed itself—in Martineau, in Maurice, as well as in Newman. He had followed Newman's writings and career with deep interest and had been present (as we have seen) at the King William Street lectures in 1849. Endowed with a justice of mind which only a few men in each generation can boast, and which makes them judges in Israel, he had an ingrained suspiciousness of the unfairness of the English public where 'Popery' was concerned, and felt the need to guide it aright. He saw fully the injustice of Kingsley's method. On February 20 he published in the *Spectator* an estimate of the controversy, raised on that judicial platform of thought from which the most unfailingly effective argument proceeds. He allowed for the popular feeling that Newman's retort was too severe, and even admitted it. But in his fine psychological study of the two men he pointed out a looseness of thought, a prejudice, a want of candour in Kingsley, which were at the root both of his original offence and of his insufficient apology, and summed up very strongly in Newman's favour. He wrote as follows:

'Mr. Kingsley has just afforded, at his own expense, a genuine literary pleasure to all who can find intellectual pleasure in the play of great powers of sarcasm, by bringing Father Newman from his retirement and showing, not only one of the greatest of English writers, but perhaps the very greatest master of delicate and polished sarcasm in the English language, still in full possession of all the powers which contributed to his wonderful mastery of that subtle and dangerous weapon. Mr. Kingsley is a choice though perhaps too helpless victim for the full exercise of Father Newman's powers. But he has high feeling and generous courage enough to make us feel that the sacrifice is no ordinary one; yet the title of one of his books,—"Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers"—represents too closely the character of his rough but manly intellect, so that a more opportune Protestant ram for Father Newman's sacrificial knife could scarcely have been found; and, finally, the thicket in which he caught himself was, as it were, of his own choosing, he having rushed headlong into it quite without malice, but also quite without proper consideration of the force and significance of his own words. Mr. Kingsley is really without any case at all in the little personal controversy we are about to notice; and we think he drew down upon himself fairly the last keen blow of the sacrificial knife by what we must consider a very inadequate apology for his rash statement.

'Mr. Kingsley, in the ordinary steeplechase fashion in which he chooses not so much to think as to *splash up* thought—dregs and all—(often very healthy and sometimes very noble, but always very loose thought), in one's face, had made a random charge against Father Newman in *Macmillan's Magazine*. . . . The sermon in question, which we have carefully read, certainly contains no proposition of the kind to which Mr. Kingsley alludes, and no language even so like it as the text taken from Our Lord's own words, "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves."

'. . . We must say that the whole justice of the matter seems to us on Dr. Newman's side, that Mr. Kingsley ought to have said, what is obviously true, that, on examining the sermon no passage will bear any colourable meaning at all like that he had put upon it. And yet it is impossible not to feel that Dr. Newman has inflicted almost more than an adequate literary retribution on his opponent; more than adequate, not only for the original fault, but for the yet more faulty want of due candour in the apology. You feel somehow that Mr. Kingsley's little weaknesses, his inaccuracy of thought, his reluctance to admit that he had been guilty of making rather an important accusation on the strength of a very loose general impression, are all gauged, probed, and condemned by a mind perfectly imperturbable in its basis of intellect though vividly sensitive to the little superficial ripples of motive and emotion it scorns.'

Newman had burnt his ships, and had probably been prepared for a strong verdict against him and in favour of so popular a writer as Kingsley, on the part of that very anti-Popish person, the John Bull of 1864. Hutton's was a most seasonable and valuable intervention. By admitting and allowing for the most obvious ground of public criticism on Newman—the excessiveness of the castigation he had administered—the *Spectator* was all the more effective in its strong justification of Newman's main position in the controversy. The article gave him keen pleasure and he wrote his thanks to the *Spectator*, which brought a generous private letter from Hutton himself. Newman replied to it as follows:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: February 26th, 1864.

'My dear Sir,—Your letter gave me extreme pleasure. Though I contrive to endure my chronic unpopularity, and though I believe it to be salutary, yet it is not in itself welcome; and therefore it is a great relief to me to have from time to time such letters as yours which serve to show that, under the surface of things, there is a kinder feeling towards me than the surface presents.

'I ought to tell you that when I wrote my letter to the editor of the *Spectator* the other day, I had only seen the first part of your article as it was extracted in the Birmingham paper. . . .

'I thanked you for your article when I saw only part of it, on the ground of its being so much more generous than the ordinary feeling of the day allows reviewers commonly to behave towards me. I thank you still more for it as I now read it with its complement,—first because it is evidently written, not at random, but critically, and secondly because it is evidently the expression of real, earnest, and personal feeling. How far what you say about me is correct can perhaps be determined neither by you nor by me, but by the Searcher of hearts alone; but, even where I cannot follow you in your criticism, I am sure I get a lesson from it for my serious consideration.

'But I have said enough, and subscribe myself with sincere goodwill to you, my dear Sir,

'Very faithfully yours,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Kingsley, who was doubtless persuaded that his apology to Newman was a very handsome one, and unconscious how his own judgment was warped by his antipathy to everything that Newman represented in his eyes, now changed his tone, and, in a pamphlet called 'What then does Dr. Newman mean?' fully justified the estimate Newman had formed of his true attitude of mind—an attitude which had prevented Newman, at the outset, from accepting an apology which he felt to be grudging and not in the fullest sense sincere. How deep and habitual Kingsley's feeling of animosity was, we see from some words written while his pamphlet was in preparation, to a correspondent who had called his attention to a passage in W. G. Ward's 'Ideal of a Christian Church' which appeared to justify Kingsley's charge against Newman and his friends. 'Candour,' Mr. Ward had written, 'is an intellectual rather than a moral virtue, and by no means either universally or distinctively characteristic of the saintly mind.' If 'candour' meant 'truthfulness,' such an admission was surely significant.

Kingsley replied that he was using the passage from Ward's book in his forthcoming pamphlet, and added: 'I am answering Newman now, and though of course I give up the charge of conscious dishonesty, I trust to make him and his admirers sorry that they did not leave me alone. I have a score of more than twenty years to pay, and this is an instalment of it.'[1]

It is necessary for the reader to have before him specimens of the tone and temper of Kingsley's pamphlet that he may appreciate the effect it produced, and the provocation under which Newman considered himself justified in writing as he subsequently did.

The general line of argument in the pamphlet may perhaps be put thus: 'Newman's words looked like the view which I imputed to him. I have accepted his statement that he did not so mean them. But if he did not, what *does* he mean?' The reader looks in vain, however, for a passage in which Kingsley quotes any words of Newman's which justify his original statement. The nearest approach to any such attempt at justification is in his analysis of the sermon on 'Wisdom and Innocence,' where he points out how Newman admits that Christians have been charged with cunning, though he maintains that such appearances are due only to the arts of the defenceless. 'If,' he writes, 'Dr. Newman told the world, as he virtually does in this sermon, "I know that my conduct looks like cunning, but it is only the arts of the defenceless," what wonder if the world answer "No, it is what it seems"?'

But Mr. Kingsley was thoroughly roused. If the sermon did not supply what he wanted, he could go further afield for evidence. And he could make fresh charges. He continued in a style which bears curious witness to the profound and undiscriminating aversion to Newman's whole attitude which lay at the root of his original attack. Passing by the 'tortuous' Tract 90, and claiming the recognition of his generosity in so doing, he speaks of the Puseyite 'Lives of the Saints,' edited by Newman in 1843, as witnessing to his flagrant untruthfulness. Entirely failing to understand Newman's philosophy of miracle, he speaks of those 'Lives' as simply deliberate perversions of historical truth. Newman's view, it need hardly be said, was that there are certain antecedent probabilities recognised by one who is already a Catholic, which make the marvels handed down by tradition credible to him as 'pious beliefs,' although they may not be historically proved. He admitted as much as Kingsley that they could not be established by canons of evidence accepted by those who did not grant the antecedent probabilities. Such a view as this, whether right or wrong, is never even glanced at by Mr. Kingsley, who treats the 'Lives' as simply a tissue of infantile folly and untruthfulness combined.

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[1] These words are quoted by Father Ryder in his *Recollections; vide infra*, p. 351.

Kingsley recalls Newman's statement in the 'Present Position of Catholics,' that he thinks the 'holy coat of Treves' may be what it professes to be, and that he firmly believes that portions of the True Cross are in Rome and elsewhere; that he believes in the presence of the Crib of Bethlehem in Rome; that he cannot withstand the evidence for the liquefaction of Januarius' blood at Naples and the motion of the eyes of the images of the Madonna in Italy. No one knew better than Newman himself that, to the ordinary common-sense Protestant Englishman, such beliefs must seem ludicrous and childish superstitions. But Newman had very cogently pointed out that, judged by the canons of reason apart from the antecedent presumptions of religious minds, miracles in Holy Writ which the Protestant Englishman never questions, and accepts from custom and education, are also incredible. That Jonah spent three days in the interior of a whale is a belief not easier to justify by reason than the wonders referred to above, and Mr. Kingsley, it was to be presumed, accepted this miraculous narrative himself. But the whole philosophical ground for Newman's readiness to believe is passed by without notice by Kingsley. He throws before his readers as beyond the reach or necessity of argument the above avowals of folly and superstition. And he changes his earlier charge of untruthfulness and insincerity for one of arrant and avowed fatuity.

'How art thou fallen from Heaven,' he writes, 'O Lucifer, son of the Morning!

'But when I read these outrages upon common sense, what wonder if I said to myself: "This man cannot believe what he is saying"?

'I believe I was wrong. I have tried, as far as I can, to imagine to myself Dr. Newman's state of mind; and I see now the possibility of a man's working himself into that pitch of confusion that he can persuade himself, by what seems to him logic, of anything whatsoever which he wishes to believe; and of his carrying self-deception to such perfection that it becomes a sort of frantic honesty in which he is utterly unconscious, not only that he is deceiving others, but that he is deceiving himself.

'But I must say: If this be "historic truth," what is historic falsehood? If this be honesty, what is dishonesty? If this be wisdom, what is folly?

'I may be told: But this is Roman Catholic doctrine. You have no right to be angry with Dr. Newman for believing it. I answer: This is not Roman Catholic doctrine, any more than belief in miraculous appearances of the Blessed Virgin, or the miracle of the Stigmata (on which two matters I shall say something hereafter). No Roman Catholic, as far as I am aware, is bound to believe these things. Dr. Newman has believed them of his own free will. He is anxious, it would seem, to show his own credulity. He has worked his mind, it would seem, into that morbid state in which nonsense is the only food for which it hungers. Like the sophists of old, he has used reason to destroy reason. I had thought that, like them, he had preserved his own reason in order to be able to destroy that of others. But I was unjust to him, as he says. While he tried to destroy others' reason, he was, at least, fair enough to destroy his own. That is all that I can say. Too many prefer the charge of insincerity to that of insipience,—Dr. Newman seems not to be of that number. . . . If I, like hundreds more, have mistaken his meaning and intent, he must blame not me, but himself. If he will indulge in subtle paradoxes, in rhetorical exaggerations; if, whenever he touches on the question of truth and honesty, he will take a perverse pleasure in saying something shocking to plain English notions, he must take the consequences of his own eccentricities.

'What does Dr. Newman mean? He assures us so earnestly and indignantly that he is an honest man, believing what he says, that we in return are bound, in honour and humanity, to believe him; but still,—what does he mean?'

It would be tedious to follow Mr. Kingsley through his many instances. They all show that Newman's views are a sealed book to him. These views doubtless admit of expert criticism when once they are understood. But Mr. Kingsley does not attempt to master them. His impatience prevents all discrimination. Thus Newman's very candid admissions in his Lecture on the 'Religious State of Catholic Countries' are taken as showing that Newman almost admires the crimes of the Neapolitan thief. Newman argued that a Catholic might steal as another may steal; this does not make stealing in him less evil; still, he may have faith which the other had not. Faith is one thing, good works another. They are separable qualities. Mr. Kingsley holds up his hands. Further argument is indeed, he holds, useless and unnecessary with a man who says such things as this.

'And so I leave Dr. Newman,' he concludes, 'only expressing my fear that, if he continues to "economize" and "divide" the words of his adversaries as he has done mine, he will run great danger of forfeiting once more his reputation for honesty.'

Every line of this pamphlet speaks of an indignant man who is convinced that he has much the best case in the dispute, and who cannot bring himself to conceal his contemptuous dislike for his opponent. Mr. Hutton, who vigilantly took note of each move in the game, formed a very different estimate from Kingsley's of the pamphlet, and of the situation. On its appearance he again took the field, and in the course of an article of five columns gave the following estimate of its drift and quality:

'Mr. Kingsley replies in an angry pamphlet, which we do not hesitate to say aggravates the original injustice a hundredfold. Instead of quoting language of Dr. Newman's fairly justifying his statement, he quotes everything of almost any sort, whether having reference to casuistry, or to the monastic system, or the theory of Christian evidences, that will irritate,—often rightly irritate,—English taste against the Romish system of faith, and every apology or plea of any kind put in by Dr. Newman in favour of that faith. He raises, in fact, as large a cloud of dust as he can round his opponent, appeals to every Protestant prepossession against him, reiterates that "truth is not honoured among these men for its own sake," giving a very shrewd hint that he includes Dr. Newman as chief amongst the number, and retires without vindicating his assertion in the least, except so far as to prove that there was quite enough that he disliked or even abhorred in Dr. Newman's teaching to *suggest* such an assertion to his mind,—his latent assumption evidently being that whatever Mr. Kingsley could say in good faith it could not have been unjustifiable for him to say. Mr. Kingsley evidently holds it quite innocent and even praiseworthy to blurt out raw general impressions, however inadequately supported, which are injurious and painful to other men, on condition only that they are his own sincere impressions. He has no mercy for the man who will define his thought and choose his language so subtly that the mass of his hearers may fail to perceive his distinctions, and be misled into a dangerous error,—because he cannot endure making a fine art of speech. Yet he permits himself a perfect licence of insinuation so long as these insinuations are suggested by the vague sort of animal scent by which he chooses to judge of other men's drift and meaning. . . . Mr. Kingsley has done himself pure harm by this rejoinder.'

The phrase 'animal scent' was an expressive one, and told with great effect. It characterised mercilessly the sheer prejudice which led to Mr. Kingsley's insinuations.

Newman felt the value of Hutton's renewed support at this critical moment, and wrote to him again:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Easter Day, 1864. March 27th.

'My dear Sir,—I have read an article on Mr. Kingsley and myself in the *Spectator* which I cannot help attributing to you. Excuse me if I take a liberty in doing so. Whoever wrote it I thank him with all my heart. I hope I shall be never slow to confess my faults, and, if I have, while becoming a Catholic, palliated things really wrong among Catholics in order to make my theory of religion and my consequent duty clearer, I am very sorry for it,—and I know I am not the best judge of myself,—but Mr. Kingsley's charges are simply monstrous. I can't tell till I read the article again carefully how far I follow you in everything you say of me,—though it is very probable I shall do so except in believing (which I do) that I am both logically and morally right in being a Catholic, but it is impossible not to feel that you have uttered on the whole what I should say of myself, and to see that you have done me a great service in doing so, as bearing an external testimony.

'Let me on this day, after the manner of Catholics, wish you the truest *Paschale gaudium*, and assure you that I am

'Most sincerely yours,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

'P.S.—On reading this over I have some fear lest I should incur some criticism from you in your mind on what you seemed to think in a former instance, mock humility,—but, if you knew me personally, I don't think you would say so.'

But it soon proved that the goodwill towards Newman was general in the English press. Though no other journal showed the close knowledge of his work which Mr. Hutton possessed, and though others fell short of the *Spectator* in understanding and sympathy, respect and consideration were general. The issue may have been doubtful so long as Kingsley's attack had been but a brief paragraph for which he apologised, but by his virulent pamphlet he overreached himself.

Newman saw at once that he would now have a hearing such as had never yet been open to him for a vindication of his whole life-work. For a moment he thought of answering Kingsley in a course of lectures. But a little more thought led to the plan of publishing in weekly parts an account and explanation of his life-story. The reason for his determination to publish rather than to lecture lay in the nature of such an account, and is expressed in the following letter to Mr. Hope-Scott:

'*Confidential.* The Oratory, Birmingham: April 12th, 1864.

'My dear Hope-Scott,—It is curious that the plan of lectures is one about which Ambrose (St. John) was hot, and I had all but determined on it, but I was forced to abandon it from the nature of my intended publication; I have taken a resolution, about which I shall be criticized,—yet I do it, though with anxiety, yet with deliberation.

'Men who know me, the tip-top education of London and far gone Liberals, will not accuse me of lying or dishonesty—but e.g. the Brummagems, and the Evangelical party, &c., &c., do really believe me to be a clever knave. Moreover I have never defended myself about various acts of mine, e.g. No. 90, so I am actually publishing a history of my opinions. Now it would have been impossible to *read* this out.

'I am so busy with composing that I have no time for more. My answer will come out in numbers on successive Thursdays, beginning with the 21st.

'Ever yours affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN
of the Oratory.'

Every day made clearer to Newman the existence of such a state of public feeling in his regard as promised not only attention, but even sympathy. He knew too well, however, that a defender of the Catholic priesthood from the charge of unstraightforwardness before such a jury as the British public was at a very heavy disadvantage, and not the least remarkable feature in his defence was the skill with which, in his opening pages (now long out of print), he set himself to counteract this adverse influence. His unfailing insight into human motive told him that success depended on the initial attitude of mind in his judges, and it was exclusively to securing a favourable attitude that he devoted the first fifty pages of the original 'Apologia.'[1] It is the skill he shows in persuading a mixed public and ensuring its favour which is most memorable in these pages. He had to present to the reader a convincing picture of himself as gratuitously slandered and assailed, as pleading in the face of the bitterest prejudice, as throwing himself on the generosity of the British public, and relying on their justice for fair play in a contest dishonourably provoked.

He had with equally convincing pen to depict the crude, rough, blundering, impulsive, deeply prejudiced mind of Kingsley, to bring into view his inferiority of intellectual fibre, and thus to win credence for his own retort.

Kingsley had chosen as the motto for his pamphlet Newman's assertion in one of the University Sermons that in some cases a lie is the nearest approach to truth. Newman notes in these introductory pages the appositeness of the motto, for 'Mr. Kingsley's pamphlet is emphatically one of such cases. . . . I really believe that his view of me is about as near an approach to the truth about my writings and doings as he is capable of taking. He has done his worst towards me, but he has also done his best.' Newman depicts him as in this attack simply narrow-minded. His failure to comprehend a mind unlike his own is an illustration of a wide law: 'children do not apprehend the thoughts of grown-up people, nor savages the instincts of civilisation.'

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[1] These pages were Parts I. and II. of the successive numbers. They were republished only in the first edition of the *Apologia*, which is now very rare. From them and from the Appendix (also out of print) I give long extracts because they are singularly characteristic of the writer, and are, I believe, generally unknown.

Against the blind contempt of Kingsley, who hesitated between 'knavery' and 'silliness' as the true charge against his antagonist, Newman levels the piercing scorn of the wider and more penetrating mind. It is the scorn of the civilised man, who sees and analyses the defects of barbarism, pitted against the scorn of barbarism, that hates, fears, and despises the civilisation which it cannot understand. Kingsley had taken up the position of the manly Englishman, of the advocate of chivalrous generosity, against the shifty Papist, the 'serpentine' dealer in 'cunning and sleight-of-hand logic.' Newman not only drives his opponent from the vantage ground, but occupies it himself, transferring to Kingsley the reproach of a disingenuousness which sought to poison the minds of the public and divert their gaze from the actual issue.

Mr. Kingsley had rather grandly announced that he was precluded '"en hault courage" and in strict honour' from proving his original charge from others of Newman's writings except the sermon on 'Wisdom and Innocence.' 'If I thereby give him a fresh advantage in this argument,' he added, 'he is most welcome to it. He needs, it seems to me, as many advantages as possible.' Newman quotes these words with the comment: 'What a princely mind! How loyal to his rash promise; how delicate towards the subject of it; how conscientious in his interpretation of it!'

But what was the actual exhibition of noble straightforwardness which the advocate of 'hault courage' provided? A whole mass of insinuation without any substantiation of the original charge of untruthfulness; and a re-hash of such conventional imputations against the Papist as might stir up popular bigotry to his detriment.

'When challenged,' Newman continues, 'he cannot bring a fragment of evidence in proof of his assertion, and he is convicted of false witness by the voice of the world. Well, I should have thought that he had now nothing whatever more to do. Vain man! he seems to make answer, what simplicity in you to think so! If you have not broken one commandment, let us see whether we cannot convict you of the breach of another. If you are not a swindler or forger, you are guilty of arson or burglary. By hook or by crook you shall not escape. Are *you* to suffer or *I?* What does it matter to you who are going off the stage to receive a slight additional daub upon a character so deeply stained already? But think of me,—the immaculate lover of truth, so observant (as I have told you, p. 8) of "hault courage" and "strict honour," and (aside)—and not as this publican—do you think I can let you go scot free instead of myself? No; "noblesse oblige." Go to the shades, old man, and boast that Achilles sent you thither.'

This method of wholesale insinuation and imputation was not, Newman contended, fair play as Englishmen understand it. And, worse still, was the attempt to discount beforehand every detailed reply by repeating in aggravated form the charge of shiftiness and untruthfulness, and coupling Newman's method with that of Roman casuists whom John Bull abominated.

'He is down upon me,' the 'Apologia' continues, 'with the odious names of "St. Alfonso da Liguori," and "Scavini" and "Neyraguet" and "the Romish moralists," and their "compeers and pupils," and I am at once merged and whirled away in the gulf of notorious quibblers and hypocrites and rogues.'

And the writer proceeds to cite from Mr. Kingsley's pamphlet such sentences as the following:

'I am *henceforth* in doubt and *fear*,' Mr. Kingsley writes, 'as much as any honest man can be, *concerning every word* Dr. Newman may write. *How can I tell that I shall not be dupe of some cunning equivocation*, of one of the three kinds laid down as permissible by the Blessed Alfonso da Liguori and his pupils, even when confirmed by an oath, because "then we do not deceive our neighbour, but allow him to deceive himself? . . . It is admissible, therefore, to use words and sentences which have a double signification and leave the hapless hearer to take which of them he may choose." *What proof have I, then, that by "Mean it? I never said it!" Dr. Newman does not signify*, "I did not say it, but I did mean it"?'[1]

It is this throwing doubt beforehand on every word which the accused might say in self-defence which Newman called 'poisoning the wells.'

'If I am natural he will tell them: "Ars est celare artem"; if I am convincing he will suggest that I am an able logician; if I show warmth, I am acting the indignant innocent; if I am calm, I am thereby detected as a smooth hypocrite; if I clear up difficulties I am too plausible and perfect to be true. The more triumphant are my statements, the more certain will be my defeat.'

'It is this,' he writes later on, 'which is the strength of the case of my accuser against me; not his arguments in themselves which I shall easily crumble into dust, but the bias of the court. It is the state of the atmosphere; it is the vibration all around which will more or less echo his assertion of my dishonesty; it is that prepossession against me which takes it for granted that, when my reasoning is convincing, it is only ingenious, and that when my statements are unanswerable there is always something put out of sight or hidden in my sleeve; it is that plausible, but cruel, conclusion to which men are so apt to jump, that when much is imputed something must be true, and that it is more likely that one should be to blame than that many should be mistaken in blaming him;—these are the real foes which I have to fight, and the auxiliaries to whom my accuser makes his court.

'Well, I must break through this barrier of prejudice against me, if I can; and I think I shall be able to do so. When first I read the pamphlet of Accusation, I almost despaired of meeting effectively such a heap of misrepresentation and such a vehemence of animosity. . . .'[2]

Yet the defence, Newman maintains, must be made. The charge of untruthfulness is pre-eminently one in which a man must and can put himself right with his fellow-men.

'Mankind has the right,' he continues, 'to judge of truthfulness in the case of a Catholic, as in the case of a Protestant, or an Italian, or of a Chinese. I have never doubted that in my hour, in God's hour, my avenger will appear and the world will acquit me of untruthfulness, even though it be not while I live.

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[1] *Apologia* (original edition), pp. 22–23.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 44.

'Still more confident am I of such eventual acquittal, seeing that my judges are my own countrymen. I think, indeed, Englishmen the most suspicious and touchy of mankind; I think them unreasonable and unjust in their seasons of excitement; but I had rather be an Englishman (as in fact I am) than belong to any other race under Heaven. They are as generous as they are hasty and burly; and their repentance for their injustice is greater than their sin.'[1]

As to the form of the reply, Newman explains that a very brief reflection told him that a mere detailed meeting of Kingsley's random charges would be inadequate. The man Newman was suspected; a false picture of a sly and untruthful casuist had been presented to the public. For this man to reply was waste of breath and ink. A true picture must be substituted,—a true account of life, motive, career. Another Newman must be placed before the English nation—a Newman whom it would trust.

'My perplexity did not last half an hour. I recognised what I had to do though I shrank from both the task and the exposure which it would entail. I must, I said, give the true key to my whole life; I must show what I am that it may be seen what I am not, and that the phantom may be extinguished which gibbers instead of me. I wish to be known as a living man, and not as a scarecrow which is dressed up in my clothes. False ideas may be refuted indeed by argument, but by true ideas alone are they expelled. I will vanquish, not my accuser, but my judges.'[2]

The first and second parts of the 'Apologia,' from which the above extracts are made, appeared on April 21 and 28. Sir Frederick Rogers—the friend whose advice generally represented sound worldly judgment in Newman's eyes—wrote on reading the first part with some misgiving as to its effect on the public, and the probable effect of what was to follow, if it were in the same strain, as indicative of over-great personal sensitiveness. In particular he deprecated the element of sarcasm and the personal strictures on Kingsley which characterised the first part.

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[1] *Apologia*, p. 30.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 48.

Newman's reply is as follows:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: April 22nd, 1864.

'My dear Rogers,—Your letter has given me a good deal of anxiety as being the sort of judgment of a person at a distance. I understood it to say that I ought to have let well alone, and that, (knowing I had got the victory), I have shown a savageness which will provoke a reaction. I had considered all this before I began.

'However, I am now in for it; and, if I am wrong, have set myself to the most trying work which I ever had to do for nothing. During the writing and reading of my Part 3, I could not get on from beginning to end for crying. . . .

'However, I am in for it and I am writing against time. I have no intention of saying another hard word against Mr. Kingsley. That is all I can do now if I have been too severe. I am in for it,—and must go through it.

'Yours affectionately,
John H. Newman.'

Old Oxford friends had to be consulted in order to ensure accuracy in the narration of the events of the Movement. Copeland—who edited the later editions of the Parochial Sermons—had, as we have seen, been one of the first to resume friendly relations with Newman after the breach of 1845. And now by his advice Newman wrote to an older and dearer friend—R. W. Church, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's—for help which was willingly accorded.

'*Private.* The Oratory, Birmingham: April 23rd, 1864.

'My dear Church,—Copeland encourages me to write to you. I am in one of the most painful trials in which I have ever been in my life and I think you can help me.

'It has always been on my mind that perhaps some day I should be called on to defend my honesty while in the Church of England. Of course there have been endless hits against me in newspapers, reviews and pamphlets,—but, even though the names of the writers have come out and have belonged to great men, they have been anonymous publications,—or else a sentence or two on some particular point has been the whole. But I have considered that, if anyone with his name made an elaborate charge on me, I was bound to speak. When Maurice in the *Times* a year ago attacked me, I answered him at once.

'But I have thought it very unlikely that anyone would do so,—and then, I am so indolent that, unless there is an actual necessity, I do nothing. In consequence now, when the call comes on me, I am quite unprepared to meet it. I know well that Kingsley is a furious foolish fellow,—but he has a name,—nor is it anything at all to me that men think I got the victory in the Correspondence several months ago,—that was a contest of ability,—but now he comes out with a pamphlet bringing together a hodge podge of charges against me all about dishonesty. Now friends who know me say: "Let him alone,—no one credits him," but it is not so. This very town of Birmingham, of course, knows nothing of me, and his pamphlet on its appearance produced an effect. The evangelical party has always spoken ill of me, and the pamphlet seems to justify them. The Roman Catholic party does not know me;—the fathers of our school boys, the priests, &c., &c., whom I cannot afford to let think badly of me. Therefore, thus publicly challenged, I must speak, and, unless I speak strongly, men won't believe me in earnest.

'But now I have little more to trust to than my memory. There are matters in which no one can help me, viz. those which have gone on in my own mind, but there is also a great abundance of public facts, or again, facts witnessed by persons close to me, which I may have forgotten. I fear of making mistakes in dates, though I have a good memory for them, and still more of making bold generalizations without suspicion that they are not to the letter tenable.

'Now you were so much with me from 1840 to 1843 or even 1845, that it has struck me that you could, (if you saw in proof what I shall write about those years), correct any fault of fact which you found in my statement. Also, you might have letters of mine to throw light on my state of mind, and this by means of contemporaneous authority. And these are the two matters I request of you as regards the years in question.

'The worst is, I am so hampered for time. Longman thought I ought not to delay, so I began, and, therefore, of necessity in numbers. What I have to send you is not yet written. It won't be much in point of length.

'I need hardly say that I shall keep secret anything you do for me, and the fact of my having applied to you.

'Yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Church welcomed warmly the letter of his old friend, and Newman wrote again:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: April 26th, 1864.

'My dear Church,—Your letter is most kind, but I am not going to take all the assistance you offer.

'As you say, it is almost an advantage in me not to take more time. But I am not writing a History of the Movement, nor arguing out statements.

'Longman agreed with me that, if I did anything, I must do it at once. Also that a large book would not be read. For these two reasons I have done it as it is. I heartily wish I had begun a week later. But Longman particularly insisted that, when once I had begun, I should not intermit a week.

'When you see it as a whole you will not wonder at my saying that, had I delayed a month, I should not have done it at all. It has been a great misery to me.

'I only want to state things as they happened, and I doubt not that your general impressions will be enough.

'The chief part I wanted you for is the dullest part of the whole,—the sort of views with which I wrote No. 90. I am not directly defending it; I am explaining my view of it.

'Then again, I fear you do not know my secret feelings when my unsettlement first began. But I shall state external generalized acts of mine, as I believe them to be, and you can criticize them.

'I have no idea whatever of giving any *point* to what I am writing, but that I did not act dishonestly. And I want to state the stages in my change and the impediments which kept me from going faster. Argument, I think, as such, will not come in,—though I must state the general grounds of my change.

'Your notion of coming to me is particularly kind. But I could not wish it now, even if you could. I am at my work from morning to night. I thank God my health has not suffered. What I shall produce will be little, but parts I write so many times over. Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Proofs were despatched on April 29 with a brief note concluding thus:

'Excuse my penmanship. My fingers have been walking nearly twenty miles a day.'

John Keble was also consulted—though not at the outset[1]:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: April 27/64.

'My very dear Keble,—Thank you for your affectionate letter. When you see part of my publication, you will wonder how I ever could get myself to write it. Well, I could not, except under some very great stimulus. I do not think I could write it, if I delayed it a month. And yet I have for years wished to write it as a duty. I don't know what people will think of me, or what will be the effect of it—but I wished to tell the truth, and to leave the matter in God's hands.

'Don't be disappointed that there is so little in *what I send you by this post* about Hurrell. I have attempted (presumptuously) to draw him in an earlier Part; it has been seen by William Froude and Rogers. You will not see it till it is published. It is too late.

'I am writing from morning to night, hardly having time for my meals. I write this during dinner time. This will go on for at least 3 weeks more.

'I am glad you and Mrs. Keble have found the winter so mild, for it has been very trying with us.

'I dare say, when it comes to the point, you will find nothing you have to say as to what I send you—but I am unwilling not to have eyes upon it of those who recollect the history. You will be startled at my mode of writing.

'Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Each part of the 'Apologia' was received with acclaim as it appeared in weekly numbers. Father Ryder, already a priest and inmate of the Oratory in 1864, told me that he remembered on several occasions seeing Newman while in course of writing. The plan of the book was first sketched. The principal heads of narrative and argument and the general plan of the work were written up in their order in large letters on the wall opposite to the desk at which he was doing his work.

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[1] 'What I shall ask Keble (*as well* as you) to look at,' he writes to Copeland on April 19, 'is my sketch from (say) 1833 to 1840—but, mind, you will be disappointed—it is *not* a history of the Movement, but of me. It is an egotistical matter from beginning to end. It is to prove that I did not act *dishonestly*. I have doubts whether any one could supply instead what I have to say—but, when you see it, you will see what a trial it is. In writing I kept bursting into tears—and, as I read it to St. John, I could not get on from beginning to end. I am talking of part 3.'

'The "Apologia,"' writes Father Ryder, 'was a great crisis in Father Newman's life. It won him the heart of the country which he has never lost since, and bespoke for him an enthusiastic reception for all he might write afterwards. Compare the niggard praise of the *Times* in its reviews of the volumes on University subjects with the accord given to *post*-"Apologia" writings! The effort of writing the weekly parts was overpowering. On such occasions he wrote through the night, and he has been found with his head in his hands crying like a child over the, to him, well-nigh impossibly painful task of public confession:

> 'Tal su quell' alma il cumulo
>   Delle memorie scese.
> Oh! quante volte ai posteri
>   Narrar se stesso imprese,
> E sulle eterne pagine
>   Cadde la stanca man![1]

'People could not resist one who, after having utterly discomfited his accuser, took them so simply and quietly into his confidence.'

Newman's letters while he was writing the several parts show at once his scrupulous accuracy and refusal to scamp his work and the overwhelming pressure which the appearance of weekly parts involved. For facts he relied mainly on the testimony of Church and Rogers—both Anglicans, who would be the last to give them a Romeward colour. His loyalty and his chivalrous scruples in thus using their testimony appear in the course of the following letters, which help us to form the picture of these weeks of constant strain:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: May 1st, 1864.

'My dear Rogers,—Thank you for the trouble you have been at. It has been very satisfactory to have your corrections and I have almost entirely adopted them. I suppose I shall send you by this post down to about 1839–40, and then I shall stop. Church will look at the part about No. 90 which ends that portion of the history. But I am dreadfully hurried. That portion is simply to be out of my hands next Friday. Longman would not let me delay, but I can't be sorry, for I really do not think I could possibly have got myself to write a line except under strict compulsion. I have now been for five weeks at it, from morning to night, and I shall have three weeks more. It is not much in bulk, but I have to write over and over again from the necessity of digesting and compressing.

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[1] See Manzoni's poem, *In Morte di Napoleone.*

'I sincerely wish only to state facts, and may truly say that it, and nothing else, has been my object. So far as my character is connected with the fact of my conversion I have wished to do a service to Catholicism,—but in no other way. I say this because my friends here think that the upshot of the whole tells *against* Anglicanism; but I am clear that I have no such intention, and cannot at all divine what people generally will say about me. I say all this in fairness,—it is what has made me delicate in applying to Anglican friends.

'Thanks for your offer of my letters, but I have not time for them. Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

'The Oratory, Birmingham: May 2nd, 1864.

'My dear Church,—Many thanks for the trouble you have taken, the result of which is most satisfactory to me.

'Your letters will be of great use to me judging by the first I opened. I wished to write my sketch drawn up from my own memory first, and then I shall compare it with your letters. I have not begun Part 5 yet, which is from 1839 to 1845 (except the No. 90 matter). If possible I shall wish to trouble you with the slips on what *happened* upon No. 90,—I mean, in order that you may say whether you have anything to say against it.

'I am in some anxiety lest I should be too tired to go on; but I trust to be carried through. I think I shall send you a slip of Part 4 to-night, but it is no great matter. It is in like manner,—I want your general impressions.

'I shall not dream of keeping for good the letters which you have sent me. I want you to have them that you may not forget me.

'Don't suppose I shall say one word unkind to the Church of England, at least in my intentions. My friends tell me that, as a whole, what I have written is unfavourable to Anglicanism,—that may be, according to their notions,—for I simply wrote to state facts, and I can truly say, and never will conceal, that I have no wish at all to do anything against the Establishment while it is a body preaching dogmatic truth, as I think it does at present.

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

A letter of sympathetic interest from Hope-Scott after the appearance of the Second Part was as balm to a wounded spirit, and a sedative to racked nerves. It brought grateful thanks:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: May 2nd, 1864.

'My dear Hope Scott,—What good angel has led you to write to me? It is a great charity.

'I never have been in such stress of brain and such pain of heart,—and I have both trials together. Say some good prayers for me. I have been writing without interruption of Sundays since Easter Monday—five weeks—and I have at least three weeks more of the same work to come. I have been constantly in tears, and constantly crying out with distress. I am sure I never could say what I am saying in cold blood, or if I waited a month; and then the third great trial and anxiety, lest I should not say well what it is so important to say. Longman said I must go on without break if it was to succeed,—but, as I have said, I *could not* have done it if I had delayed.

'I am writing this during dinner-time,—I feel your kindness exceedingly. Ever yours most affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Newman's diary tells us that while working at Part 3 he wrote one day for sixteen hours at a stretch. The record is reached in Part 5, and given in this entry: 'At my "Apologia" for 22 hours running.' June 2 saw the end of the narrative and the publication of the Seventh Part. The Appendix remained, for which he was allowed a fortnight by the publishers. He was not at first confident of financial success. 'As to my gaining from my book,' he wrote to Miss Holmes, 'that's to be seen. The printing expenses will be enormous. I should not wonder if they were £200. I dreamed last night that they were £700 and £200 besides. But you must not suppose the matter is on my mind, for it isn't.'

The book was, as I have said, very carefully planned to do its work of persuasion. The first part was a pamphlet of only 27 pages. It was entitled, 'Mr. Kingsley's Method of Disputation.' As the reader will have seen from the extracts given above, it sustained the note of brilliant banter and repartee which had been so effective in the previous pamphlet. It was an immensely amusing squib which all the world could and did enjoy and could read in half an hour or less. The second part also, on the 'True Method of Meeting Mr. Kingsley,' was of similar length and almost as light in manner and quality. Then the reader, whom these two parts had won by their candour and brilliancy, and who might be assumed to be in the best of humours, was treated to fifty pages of autobiography written with all the simplicity and beauty of style which the writer had at his command. The quantity then grew as the writer felt sure of his public. Part 4 ran to seventy pages, parts 5 and 6 each to eighty pages.

All that was written—except the first two parts, from which I have already given several extracts, and the Appendix—is contained in the current edition of the 'Apologia,' which is probably known to all readers of the present book. But a word must be added respecting the Appendix, in which he replies in detail to Kingsley's pamphlet and enumerates the famous 'blots' in his arguments, which he humorously brings up to the exact number of the Thirty-nine Articles. Its place in the dramatic scheme of the work must be understood. Parts 1 and 2 were, as we have seen, devoted to winning the confidence of the reader and his sympathetic attention for the narrative as a whole. Parts 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 gave the narrative of Newman's life. At the end of this it could safely be assumed that the reader to whom Newman had given his whole confidence, and presented the picture of a life which so keen a critic of his conclusions as J. A. Froude declared to be absolutely devoted to finding and following the truth, would have little patience with Kingsley's crudely offensive charges and misrepresentations. These are accordingly enumerated and answered in the Appendix one by one,—often curtly, with peremptoriness, indignantly, almost tartly. Newman could do this with confidence of success at the end of his work. To have confined himself to such a method or to have taken this tone earlier would have been to run a risk. 'Here are two reverend gentlemen in a passion—there is little to choose between them,' might have been the retort from the public. It is noteworthy that, although this Appendix contains some brilliant writing, Newman considered that the justification for its sarcastic tone ceased after the occasion was past: and he omitted it in later editions of the 'Apologia.'

The following is the text of the first seven 'blots':

'My Sermon on "The Apostolical Christian," being the 19th of "Sermons on Subjects of the Day."

'This writer says: "What Dr. Newman means by Christians . . . he has not left in doubt"; and then, quoting a passage from this Sermon which speaks of the "humble monk and holy nun" being "Christians after the very pattern given us in Scripture," he observes, "This is his *definition* of Christians"—p. 9.

'This is not the case. I have neither given a definition nor implied one nor intended one; nor could I, either now or in 1843–4, or at any time, allow of the particular definition he ascribes to me. As if all Christians must be monks or nuns!

'What I have said is that monks and nuns are patterns of Christian perfection; and that Scripture itself supplies us with this pattern. Who can deny this? Who is bold enough to say that St. John Baptist, who, I suppose, is a Scripture character, is not a pattern-monk? and that Mary, who "sat at Our Lord's Feet," was not a pattern-nun? And Anna, too, "who served God with fastings and prayers night and day"? Again, what is meant but this by St. Paul's saying: "It is good for a man not to touch a woman"? and, when speaking of the father or guardian of a young girl: "He that giveth her in marriage doth well, but he that giveth her not in marriage doth better"? And what does St. John mean but to praise virginity when he says of the hundred and forty-four thousand on Mount Sion: "These are they which were not defiled with women for they are virgins"? And what else did Our Lord mean when He said: "There be eunuchs who have made themselves eunuchs for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake. He that is able to receive it, let him receive it"?

'He ought to know his logic better. I have said that "monks and nuns find their pattern in Scripture"; he adds: *therefore* I hold all Christians are monks and nuns.

'This is Blot *one*.

'Now then for Blot *two*.

'"Monks and nuns are the *only* perfect Christians. . . . what more?"—p. 9.

'A second fault in logic. I said no more than that monks and nuns were perfect Christians; he adds, *therefore* "monks and nuns are the *only* perfect Christians." Monks and nuns are *not* the only perfect Christians; I never thought so or said so now or at any other time.

'P. 42. "In the Sermon . . . monks and nuns are spoken of as the *only true* Bible Christians." This again is not the case. What I said is that "monks and nuns are Bible Christians": it does not follow, nor did I mean, that "all Bible Christians are monks and nuns." Bad logic again. Blot *three.*

'My Sermon on "Wisdom & Innocence," being the 20th of "Sermons on Subjects of the Day."

'This writer says (p. 8) about my Sermon 20: "By *the world* appears to be signified especially the Protestant public of these realms."

'He also asks (p. 14), "Why was it preached? . . . to insinuate that the admiring young gentlemen who listened to him stood to their fellow-countrymen in the relation of the early Christians to the heathen Romans? or that Queen Victoria's Government was to the Church of England what Nero's or Diocletian's was to the Church of Rome? It may have been so."

'May, or may not; it wasn't. He insinuates what, not even with his little finger does he attempt to prove. Blot *four.*

'He asserts (p. 9) that I said in the Sermon in question that "Sacramental Confession and the Celibacy of the Clergy are notes of the Church." And, just before, he puts the word "notes" in inverted commas as if it was mine. That is, he garbles. It is *not* mine. Blot *five.*

'He says that I "*define* what I mean by the Church in two 'notes' of her character." I do not define or dream of defining.

'He says that I teach that the Celibacy of the Clergy enters into the *definition* of the Church. I do no such thing; that is the blunt truth. Define the Church by the celibacy of the clergy! why, let him read 1 Tim. iii.: there he will find that bishops and deacons are spoken of as married. How, then, could I be the dolt to say or imply that the celibacy of the clergy was a part of the definition of the Church? Blot *six.*

'And again (p. 42), "In the Sermon, a celibate clergy is made a note of the Church." Thus the untruth is repeated. Blot *seven.*'

The Appendix was published on June 25, and at last the long labour was completed. 'I never had such a time,' he wrote to Keble from Rednal, 'both for hard work and for distress of mind. But it is thank God now over, and I am come here (where we have our burying ground) for a little quiet.'

Then came real calm, rest, peace—the sense of triumph so long denied; the acclaim for the defender of the priesthood, and sympathy from his fellow-Catholics so long withheld; praise, too, most welcome of all, from ecclesiastical authority, prayers and thanksgivings from the Sisters of the Dominican Order at Stone—the 'Sisters of Penance' as they were called—and along with it all the artist's keen satisfaction, almost physical pleasure, in good work done and the response to it in support and recognition.

The following letters to the Dominican Sisters and to Henry Wilberforce were written after the Appendix was published and the work completed:

TO MOTHER IMELDA POOLE, PRIORESS OF ST. DOMINIC'S CONVENT, STONE.

'Rednal: June 25th, 1864.

'My dear Sister Imelda,—I am always puzzled about your proper title; therefore you must not suppose that it is any wilful neglect of propriety if I am in fault,—I know I am, but cannot quite set myself right.

'We all said Mass for the Sisters of Penance on St. Catherine's day, but I was far too busy to write and tell you so. I never had such a time, and once or twice thought I was breaking down. I kept saying: "I am in for it." So I was,—I could not get out of it except by getting through it,—and again, I simply stood fast and could not get on and was almost in despair. I knew what I had written would not do, and, though every hour was valuable to me, I sat thinking and could not get on. At other times the feeling was, as I expressed it to those around me, as if I were ploughing in very stiff clay. It was moving on at the rate of a mile an hour, when I had to write and print and correct a hundred miles by the next day's post. It has been nothing but the good prayers of my friends which has brought me through, and now I am quite tired out; but, that I should have written the longest book I ever wrote in ten weeks, without any sort of preparation or anticipation, and not only written, but printed and corrected it, is so great a marvel that I do not know how to be thankful enough.

'And now thanking you for your letter and all your good prayers for me and mine,

'I am,
Ever yours affectionately in Christ,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

TO MOTHER MARGARET HALLAHAN, PROVINCIAL OF THE DOMINICANS.

'Rednal: June 25th, 1864.

'My dear Mother Margaret,—I am tired down to my hand, so that I cannot write without pain, but I cannot delay longer with any comfort to myself to answer your letter on St. Philip's day—a sad day and season it has been to me,—Easter-tide, Month of Mary, and the great Feasts included in the three months. I have been collecting materials, writing, correcting proof and revise, from morning till night, and once through the night; but, when once I was in for it, there was no help. My publisher would not hear of breach of promise, and my matter would grow under my hands, and Thursday would come round once a week,—so I was like a man who had fallen overboard and had to swim to land, and found the distance he had to go greater and greater. At last I am ashore and have crawled upon the beach and there I lie; but I should not have got safe, I know, but for the many good prayers which have been offered for me.

'I so much wished to write to you on St. Catherine's day;—we all said Mass for you and yours according to our engagement.

'I cannot be thankful enough for the great mercies which have been shown me, and I trust they are a pledge that God will be good to me still.

'Of course you have seen the great recompense I have had for so many anxieties, in the Bishop's letter to me.

'Begging your good prayers,
I am, my dear Mother Margaret,
Yours affectionately in Christ,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

'I never had such a time of it,' he adds to another of the Dominican sisters. 'When I was at Oxford I have twice written a pamphlet in a night, and once in a day, but now I had writing and printing upon me at once, and I have done a book of 562 pages all at a heat; but with so much suffering, such profuse crying, such long spells of work—sometimes sixteen hours, once twenty-two hours at once,—that it is a prodigious, awful marvel that I have got through it and that I am not simply knocked up by it.'

It is difficult to recover at this distance of time evidence which will give the reader a thoroughly adequate idea of the change in Newman's position before the English world effected by the 'Apologia.' There is the recollection of many of us, fortified by incontestable tradition. There are Newman's own letters and diaries, which bear witness to the effect of this change on his own spirits and hopes for the future. So much of the evidence, however, as consisted in the Newman-Kingsley controversy being the topic of the hour in clubs and drawing-rooms, and in the revival at this time of the almost lost tradition of Newman's greatness, can only live adequately in the recollection of the dwindling number who remember those days.

But *litera scripta manet;* and enough proof of the general fact, if not adequate evidence of its extent, remains in the organs of public opinion. Newman had for years abstained from any writing that could be called 'popular.' His extraordinary power of rousing public interest by literary brilliancy was habitually held in check by the stern repressive conscience which forbade display and urged him to do simply the work of the day which came in his way. Once, thirteen years earlier, conscience had bidden him let loose his powers of wit and sarcasm—in the lectures on the 'Present Position of Catholics.' In these lectures he served the good cause by giving full play to his more popular and telling literary gifts. And now again, when Kingsley had attacked the Catholic priesthood as untruthful and as slaves of a repressive authority, his conscience allowed—nay, bade—him to do his best, not only in argument, but in that enterprise of arresting public attention which so immensely enhanced the effect of his reply. And when once his scrupulous conscience permitted it, few people could sway the English mind with more success. The brilliant dialogue with Kingsley which he invented, and which has already been quoted, was the first step—admirably judged and planned. Its wit and its brevity secured its reproduction throughout the

Press of the kingdom. It fixed all eyes on the combatants. What mattered it that at first it was welcomed only as a brilliant sally with no serious outcome? It gained attention, and, in the circumstances, that was everything. That attention made the 'Apologia' which followed not a work to be read only by the serious few with admiration and profit —like the 'Lectures on Anglican Difficulties,' the 'Idea of a University,' the 'Historical Sketches'—but a public event for all England.

Directly Newman published, in February, his witty summary of the correspondence, all the newspapers which were most read in those days took it up. The *Spectator* of course applauded it; the *Saturday Review* (February 27) declared that 'Since the days of Bentley and Boyle there has not appeared so lively a controversy.'

Other papers followed suit.

'Famous sport,' wrote a critic in the *Athenæum*. 'Of all the diversions of our dining and dancing season, that of a personal conflict is ever the most eagerly enjoyed. How we flock to hear a "painful discussion"! How we send to the library for a volume that is too personal to have been published! And how briskly we gather round a brace of reverend gentlemen when the prize for which they contend is which of the two shall be considered as the father of lies!'

A ring, ever increasing in number, was formed round the reverend combatants, and, having come to stare and cheer, the spectators had perforce to listen to the words of deep moment and intense pathos which Newman ultimately addressed to them.

While everyone, then, was enjoying the sport, and on the *qui vive* looking out for Newman's next thrust in the duel, the 'Apologia' made its appearance in weekly parts—this mode of publication immensely helping its popularity and influence. For the weekly pamphlet was devoured by many who would have regarded the book as too serious an undertaking if it had been presented to them all at once. It awoke from the dead the great memory of John Henry Newman whom the English world at large appeared to have forgotten. Those from whom the spell of his presence and words, felt in their youth at Oxford, had never passed away, now spoke out to a generation which knew him not.

At that time cultivated public opinion was perhaps better represented by the *Saturday Review* than by any other journal. And the note struck by the *Saturday* on this subject when it reviewed the book as a whole, was echoed almost universally.

'A loose and off-hand, and, we may venture to add, an unjustifiable imputation, cast on Dr. Newman by a popular writer, more remarkable for vigorous writing than vigorous thought,' wrote the *Saturday* reviewer, 'has produced one of the most interesting works of the present literary age. Dr. Newman is one of the finest masters of language, his logical powers are almost unequalled, and, in one way or other, he has influenced the course of English thought more perhaps than any of his contemporaries. If we add to this the peculiar circumstances of his reappearance in print, the sort of mystery in which, if he has not enveloped himself, he has been shrouded of late years, the natural curiosity which has been felt as to the results on such a mind of the recent progress of controversy and speculation and the lower interest which always attaches to autobiographies and confessions and personal reminiscences, we find an aggregate of unusual sources of interest in such a publication.'

The *Times*—then under Delane's management and an immense power—which had for many years paid little heed to Newman's writings, if it did not rise quite to the enthusiasm of the *Saturday* or the *Spectator*, did not fall far behind them.

The *Times*, the *Saturday*, and the *Spectator* were the leaders, and the bulk of the Press followed the tone they had set. There was immense quantity of notice as well as high quality. A writer in the *Church Review* spoke of 'the almost unparalleled interest that has been excited by the "Apologia."' It was, of course, hotly attacked, but one very significant fact was that some of the most vehement attacks—such as those of Dr. Irons and Mr. Meyrick—recognised to the full both the injustice of Kingsley's personal assault and the greatness of the man whom he assailed. The loss of influence which had so deeply depressed Newman, the sense that he was speaking to deaf or inattentive ears, passed for ever. In his *brochure* addressed to Newman himself, and entitled, 'Isn't Kingsley right after all?' Mr. Meyrick's opening words bore testimony to the wave of popular applause which the appearance of the 'Apologia' had brought with it. 'All England has been laughing with you,' he wrote, 'and those who knew you of old have rejoiced to see you once more come forth like a lion from his lair, with undiminished strength of muscle, and they have smiled as they watched you carry off the remains of Mr. Charles Kingsley (no mean prey), lashing your sides with your tail, and growling and muttering as you retreat into your den.'

'As a specimen of mental analysis, extended over a whole lifetime,' wrote Dr. Irons, 'the "Apologia" is probably without a rival. St. Augustine's Confessions are a purely religious retrospect; Rousseau's are philosophical; Dr. Newman's psychological. One might almost attribute to him a double personality. The mental power, the strange self-anatomy, the almost cold, patient review of past affections, anxieties, and hopes, are alike astonishing. The examination is not a *post-mortem*, for there appear colour, light, and consciousness in the subject; it is not a vivisection, for there is no quivering, even of a nerve.'

Not only the literary and theological world devoured the weekly parts of the 'Apologia,' but the men of science read it with great and wondering interest. The passages dealing with probable evidence as the basis of certitude—a subject on which his views were set forth more precisely in the 'Grammar of Assent'—especially exercised them.

'I travelled with Sir C. Lyell the other day to London, on his return from the British Association meeting at Bath,' writes William Froude to Newman, 'and without my leading the conversation in that direction, the subject came naturally to the surface, and he expressed the feeling which I have mentioned,—not indeed as having a misgiving that you would be able to turn the stream back, but as knowing that what you would have to say would deserve very serious consideration.'

But there was another side of its success which probably gave Newman far greater pleasure, confidence, and courage. He had come forth as the champion of the Catholic priesthood.

He had won a great triumph. And his fellow-priests and his own Bishop, whom he loved, were deeply grateful. After all, his lot was thrown in with the Catholic body in England. Suspicion on their part was his greatest trial. And now their acclaim of gratitude and confidence warmed him and drove away the sad and even morbid thoughts which had haunted him and gone far towards poisoning the more superficial joy of his life, though they had not touched the deepest springs of his happiness. It was the welcome marks of approval from these brethren in the Faith which he himself preserved for posterity, placing them in the Appendix of his republished 'Apologia.' The first of these addresses of congratulation was that of the Birmingham clergy. The Provincial Synod took place at Oscott on June 2, and the occasion was used for presenting a formal address to Dr. Newman. The scene is thus described in a contemporary letter from one of the Oscott priests:

'After the Synod we all gathered round the throne and the Provost read the address.

'Dr. Newman, who stood at the Bishop's right, stood out and we gathered closer in round him and the steps of the throne to catch every syllable. He must have been tired for he has worked hard at his "Apology"—they say once for 20 hours without a break. He had come down from London not long before, and sat out the whole of the Synod.

'As he stepped forward a few paces and began to speak he looked more vigorous and healthy than I have thought him any of the three times I have seen him within 10 years. But he soon got overpowered when he began to say what he felt to be the real feelings suggesting the address, and tried to do them justice. He was gasping for words, and yet he never used an awkward or useless one, altho' he was speaking perfectly extempore as he said, and was recognising such deep feelings in us and doing justice to them, and expressing deeper and warmer and heartier feelings in a way quite adequate to the affection and sympathy of a Priest to his brother and neighbour Priests, ranged (as he said) round the feet of their common Father and Bishop. I can't draw the man, or the tone of voice, or give you its thrilling words and expression.

'I never before heard a man's whole heart so plainly coming out in his words, and stamping every look and tone with reality and complete sincere sympathy with all around him. His tears were visible, and most of us confessed to crying when we came out.

'Last of all he gave us a complete answer to the request that he would write some work to meet the errors of the present day. He had got off the personal matter and struck out with a force and convincing power that carried every one to his side. . . . It was full and complete, bristling with thought and deep principle. You shall have shreds of it when we meet next.'

Bishop Ullathorne seized the occasion to give expression in a letter to a wide appreciation among Catholics of Newman's work in recent years, which, as we have seen, had remained almost unrecognised by Newman himself amid the difficulties created by the circumstances of the time. He reviewed the great Oratorian's career since 1845, and spoke of it in terms excessively grateful to him.

Newman has preserved in the 'Apologia' the text alike of the Bishop's letter and of the various congratulatory addresses—one of them from 110 of the Westminster clergy, including all the canons and vicars-general and many secular and regular priests; another from the Academia of the Catholic religion; as well as those from the clergy of his own and other dioceses, and from the German Catholics assembled in September 1864 at the Congress of Würzburg.

The 'Apologia' as the story of Newman's life down to 1845 is familiar to every one. Not so universally known is the chapter entitled 'General Answer to Mr. Kingsley'—a chapter of high significance in the history I am narrating, and of permanent value. It was republished in the revised 'Apologia,' but its title was changed. It is called in the current edition, 'Position of my Mind since 1845.' We have seen that Newman's efforts at stating the position of an educated Catholic in relation to the intellectual attitude of the age, and repudiating untenable exaggerations, were misunderstood by many of his co-religionists. His object was not grasped. He defended an analysis of the Church's claims falling short of what W. G. Ward or Manning or the school of the *Univers* upheld, because he felt that these more extreme writers overlooked historical facts and theological distinctions. But he was credited—

by those who did not appreciate his true motive—with a want of hearty loyalty, with a deficiency in the believing spirit. He was opposing zealous champions of the Pope, and (so such hostile critics urged) was thereby showing his own want of zeal. He was supposed to be making common cause with writers, like Sir John Acton, who might fairly be urged to be wanting in devotion to the Holy See, and deficient in respect for the great theologians of the Church. For him in these circumstances to criticise directly the imprudent champions of the Papacy was a delicate and invidious task. But when, on the other hand, an assailant of the Church and of the Catholic priesthood travestied the claims of authority and spoke of Catholic priests as dupes, and as intellectual slaves, a fresh and generally intelligible motive was supplied which enabled him to say the very things which in the absence of such provocation would be offensive. Distinctions and reservations so necessary to a really satisfactory treatment might safely be urged as supplying the true answer to Kingsley's travesty, though when used against Veuillot's exaggerations they had been regarded as showing a lack of sympathy with the loyal devotion which inspired the French writer. The interests of critical and inquiring minds were not perhaps adequately realised among English Catholics; and admissions most necessary for those interests were viewed as concessions to worldliness or signs of a too cautious faith. Newman therefore seized the occasion which Kingsley had supplied to him for giving a sketch of the rationale, nature, and limitations of the Church's infallibility and an analysis of the normal action of her authority. And what he wrote has great and lasting importance. Its autobiographical interest is equal to its argumentative value. It is the only account he has left of the state of his mind—acutely critical and absolutely frank in its recognition of historical facts and probabilities—as a member of the Catholic Church, at a time when intellectual interests were to a great extent crowded out by external trials and troubles. From his letters it is evident that the chapter of which I speak had expert theological revision, with the advantage that he could give to his censors his own justification and explanation of any passages which might be attacked by hostile critics. The result fully verified the view he ever maintained—that, where the interests of theology were dealt with by really able theologians, unhampered by the pressure of other than theological interests, the principles recognised in the schools were adequate to the intellectual necessities of the time.

He indicates in this chapter the functions of authority in the formation of Catholic theology, and also the part played by individual thinkers, which he held that Veuillot, and even W. G. Ward, had most mischievously overlooked.

W. G. Ward and Veuillot appeared to their critics to appeal to the Infallible Authority for guidance almost as though it superseded the exercise of the theological intellect. W. G. Ward had uniformly written of late years as though the normal method of advance in inquiry and thought within the Church was that Papal instructions and Encyclicals should take the lead, and the sole business of the individual Catholic thinker was simply to follow that lead. In opposition to so inadequate an account of the normal formation of the Catholic intellect—in which great thinkers like St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas had had so large a share—Newman sets himself carefully to trace the actual facts of the case. First, however, to preclude all possibility of misunderstanding, he gives an analysis of the Infallibility granted to the Church on faith and morals, and defines its scope in such terms as would amply satisfy all the requirements of theology.

In general he regards the Church's infallibility 'as a provision, adapted by the mercy of the Creator to preserve religion in the world, and to restrain that freedom of thought, which of course in itself is one of the greatest of our natural gifts, and to rescue it from its own suicidal excesses.'[1]

But having stated his full acceptance of the Infallibility of the Church, he formulates the objection which Kingsley had made by implication, that such acceptance is incompatible with real and manly reasoning in a Catholic—a charge which the writings of English and French Catholic extremists made only too plausible. Having stated it, he proceeds to reply to it by an appeal to the palpable facts

[1] *Apologia*, p. 245.

of history. History shows that reason and private judgment have been most active among Catholic thinkers—that great doctors of the Church have played a most important *rôle* in the gradual formation of Catholic thought and theology. Infallibility is not meant (he points out) to supersede or destroy reason, but to curb its excesses. To regard the Infallible Authority as the power which normally takes the initiative or gives the lead to the Catholic mind is entirely to misconceive its function and to state what is contrary to historical fact. The intellect of Christian Europe was, in point of fact, fashioned, not by Popes, but by the reason of individual Christian thinkers exercised on revelation—first of all by the great Fathers of the Church. But, moreover, even heterodox thinkers—as Origen and Tertullian—have also had their indirect share in the formation of Catholic theology. The primary function of Rome is not to initiate, not to form the Catholic intellect, but to act as guardian of the original deposit and as a check on excesses and on over-rapid and incautious development—a negative rather than a positive contribution to thought.

'It is individuals, and not the Holy See,' he writes, 'that have taken the initiative and given the lead to the Catholic mind in theological inquiry. Indeed, it is one of the reproaches urged against the Roman Church that it has originated nothing, and has only served as a sort of *remora* or break in the development of doctrine. And it is an objection which I embrace as a truth; for such I conceive to be the main purpose of its extraordinary gift. . . . The great luminary of the Western World is, as we know, St. Augustine; he, no infallible teacher, has formed the intellect of Christian Europe; indeed to the African Church generally we must look for the best early exposition of Latin ideas. Moreover, of the African divines, the first in order of time, and not the least influential, is the strong-minded and heterodox Tertullian. Nor is the Eastern intellect, as such, without its share in the formation of the Latin teaching. The free thought of Origen is visible in the writings of the Western Doctors, Hilary and Ambrose; and the independent mind of Jerome has enriched his own vigorous commentaries on Scripture, from the stores of the scarcely orthodox Eusebius. Heretical questionings have been transmuted by the living power of the Church into salutary truths. The case is the same as regards the Ecumenical Councils. Authority in its most imposing exhibition, grave bishops, laden with the traditions and rivalries of particular nations or places, have been guided in their decisions by the commanding genius of individuals, sometimes young and of inferior rank. Not that uninspired intellect overruled the superhuman gift which was committed to the Council, which would be a self-contradictory assertion, but that in that process of inquiry and deliberation, which ended in an infallible enunciation, individual reason was paramount.'[1]

Again, while a certain narrowness of outlook in the average theological mind (from which, as we have seen, he himself had suffered) had to be admitted, it was, nevertheless, in the palmy days of the theological schools—the Middle Ages—that the strongest instances were to be found of the functions of free discussion and active exercise of the individual intellect in the formation of Catholic theology. Once again—as he had already done in Dublin—he appeals to this precedent as indicating the normal state of things, and as giving a scope to original thinkers which excessive centralisation and over-rigid censorship might deny. In this passage he repeats the metaphor of fighting 'under the lash' which we have read in the letter to Miss Bowles cited above. He holds any such interference on the part of authority as would stifle the ventilation of real thought to be, not, as Kingsley supposes, general, but, on the contrary, abnormal, and due only to temporary circumstances or needs. The more ordinary course has been slowness on the part of Rome to interfere, and in the end interference so limited that the matter can be threshed out by discussion from various points of view, and authority often only enforces the decision which reason has already reached.[2]

He points out in this connection the value of the international character of Catholicism in averting narrowness of thought. And he deplores the loss of the influence, once so great, of the English and German elements owing to the apostasy of the sixteenth century.[3]

But perhaps more important than any of the other passages is the one in which he gives what may be called

[1] *Apologia*, pp. 265–6. [2] *Ibid.* p. 267. [3] *Ibid.* p. 268.

the philosophy of the interference of Ecclesiastical Authority with the secular sciences by decisions which do not claim to be infallible. He states frankly the *primâ facie* difficulty such interference presents to a thinking mind, and in his reply maintains that, on the whole, although the Supreme Authority may be supported by a 'violent ultra party which exalts opinions into dogmas,'[1] history shows in the long run that official interferences themselves have been mainly wise, and the opponents of authority mainly wrong. The lesson of this impressive passage is one of great patience in a time of transition and of trial.

But these passages of controversy in the 'Apologia,' though so supremely necessary, were painful. The writer seems to break off with a sense of relief, and ends his book with the loving tribute to his friends at the Oratory which stands among those passages in which he speaks to all and makes all love him—with 'Lead, kindly light,' with the Epilogue to the 'Development,' with the close of the sermon on the 'Parting of Friends':

'I have closed this history of myself with St. Philip's name upon St. Philip's feast-day; and, having done so, to whom can I more suitably offer it, as a memorial of affection and gratitude, than to St. Philip's sons, my dearest brothers of this House, the Priests of the Birmingham Oratory, AMBROSE ST. JOHN, HENRY AUSTIN MILLS, HENRY BITTLESTON, EDWARD CASWALL, WILLIAM PAINE NEVILLE, and HENRY IGNATIUS DUDLEY RYDER? who have been so faithful to me; who have been so sensitive of my needs; who have been so indulgent to my failings; who have carried me through so many trials; who have grudged no sacrifice, if I asked for it; who have been so cheerful under discouragements of my causing; who have done so many good works, and let me have the credit of them;—with whom I have lived so long, with whom I hope to die.

'And to you especially, dear AMBROSE ST. JOHN; whom God gave me, when He took every one else away; who are the link between my old life and my new; who have now for twenty-one years been so devoted to me, so patient, so zealous, so tender; who have let me lean so hard upon you; who have watched me so narrowly; who have never thought of yourself, if I was in question.

'And in you I gather up and bear in memory those familiar affectionate companions and counsellors, who in Oxford were given to me, one after another, to be my daily solace and relief; and all those others, of great name and high example, who were my thorough friends, and showed me true attachment in times long past; and also those many young men, whether I knew them or not, who have never been disloyal to me by word or by deed; and of all these, thus various in their relations to me, those more especially who have since joined the Catholic Church.

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[1] *Apologia*, p. 260.

'And I earnestly pray for this whole company, with a hope against hope, that all of us, who once were so united, and so happy in our union, may even now be brought at length, by the Power of the Divine Will, into One Fold and under One Shepherd.

'May 26th, 1864.
In Festo Corp. Christ.'

The acclaim of the Press, as we have seen, testified to a public opinion completely conquered. Addresses of congratulation from representative Catholic critics long continued to come. It was a victory. Yet the book did not pass wholly unchallenged. The lucid exposition, in the last part of the 'Apologia,' of the Church as viewed historically, provoked censure from some unhistorical minds among the theological critics. Such criticisms led Newman, as he intimated in a letter to Dr. Russell, to go into the passages criticised with expert theologians, with whom he was successful in justifying his meaning.

'April 19, 1865.

'I have altered some things,' he writes to Dr. Russell, 'and perhaps, as you say, have thereby anticipated your criticisms. But I have altered only with the purpose of expressing my own meaning more exactly. This is all I have to aim at; because I have reason to know, that, after a severe, not to say hostile scrutiny, I have been found to be without matter of legitimate offence. For a day like this, in which such serious efforts are made to narrow that liberty of thought and speech which is open to a Catholic, I am indisposed to suppress my own judgment in order to satisfy objectors. Among such persons of course I do not include *you:* but, using the same frankness which you so kindly claim in writing to me, I will express my belief, that you are tender towards others, in the remarks which you ask to make, rather than actually displeased with me yourself.'

One criticism Newman did think it important to answer—namely, the objection taken by scholastic critics to his language on 'probable' evidence as the basis of certainty, the very point on which W. Froude's scientific friends had also fastened. Newman wrote to Canon Walker the following thoroughly popular explanation of the consistency of his views with the recognised teaching:

'*July* 6, 1864. . . . The best illustration of what I hold is that of a *cable*, which is made up of a number of separate threads, each feeble, yet together as sufficient as an iron rod.

'An iron rod represents mathematical or strict demonstration; a cable represents moral demonstration, which is an assemblage of probabilities, separately insufficient for certainty, but, when put together, irrefragable. A man who said "I cannot trust a cable, I must have an iron bar," would *in certain given* cases, be irrational and unreasonable:—so too is a man who says I must have a rigid demonstration, not moral demonstration, of religious truth.'

The criticisms of captious theologians were a real trial to Newman, for they made him feel the difficulty of writing further, as his friends wished, and taking advantage of having won the ear of the English public.

'As to my writing more,' he complains to Mr. Hope-Scott in a letter of July 6th, 'speaking in confidence, I do not know how to do it. One cannot speak ten words without ten objections being made to each. I am not certain that I shall not have some remarks made on what I have just finished. The theology of the *Dublin* is, to my mind, monstrous—but I am safe there, from the kindness which Ward feels for me. Now I cannot lose my time and strength, and tease my mind, with controversy. It would matter little, if I might be quiet under criticisms—but I never can be sure that great lies may not be told about me at Rome, and so I may be put on my defence. A writer in a Review of this month says (he knows personally) that persons in Rome within this three years spoke publicly of the probability of my leaving the Church. And Mgr. Talbot put about that I had subscribed to Garibaldi, and took credit for having concealed my delinquencies from the Pope. I take all this, and can only take it, as the will of God. I mean, I have done nothing whatever to call for it.'

Still the net result of the book was a triumph, and the criticisms were soon forgotten. But in this very fact of the balance ultimately turning in favour of success, Newman found a reason against running the risk involved in setting up a fresh target for criticism without real necessity. And when Canon Walker called eagerly for another book he thus replied:

'August 5, 1864.

'As to my writing more, I am tempted to say "Let well alone." If I attempt to do more, I may do less. Almost to my surprise I have succeeded. I have sincerely tried to keep from controversy, and to occupy myself in simply defending myself, and in myself my brethren; and, without my intending it, I have written what I hear from various quarters is found to be useful *controversially*. If I *attempted* to be controversial, I may spoil all. Some people have said "Your history is more to your purpose than all your arguments."

'Then again I never can write well without a definite *call*. You were rating me for several years, because I did not write; but if I had attempted, it would be a failure, like a boy's theme. But when the real occasion came, I succeeded. I almost think it is part of the English character, though in this day there seems a change certainly. Grote, Thirlwall, Milman, Cornewall Lewis, Mill, have written great works for their own sake. So did Gibbon last century, but he was half a Frenchman. Our great writers have generally written on occasion—controversially as Burke, or Milton; officially, as Blackstone—for money as Dryden, Johnson, Scott &c., or in Sibyl's leaves as Addison and the Essayists.'

One passage in his book which provoked criticism was its testimony to the value of the Church of England—an institution which some Catholics, more zealous in feeling than educated in mind, considered should be spoken of with contempt and derision by any thoroughly orthodox son of the Church. The tone of Newman's letter to Henry Wilberforce in reference to this criticism represents, I think, the feeling he came eventually to have as to all the criticisms —that they were inevitable in the circumstances of the time, and would not ultimately much signify:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: St. Bartholomew's Day, Aug. 24th, 1864.

'Thanks for your considerateness, but I never conjectured for an instant that the publication of the Articles you speak of depended on you. I have not more than seen them, but it is hard if my book may not be criticised as any other book. Of course, I stared at a critic's thinking that it is impossible for an institution to be great in a *human* way because it is simply an idol and a nehushtan in an *Apostolic* point of view, though I recognised in the sentiment what is one of the evil delusions of *many* who are not converts but old Catholics, (perhaps of some converts too) that Catholics are on an intellectual and social equality with Protestants. This idea I have ever combated, and been impatient at; and, till we allow that there are greater natural gifts and human works in the Protestant world of England than in the little Catholic flock, we only make ourselves ridiculous and hurt that just influence by which alone we can hope to convert men. If there were no such thing as absolute truth in religious matters, there is great wisdom in a compromise and comprehension of opinions,—and this the Church of England exhibits.'

One, and only one, adverse criticism did remain permanently in the public mind,—that Newman had been unduly sensitive and personally bitter towards Kingsley. With this impression he dealt in a highly interesting letter to Sir William Cope written at the time of Kingsley's death,—a letter which completes the story of the writing of the 'Apologia.'

'The Oratory: Feb. 13th, 1875.

'My dear Sir William,—I thank you very much for the gift of your sermon. The death of Mr. Kingsley,—so premature—shocked me. I never from the first have felt any anger towards him. As I said in the first pages of my "Apologia," it is very difficult to be angry with a man one has never seen. A casual reader would think my language denoted anger,—but it did not. I have ever found from experience that no one would believe me in earnest if I spoke calmly. When again and again I denied the repeated report that I was on the point of coming back to the Church of England, I have uniformly found that, if I simply denied it, this only made newspapers repeat the report more confidently,—but, if I said something sharp, they abused me for scurrility against the Church I had left, but they believed me. Rightly or wrongly, this was the reason whv I felt it would not do to be tame and not to show indignation at Mr. Kingsley's charges. Within the last few years I have been obliged to adopt a similar course towards those who said I could not receive the Vatican Decrees. I sent a sharp letter to the *Guardian* and, of course, the *Guardian* called me names, but it believed me and did not allow the offence of its correspondent to be repeated.

'As to Mr. Kingsley, much less could I feel any resentment against him when he was accidentally the instrument, in the good Providence of God, by whom I had an opportunity given me, which otherwise I should not have had, of vindicating my character and conduct in my "Apologia." I heard, too, a few years back from a friend that she chanced to go into Chester Cathedral and found Mr. K. preaching about me, kindly though, of course, with criticisms on me. And it has rejoiced me to observe lately that he was defending the Athanasian Creed, and, as it seemed to me, in his views generally nearing the Catholic view of things. I have always hoped that by good luck I might meet him, feeling sure that there would be no embarrassment on my part, and I said Mass for his soul as soon as I heard of his death.

'Most truly yours,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

CHAPTER XXI

CATHOLICS AT OXFORD (1864–1865)

THE success of the 'Apologia' at once attracted attention in Rome. Monsignor Talbot, at Manning's suggestion, called at the Oratory in July, and subsequently wrote to invite Newman to visit Rome and deliver a course of sermons at his own church. 'When,' he wrote, 'I told the Holy Father that I intended to invite you, he highly approved of my intention; and I think myself that you will derive great benefit from revisiting Rome and again showing yourself to the ecclesiastical authorities there who are anxious to see you.' Newman curtly declined the proposal.[1] He would not respond to such advances brought about by his new popularity. He had not forgotten that Monsignor Talbot had been among the foremost of those who had thrown suspicion on his orthodoxy in the sad days which succeeded his connection with the *Rambler*. Nor would he allow his friends to rate too highly the significance of Talbot's visit and letter as signs of favour in high quarters. 'As to my invitation to Rome,' he wrote to Miss Bowles, 'it was this. Monsignor Talbot, who had been spreading the report that I subscribed to Garibaldi, and said other bad things against me, had the assurance to send me a pompous letter asking me to preach a set of sermons in his church, saying that then I should have an opportunity to show myself to the authorities (that, I think, was his phrase) and to rub up my Catholicism. It was an insolent letter. I declined.' The invitation 'was suggested by Manning—the Pope had nothing to do with it. When Talbot left for England he said, among other things, "I think of asking Dr. Newman to give a set of lectures in my church," and the Pope, of course, said, "a very good thought," as he would have said if Mgr. Talbot had said, "I wish to bring Your Holiness some English razors."'

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[1] For the text of this correspondence, see p. 539.

Nevertheless, Newman's letters show that he was sensible of having now quite a new position in the Catholic world. He was recognised as the great and successful apologist for the Catholic religion, a defender of the Catholic priesthood, in a battle which had commanded the attention of all the English-speaking world. He states in his journal that his success 'put him in spirits' to look out for fresh work.

The English Universities had been thrown open to Catholics by the abolition of the tests which had long excluded them. Cardinal Wiseman, in earlier days, had inveighed against the injustice of their exclusion, and had looked forward to the time when in Oxford as in the Westminster Parliament his co-religionists should compete on equal terms with their fellow-countrymen. He had avowed these sentiments openly in the *Dublin Review*. Newman had for some time considered the possibility of a renewed connection with Oxford, with the immediate object of affording spiritual and intellectual guidance to Catholic undergraduates, and the indirect issue of coming to close quarters with the thought of the place, and undertaking as occasion demanded such an intellectual exposition of Catholicism in its relation to modern movements as would make it a power in English religious thought. This in turn would help to secure and fortify the faith of the young. Such an endeavour would enable him to continue in a new form the work he had endeavoured to do both at Dublin and in the *Rambler*. The Catholic University had failed. University training must be sought by Catholics at Oxford or Cambridge, or not at all. He knew Oxford and loved it. It had been the scene of his wonderful work in stemming the early stages of rationalistic thought among the youth of England. Now rationalism had grown there and the philosophy of J. S. Mill was supreme. Could he resume his task with the power of the Catholic Church behind him?

The Munich Brief had in 1863, as we have seen, directly discouraged the attempt to meet the intellectual needs of the hour in the particular form it had been taking among the German *savants*. Could it be made under different conditions?

Could something in the desired direction be undertaken as an almost pastoral work for the sake of the rising generation?

Newman's sense of the urgency of the danger and of the necessity of meeting it by argument rather than mere censure of error appears in a letter written to Mr. Ornsby shortly after the publication of the Munich Brief (in the year preceding the 'Apologia'), in reply to his correspondent's information as to the tendency towards infidelity among the abler and more thoughtful young Catholics at Dublin:

'What you say about this tendency towards infidelity is melancholy in the extreme—but to be expected. What has been done for the young men?

'. . . Denunciation effects neither subjection in thought nor in conduct; I think it was in my last letter that I concluded with some words which I wrote half asleep about the *Home and Foreign*. I wonder what I said,—I had a great deal to say, though it is wearisome to bring it out. The *Home and Foreign* has to amend its ways most considerably before it can be spoken well of by Catholics—so I think; but it realises the fact that there *are* difficulties which have to be met, and it tries to meet them. Not successfully or always prudently, but still it has done something (I include the *Rambler*), and to speak against it as some persons do seems to me the act of men who are blind to the intellectual difficulties of the day. You cannot make men believe by force and repression. Were the Holy See as powerful in temporals as it was three centuries back, then you would have a secret infidelity instead of an avowed one —(which seems the worse evil) unless you train the reason to defend the truth. Galileo subscribed what was asked of him, but is said to have murmured: "E pur si muove."

'And your cut and dried answers out of a dogmatic treatise are no weapons with which the Catholic Reason can hope to vanquish the infidels of the day. Why was it that the Medieval Schools were so vigorous? Because they were allowed free and fair play—because the disputants were not made to feel the bit in their mouths at every other word they spoke, but could move their limbs freely and expatiate at will. Then, when they went wrong, a stronger and truer intellect set them down—and, as time went on, if the dispute got perilous, and a controversialist obstinate, then at length Rome interfered—at length, not at first. Truth is wrought out by many minds working together freely. As far as I can make out, this has ever been the rule of the Church till now, when the first French Revolution having destroyed the Schools of Europe, a sort of centralization has been established at head quarters—and the individual thinker in France, England, or Germany is brought into immediate collision with the most sacred authorities of the Divine Polity. . . .

'I suppose we must be worse before we are better—because we do not recognise that we are bad.'[1]

It must be remembered that the Oxford scheme was never Newman's ideal. It was a concession to necessities of the hour. His ideal scheme, alike for the education of the young and for the necessary intellectual defence of Christianity, had consistently been the erection of a large Catholic University, like Louvain. This he had tried to set up in Catholic Ireland. In such an institution research and discussion of the questions of the day would be combined, as in the Middle Ages, with a Catholic atmosphere, the personal ascendency of able Christian professors, and directly religious influences for the young men. The cause of the failure of his attempt lay, not in him, but in the conditions of the country. His thoughts had therefore turned of necessity towards Oxford. But the exact nature of the scheme to be aimed at was for some time in his mind uncertain, and it was not until after the appearance of the 'Apologia' that he was hopeful enough to think of himself as likely to do a useful work in this connection.

A few months after the above letter to Mr. Ornsby was written, the question of Catholics frequenting Oxford and of the necessary safeguards which their admission must call for was *en évidence*. Cardinal Wiseman had years earlier spoken of the possibility of Oscott being some day used as a University for Catholics. And Newman—not yet closely concerned in the Oxford scheme—in 1863 threw out a hint based on this idea to Bishop Ullathorne, who consulted him on the whole subject.

'It is a marvel,' Newman wrote to Ambrose St. John in this connexion, 'that the Bishop suffers me, that he suffers us, considering his exceeding suspiciousness about people near me, whom he seems to think heretics, and his taking any lukewarmness about the Temporal Power, and any tolerance of Napoleon, as synonymous with laxity of faith. We ought to put it to the account of St. Philip.'

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[1] 'My view has ever been,' he writes to Mr. Copeland on April 20, 1873, 'to answer, not to suppress, what is erroneous—merely as a matter of expedience for the cause of truth, at least at this day. It seems to me a bad policy to suppress. Truth has a power of its own which makes its way—it is stronger than error according to the proverb "Magna est veritas" etc.'

At the meeting of the Bishops at Eastertide in 1864 a resolution was drafted discouraging Catholics from going to Oxford; but nothing final or decisive was done. The most influential lay opinion was in favour of Oxford—a Catholic College or Hall being the most popular scheme. So matters stood when the 'Apologia' was written.

Two months after the completion of the 'Apologia,' in August 1864, Mr. Ambrose Smith, a Catholic resident in Oxford, had the refusal of five acres of excellent land in the town. He conveyed the offer to Newman. Newman felt that it should not be allowed to fall through. He consulted his friends. The land might be bought for some religious purpose even if its precise object was not at once determined. It would be for some work for the Church in connection with Oxford—an Oratory, a Hall, or a College. Newman, now on the crest of the wave of hope which the 'Apologia' had rolled forward, rose to the notion. He communicated with Hope-Scott and other friends as to the necessary purchase money.

He communicated too with Bishop Ullathorne, who offered the Mission of Oxford to the Oratory—thus at once giving an assured and certainly lawful destination to the purchase.

A letter from Newman to Hope-Scott gives the situation in this first stage in the negotiations:

'August 29th, 1864.

'The Bishop has offered *us* the Mission—and is collecting money for Church and priest's house. They would become *pro tempore* the Church and House of the Oratory. No *college* would be set up, but the priest—i.e. the Fathers of the Oratory—would take lodgers.

'So far, as far as a plan goes, is fair sailing, but now *can* the Oratory, *proprio motu* (when once established in Oxford, for *this* I can do with nothing more than the Bishop's consent), can the Oratory, that is I, *when once* set up, without saying a word to any one, make the Oratory a Hall? I cannot tell. I don't see why I should not. The *Oratory* is *confessedly* out of the Bishop's jurisdiction. Propaganda might at once interfere—perhaps would. Our Bishop left to himself would be for an Oxford Catholic College or Hall; but Propaganda would be against him, and my only defence would be *the support of the Catholic gentry.*

'Further the old workhouse stands on the ground (fronting Walton Street). It was built of stone about 90 years ago by (Gwynne) the architect of Magdalen Bridge—it has a *regular* front of perhaps 237 feet. I am writing for some information about it. Father Caswall went to see it, but could not get admittance. It holds 150 paupers. (They say it will sell, i.e. the materials, for about 400*l.*) Perhaps it would admit of fitting up as a Hall or College. I daresay I could collect money for that specific purpose—perhaps Monteith, Scott Murray, Mr. Waldron and others would give me 100*l.* a piece—perhaps I might collect 1,000*l.* in that way, which might be enough. This plan would be *independent* of any *Mission* plan, but it is a great point to come in under the Bishop's sanction and to be carrying out an idea of his. Also, it gives us an ostensible position quite independent of the College plan. We have our work in Oxford, though the College plan failed. And we can feel our way much better. It would not be worth while coming to Oxford to keep a mere lodging house,—but, being there already as Missioners, it is natural to take youths into our building, and many parents would like it.

'But now, *per contra.*

'1. At my age—when I am sick of all plans—have little energy, and declining strength.

'2. When we are so few and have so many irons in the fire.

'3. How could I mix again with Oxford men? How could I "siccis oculis" see "monstra natantia" when I walked the streets, who had made snaps at me, or looked "torvè" upon me in times long past? How could I throw myself into what might be such painful re-awakening animosities? How could I adjust my position with dear Pusey, and others who are at present my well-wishers?

'4. Then all the *work* I might be involved in, do what I would!

'5. And the hot water I might get into with Propaganda. Perhaps I should have to kick my heels at its door for a whole year, like poor Dr. Baines. It would kill me. The Catholic gentry alone could save me here.

'6. Then again I ought to have a view on all those questions about Scripture, the antiquity of man, metaphysics, evidence, &c., &c., which I have *not*,—and which, as soon as

I got, I might get a rap on the knuckles from Propaganda for divulging.

'7. Then I have had so much disappointment and anxiety, —the Irish University is such a failure—the Achilli matter was such a scrape—the School is such a fidget—that I once again quote against myself the words of Euripides in censure of οἱ περισσοί or Lord Melbourne's: "Why can't you let it alone?"

'If we did it we should have a resident curate, and a resident dean or the like; and send one of our Fathers to and fro as "Rector," which is the Oratorian name for Vice-Superior or Vice-Provost.

'Now I have put out all before you; and give me your opinion on the whole. I have told Mr. Ambrose Smith I will give him his answer by the 8th September.'

While Newman, after his wont, was threshing out every item of the prospect in his correspondence, weighing 'pros' and 'cons,' asking for delay, Mr. Ambrose Smith died quite unexpectedly. Then a decision had to be come to at once. He sent Father Ambrose and Father Edward to Oxford with a free hand. They bought the land for 8,400*l.* Newman writes to Miss Giberne on October 25:

'The two Fathers returned last night at 7, and I am writing to you first of all just after mass, knowing what interest you will take in it, how you love both the Oratory and Oxford, and what benefit your prayers will do me. The sum is awful—I have to meet it by the first of January. Mr. Hope-Scott gives 1000*l.*—the Oratory 1000*l.*—the rest I must make up out of the *private* money of Ambrose, Edward and William, as I can. And then how are they (and our Oratory) to live without money! our school does not pay—our offertory does not support the Sacristy. Therefore we have need of prayers.

'The land is, as *you* would think, out of Oxford,—but the place is *growing* in that direction—and is growing in the shape of gentlefolk as well as poor—so that, independent of the bearing of the Oratory on the University, we think there is room for a good mission. The ground beyond the Park and the Observatory is getting covered with houses. The (Protestant) parochial clergy are becoming married men—the Tutors, nay the Fellows, are marrying—and the Professors have by late changes increased in number and in wealth. Thus there is a *society* growing up in Oxford, which never was before, beyond the exclusive pale of Provosts and Presidents. Well, the land lies between Worcester College, the Printing Office, the Observatory, St. Giles's and Beaumont Street. It is a plot of 5 acres, on which stood hitherto the Work-house, which has been removed now to another locality. Hence the sale of the ground. Five acres is a square of which each side is nearly 480 feet long—so you may think how large it is. Christ Church Tom quad is a square of about 260 feet a side. Trinity College with its gardens is not 5 acres I suppose. Oriel, I suspect, is little more than 1 acre or an acre and a half. It is far, far too much for an Oratory—and the price far too much, and yet we shall have extreme difficulty in selling a portion again without loss. There is a *talk* of an Oxford Catholic College —if so, we should sell to it.

'We propose at once to start a subscription for a Church, commemorative of the Oxford Movement, and we are sanguine that we shall get a great deal of money.'

The idea of a college was, however, soon definitely abandoned and an Oratory at Oxford was again contemplated. Newman writes thus to Mr. Gaisford:

'October 30th, 1864.

'In nothing can one have one's own will, pure and simple, and the difficulty is increased where one is not sure what one's will is. The College or Hall scheme is enveloped in difficulty. . . . I look to see, supposing these preliminary difficulties overcome, whether it will be *acceptable* to Catholics. Now here I find a strong, I may say a growing, feeling on the part of the Bishops against it. Our own Bishop who was favourable to it some time ago has got stronger and stronger against it, and the person to whom he confided the drawing up of the memorandum to be sent to *Propaganda* on the subject, an Oxford man, gave his judgment against it. I say nothing of the opposition of Dr. Manning and the *Dublin Review*, which is only too well known. Nor is this all—Catholic gentlemen are beginning to *prefer* sending their boys to the existing Colleges—some have been for doing so from the first. . . . The Catholic public, it is plain, take no interest in the scheme. Whatever may happen years hence, it is impracticable now. And I have accordingly ceased to think of it.

'Hence I am led to contemplate, if possible, a strong ecclesiastical body in Oxford in order to be a centre of the Catholic youth there, and as a defence against Protestant influences. Now do not think I am contemplating anything controversial. Just the contrary. I would conciliate the University if I could—but young Catholics *must* be seen to.

'I repeat, we must do what we *can* in all things. Our Bishop takes up this Oratory view. He has long been wishing to make Oxford a strong Mission. A back yard in St. Clements and a barn to say Mass in, are not the proper representatives of the visible Church. But, if you *do* come forward, if you move on to St. Giles', *any* how you will frighten at first and annoy the academical body. This is unavoidable. Next, how are you to raise the money for a Church? Catholics will not subscribe to it without a stimulus. Four years ago the notion of a Memorial Church was suggested by the Bishop. I did not enter into it then. *Now* I do. I think it will gain the money, and I don't see any other way. The watchword (so to call it, for I am taking it in its most objectionable point of view) will die away when the money is collected. Only the fabric will remain. It will not be written upon it "the Movement Church"—if it is still an eyesore, it will be so, *because* it is a Catholic Church, not because it was raised with a certain idea.'

Newman's immediate object, to help the Catholic undergraduates, and his ultimate aim—of influencing religious thought in Oxford with a view to the future—are stated incidentally in a letter to Mr. Wetherell:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Nov. 1st, 1864.

'My dear Wetherell,—I wish I could talk to you instead of writing. I am passing through London and would make an appointment except that, from the hour which I must fix, it would be impossible for you to keep, while it would bind me. At present it looks as if I should come up to the Paddington Terminus on Thursday by the train which arrives at about ¼ to 11. If so, I should go to the coffee room. I have been quite well till now,—but this Oxford matter has for the moment knocked me up, so that I am running away to hide myself.

'We are proceeding to build a Church directly—and my great difficulty is this—to raise the money by contributions I must take an ostentatious line and make a noise,—to set myself right with the Oxford residents, who are at this moment alarmed, I ought to be unostentatious and quiet. I truly wish the latter—I have no intention of making a row—no wish to angle for heedless undergraduates. I go primarily and directly to take care of the Catholic youth who are beginning to go there, and are in Protestant Colleges. And what I *aim* at is not immediate conversions, but to influence, as far as an old man can, the tone of thought in the place, with a view to a distant time when I shall be no longer here. I do not want controversy. So much for the University—as to the town people, of course I shall have no objection, if I can, to convert them—not that their souls are more precious, but that they can be got (if so) without greater counterbalancing evils.

'Then on the other hand, I *do* come out with a watchword—viz. the Church is to be a sort of thank-offering on the part of the converts of the last 30 years. How can I raise the money unless this be understood?

'I don't expect to leave Birmingham.

'Very sincerely yours,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

'P.S.—You may use what I have said at your discretion, *but not on my authority.*'

The work Newman contemplated was to be done not in opposition to, but rather in unison with, the Church of England and the other religious forces in Oxford. The danger from which he wished to protect the undergraduates was free thought. In a remarkable letter four years earlier he had declined the proposal that he should take part in building a new church at Oxford, on the very ground that he thought controversy with Anglicans in Oxford undesirable. This letter—addressed to Canon Estcourt and dated June 2, 1860—ran as follows:

'You seemed to think with me that the Catholics of Oxford do not require a new Church: if then a subscription is commenced for a new one, it will be with a view to making converts from the University. Indeed, I think you will allow this to be the view: for it was on this very ground that you wished me, and the only ground on which you could wish me, to take part in it. You said that my name would draw aid from converts—and you were kind enough to wish that the Church thus built should be in a certain sense a memorial of my former position in Oxford. Now a controversial character thus given to new ecclesiastical establishments there, whatever be its expedience in itself, would be the very circumstance which would determine me personally against taking that part in promoting them, which you assign to me. It would do more harm than good.

'To take part in this would be surely inconsistent with the sentiments which I have ever acted upon, since I have been a Catholic. My first act was to leave the neighbourhood of Oxford, where I found myself, at considerable inconvenience. When I heard the question of a new Oxford Church mooted at Stonyhurst soon after, I spoke against it. In all that I have written, I have spoken of Oxford and the Oxford system with affection and admiration. I have put its system forward, as an instance of that union of dogmatic teaching and liberal education which command my assent. I have never acted in direct hostility to the Church of England. I have, in my lectures on Anglicanism, professed no more than to carry on "children of the Movement of 1833" to their legitimate conclusions. In my lectures on Catholicism in England, I oppose, not the Anglican Church, but National Protestantism, and Anglicans only so far as they belong to it. In taking part in building a new Church at Oxford, I should be commencing a line of conduct which would require explanation. . . .

'While I do not see my way to take steps to weaken the Church of England, being what it is, least of all should I be disposed to do so in Oxford, which has hitherto been the seat of those traditions which constitute whatever there is of Catholic doctrine and principle in the Anglican Church. That there are also false traditions there, I know well: I know too that there is a recent importation of scepticism and nfidelity; but, till things are very much changed there, in weakening Oxford, we are weakening our friends, weakening our own *de facto* παιδαγωγὸς into the Church. Catholics did not make us Catholics; Oxford made us Catholics. At present Oxford surely does more good than harm. There has been a rage for shooting sparrows of late years, under the notion that they are the farmers' enemies. Now, it is discovered that they do more good by destroying insects than harm by picking up the seed. In Australia, I believe, they are actually importng them. Is there not something of a parallel here?

'I go further than a mere tolerance of Oxford; as I have aid, I wish to suffer the Church of England. The Establishment has ever been a breakwater against Unitarianism, anaticism, and infidelity. It has ever loved us better than Puritans or Independents have loved us. And it receives all that abuse and odium of dogmatism, or at least a good deal of it, which otherwise would be directed against us. I should have the greatest repugnance to introducing controversy into those quiet circles and sober schools of thought which are the strength of the Church of England. It is another thing altogether to introduce controversy to individual minds which are already unsettled, or have a drawing towards Catholicism. Altogether another thing in a place like Birmingham, where nearly everyone is a nothingarian, an infidel, a sceptic, or an inquirer. Here Catholic efforts are not only good in themselves, and do good, but cannot possibly do any even incidental harm—here, whatever is done is so much gain. In Oxford you would unsettle many, and gain a few, if you did your most.

'If a Catholic Church were in a position there suitable for acting upon Undergraduates, first it would involve on their part a conscious breach of University and College regulations; then it would attract just those who were likely to be unstable, and who perhaps in a year or two would lapse back to Protestantism; and then, it would create great bitterness of feeling and indignation against Catholics, prejudice fair minds against the truth, and diminish the chances of our being treated with equity at Oxford or elsewhere.'

But while he had thus declined in 1860 to place antagonism between the forces of Anglicanism and Catholicism in Oxford, or to countenance proselytism, another idea now gradually grew upon him, that he might help to do what Pusey and his friends had been attempting in Oxford—that he might serve the cause of Christian philosophy against the incoming tide of freethought.[1]

The next step was to appeal for funds, and Newman drew up a careful circular with this object, and submitted it to Hope-Scott. The proposal was not only to pay for the land, but to erect a church commemorative of the Oxford conversions of 1845. This proposal, which Newman had declined when it appeared to be a controversial demonstration, he now accepted in new circumstances; but he carefully eliminated all controversial matter from his circular. The circular had to be framed with great care. For the opposition of the hierarchy to Catholics entering the existing Oxford colleges had to be taken into account. This difficulty appears in a letter to Hope-Scott:

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[1] His appreciation of Pusey's work in this respect, and his sense that it was one with which Catholics should deeply sympathise, is indicated in a letter to Lord Braye. See p. 486.

'October 31st, 1864.

'I am not sure that I understood your letter. I believe it means this:—"don't give up the idea of a College or Hall—don't cut off the chance of it. To say you are sent to the Catholic youth in the existing Colleges *is* a sort of recognition of those Colleges as a fit place for them, and an acquiescence in the abandonment of the College or Hall scheme. Therefore speak of the existing admission to the University, not Colleges." I have altered it to meet this idea.

'Also, I have cut off the part to which you object. Still, I have spoken of the spirit *of the Oratory*, because it ever has been peaceable, unpolitical, conceding, and quiet. You may think it, however, as sounding like a fling at the Jesuits, &c. *For this, or any other reason*, draw your pen across it if you think best.'

The circular sent to his friends, together with the Bishop's letter entrusting the Mission to him entirely, ran as follows:

'Father Newman having been entrusted by his Diocesan with the Mission of Oxford, is proceeding, with the sanction of Propaganda, to the establishment there of a House of the Oratory.

'Some such establishment in one of the great seats of learning seems to be demanded of English Catholics at a time when the relaxation both of controversial animosity and of legal restriction has allowed them to appear before their countrymen in the full profession and the genuine attributes of their Holy Religion.

'And, while there is no place in England more likely than Oxford to receive a Catholic community with fairness, interest, and intelligent curiosity, so on the other hand the English Oratory has this singular encouragement in placing itself there, that it has been expressly created and blessed by the reigning Pontiff for the very purpose of bringing Catholicity before the educated classes of society, and especially those classes which represent the traditions and the teaching of Oxford.

'Moreover, since many of its priests have been educated at the Universities, it brings to its work an acquaintance and a sympathy with Academical habits and sentiments, which are a guarantee of its inoffensive bearing towards the members of another communion, and which will specially enable it to discharge its sacred duties in the peaceable and conciliatory spirit which is the historical characteristic of the sons of St. Philip Neri.

'Father Newman has already secured a site for an Oratory Church and buildings in an eligible part of Oxford; and he now addresses himself to the work of collecting the sums necessary for carrying his important undertaking into effect. This he is able to do under the sanction of the following letter from the Bishop of the Diocese, which it gives him great satisfaction to publish.'

For two months all seemed to go well. Newman was living among his own friends and did not realise the potent forces which were working against him, of which I shall speak directly. Mr. Wetherell was especially active on his behalf. He engaged the services of the able architect Mr. Henry Clutton for the buildings in connection with the Oxford Oratory. Newman's old Oxford friend James Laird Patterson took him to see Cardinal Wiseman to talk things over. Wiseman's uncordial reception of him was ascribed by them both to ill-health. Of the determined opposition to the scheme which, at the instigation of Manning and W. G. Ward, the Cardinal was preparing to offer, they had no suspicion; so all letters up to the middle of November speak of sanguine hope. A few specimens shall suffice:

'Brighton: November 5th, 1864.

'My dear Ambrose,—We came here last night as a first stage towards Hastings, whither we find Pollen has gone. It is cold and raw here.

'Our day in London was successful. Patterson has no idea at all of leaving London, and, when he said he put himself at my disposal, he meant to make the offer, consistently with his being at the disposal of the Westminster Diocese. However, he is very warm. . . . He thought that Oxford offered a large field for conversions. I daresay he would be more desirous of manifestations than I should be.

'Wetherell and Clutton both were in high spirits and hopes about the Oxford scheme, and prophesied all that was good and glorious. Yard[1] I could not see, as it was St. Charles's day—I must see him in returning. There will be an article on the Oxford matter in the *Daily News* of this day. . . . Clutton is coming to us on Monday 14th—going first to Oxford.

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[1] Father Yard was one of the Oblates of St. Charles at Bayswater.

'Patterson said he was going to the Cardinal, who had not been well. . . . I went with him, and saw the poor Cardinal for ten minutes. I saw him, I suppose, in his usual state—relaxed, feeble, and dejected.[1] On ringing at the door, I had said to Patterson, "You must bring me off in five minutes for the Cardinal is so entertaining a talker that it is always difficult to get away from him." Alas, what I never could have fancied beforehand, I was the only speaker. I literally *talked*. He is anxious about his eyes. Patterson calls it "congestion." The C. says that the London fog tries them. He was just down—two o'clock or half past two. He listened to the Oxford plan, half querulously, and said that he thought the collection for St. Thomas at Rome would interfere with getting money from the Continent. Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

NEWMAN TO MOTHER IMELDA POOLE.

'The Oratory: November 16th, 1864.

'We shall have plenty of trials in time, but at present the sky is very clear and bright, and the landscape is rose-colour. Alas, that bright mornings are the soonest overcast! So great a work cannot be done without great crosses,—yet I don't like to say so, for it is like prophesying against myself, and I do not like trial at all. What is to happen if we are not preserved in health and strength! We have few enough to work if we have our all—we have not a quarter of a Father to spare—but we must leave all this to Him Who we trust is employing us.'

NEWMAN TO HENRY WILBERFORCE.

'The Oratory: November 16th, 1864.

'As to Oxford, we are astonished at our own doings—and our only hope is that we are doing God's Will in thus portentously involving ourselves both in money matters and in work. I should like a long talk with you, though just now I am confined to my room with a bad cold. My friends here sent me away suddenly to the South Coast because I was not quite well,—and, coming back from that delightful climate to this keen one, I have been knocked up by it. I think I should live ten years longer if I was at Hastings or

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[1] 'N.B. I afterwards had reason for thinking that a deep opposition to my going to Oxford was the cause of the Cardinal's manner. Of this I was quite unsuspicious. J. H. N. Nov. 4th, 1875.'

Brighton, but here, when I am older, a cold caught may carry me off. Since I came back, I have been hard at the letters which came in my absence,—so you must excuse my delay in answering you.

'We are going to build a Church at once, and, though the mission is very small at present, we are sanguine that we shall increase it enough to make it pay the interest of our great expenses. The Bishop has given us a strong letter, and I trust we shall collect a large sum for the Church. Everything looks favourable at the moment, but of course we shall have plenty of crosses as time goes on.'

To Canon Walker.

'November 17, 1864. . . .

'There is just now a very remarkable feeling in my favour at Oxford—a friend of mine, who has lately been there, writes word "Unless I had seen it with my own eyes, I could not have believed how strong is the attachment, for that is the word, with which you are regarded by all parties up there." A head of a House says "every one would welcome you in Oxford." An undergraduate writes to me: "There is a report that you were at Oriel last Friday incognito; it caused great excitement. I am sure, if it were known you were coming here on any particular day, the greater part of the University would escort you in procession into the Town." Do *not mention* all this—of course I cannot reckon on the feeling lasting, but it is hopeful, as a beginning. The whole course of things has been wonderful—and there seems to me a call on me to follow it, without looking forward to the future. If we come to a cul-de-sac, we must back out.'

The grounds of fear put forward in the letter to Mother Imelda Poole read as the suggestings of a morbid fancy. But the instinct which prompted his anxiety proved a true one. W. G. Ward during the two years in which he had edited the *Dublin Review* had developed and defined his views on Catholic culture in opposition to what he regarded as the secularist spirit of the *Rambler* and *Home and Foreign*. He regarded the prospect of Catholics going to Oxford as a surrender of the whole situation. The rising generation, the future representatives of the Church in England, would be at Oxford during the most plastic years in which their views were being formed and their characters moulded, surrounded by the indifferentist atmosphere of a University in which some of the ablest thought was now agnostic in its tendency. With all the zeal of a Crusader he opposed the project. He did not in his writings on the subject enter into the considerations which the Moderate party urged. He did not deal with the individual cases where the absence of Oxford life might conceivably do much more harm than its presence could do. For many, the alternative was Woolwich or Sandhurst—places fraught with far greater dangers than Oxford to those whose trials were moral rather than intellectual. Again, he did not treat of the practical prospects of those rich young men to whom the prospect of a career—so difficult to realise if the Universities were tabooed—is the best safeguard against very obvious temptations to a life of pleasure. He was exclusively occupied with the necessity of making loyalty to Church authority and other religious first principles supremely influential in the rising generation, by jealously guarding these principles in youth and early manhood. More than all, he dreaded the insidious intellectual and worldly maxims of a secular University—the principles of 'religious Liberalism' as he called them. Such maxims were calculated so to dilute the Catholic 'ethos' at the most critical moment in the formation of character as to bring up a generation of merely nominal Catholics.

'Since the season of childhood and youth is immeasurably the most impressible of all,' he wrote in the *Dublin Review*, 'it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of preserving the purity of a Catholic atmosphere throughout the whole of Catholic education. . . . Even intellectually speaking, no result can well be more deplorable than that which tends to ensue from mixed education. There is no surer mark of an uncultivated mind, than that a man's practical judgment on facts as they occur, shall be at variance with the theoretical principles which he speculatively accepts. . . . Now this is the natural result of mixed education. The unhappy Catholic who is so disadvantageously circumstanced tends to become the very embodiment of inconsistency. Catholic in his speculative convictions, non-Catholic in his practical judgments; holding one doctrine as a universal truth, and a doctrine precisely contradictory in almost every particular which that universal truth embraces.'

Ward had many sympathisers in his attitude—among them Dr. Grant, Bishop of Southwark, and his own intimate friends the two future Cardinals, Manning and Vaughan. At the news of Newman's plan, these men made urgent representations to Propaganda and to Cardinal Wiseman as to the necessity of immediate action being taken to prevent its going further. Newman's presence at Oxford would mean past recovery the triumph of mixed education. Ward wrote to Talbot at the Vatican to secure Propaganda on the anti-Oxford side. Vaughan went to Rome itself.

In Rome there was every disposition to take a strong line against mixed education, for the national Universities in the countries with which the authorities were most familiar were positively anti-Christian, and young men rarely emerged from them with definite Christian belief. Even in a country where Catholicism was as strong as it was in Belgium the Catholic University of Louvain was founded expressly to counteract this danger. The whole tendency of the Ultramontane movement was towards endeavouring to secure a body of zealous and even militant young Catholics to fight the battles of the Holy See and the Church. Governments and populations were no longer Catholic. The national life was hardly anywhere Catholic. In such circumstances, to keep faith and zeal intact it was necessary to withdraw from the world. Education both primary and secondary must be suited to the policy of falling back behind the Catholic entrenchments to do battle with the modern spirit. Gregory XVI. and his successor had both opposed the Queen's Colleges in Ireland. When Ward, Manning, and Vaughan represented that Oxford would turn out young men who were Catholics in name only, Pius IX. was ready enough to believe that Oxford was no better than Brussels; that the best policy for Belgium would prove the best policy for England. That the conditions in the two countries were fundamentally different, that Oxford was not a school of infidelity, that it might be even still open to religious influences, was a thought which was probably not suggested to him. Therefore, when Vaughan went to Rome as the ambassador of the party, he found ears ready enough to listen to him at Propaganda.

The news of the proceedings of Ward and Manning, with its ominous significance as to the inevitable sequel, burst upon Newman a week after the hopeful letters we have just read. Newman saw the gravity of the situation. His one hope was in strong representations to Propaganda on the part of the laity. He at once conveyed the intelligence of what had occurred to Hope-Scott.

> 'The Bishops are to meet *quam primum*,' he wrote to Hope-Scott on November 23rd, 'not to *settle* the University question, but to submit their opinions to Propaganda, that *Propaganda* may decide. Propaganda seems to be at the mercy of Manning, Ward, and Dr. Grant. For this meeting does not proceed from the Bishops. It is not off the cards, though, of course, very improbable, that going to Oxford will be made a reserved case.
>
> 'Now I repeat what I have said before, that, unless the Catholic gentry make themselves heard at Rome, a small active clique will carry the day.'

Mr. Wetherell at once got up a lay petition to Propaganda in favour of Catholics going to Oxford, and took it himself to Rome early in the following year. But he accomplished nothing. Meanwhile Newman had an interview with Bishop Ullathorne before the end of November and learnt from him fully the condition of affairs. He writes of the prospect despairingly to Hope-Scott on November 28:

> 'At present I am simply off the rails. I do not know how to doubt that the sudden meeting of the Bishops has been ordered apropos of my going to Oxford. If I can understand our Bishop, the notion is to forbid young Catholics to go to Oxford, and to set up a University elsewhere. If so, what have I to do with Oxford? what call have I, at the end of twenty years, apropos of nothing, to open theological trenches against the Doctors and Professors of the University?'

In a few weeks the whole Oxford scheme was definitely dropped. The Bishops met on December 13 and passed resolutions in favour of an absolute prohibition of Oxford. The confirmation of their act by Propaganda was not doubtful.

Propaganda had indeed informally intimated its own judgment in the same direction.

But, moreover, a set of questions was drawn up and sent to many leading Oxford converts, inviting their opinion as to the advisability of Catholics going to Oxford. The answers were to be sent to Propaganda for its enlightenment. The questions were not sent to Newman or any of his sympathisers. They implied in their form that an adverse answer on each point was the only one open to a sound Catholic. Their authorship I have been unable to discover. But they were clearly drawn up by some one whose opposition to the Oxford scheme was uncompromising. They were sent by Dr. Grant, Bishop of Southwark, to Mr. Gaisford among others, and Mr. Gaisford returned answers strongly favourable to Catholics frequenting the Universities.[1] These answers he forwarded to Newman with the text of the questions themselves.

Newman in a letter to Mr. Gaisford thus commented on answers and on the questions themselves:

'December 16th, 1864.

'I heard of the questions for the first time three days ago. I had not seen them or any one of them till you sent them. As for my own opinion, it has never been asked in any shape.

'Such a paper of questions is deplorable—deplorable because they are not questions but arguments, worse than "leading questions." They might as well have been summed up in one—viz., "Are you or are you not, one of those wicked men who advocate Oxford education?" for they imply a *condemnation* of the respondent if he does not reply *in one way*.

'I do not believe that the meeting, or the questions, came from the Bishops. They come from unknown persons, who mislead Propaganda, put the screw on the Bishops, and would shut up our school if they could,—and perhaps will.

'As to our Bishop, I formally told him a month before I bought the ground that, if I accepted the Mission, and proposed to introduce the Oratory to Oxford, it was solely for the sake of the Catholics in the Colleges. Yet he let me go on. In truth he knew of no real difficulty or hitch in

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[1] The text of the questions and of Mr. Gaisford's reply is given in the Appendix at p. 540.

rospect. I believe the news of the intended Bishops'
neeting was a surprise to him.

'I think your letter and answers very good, very much
o the point. There is a straightforwardness in them which
nust tell, if they are read.

'It is the laity's concern, not ours. There are those who con-
rast the English laity with the Irish, and think that the Eng-
ish will stand anything. Such persons will bully, if they are
llowed to do so; but will not show fight if they are resisted.'

By the end of the month it was quite clear to Newman
hat the whole Oxford scheme was at an end, as he says in
sad letter to Sister Imelda Poole of Stone:

'December 28th, 1864.

'As to the Oxford scheme it is still the Blessed Will
f God to send me baulks. On the whole, I suppose, look-
ng through my life as a course, He is using me, but really
iewed in its separate parts it is but a life of failures. My
ishop gave me the Mission without my asking for it. I told
im that I should not think of going, except for the sake of
atholic youths there, and with his perfect acquiescence I
ought the ground. It cost 8,400*l*. When all this had
een done there was an interposition of Propaganda, for
hich I believe he was absolutely unprepared, and the more
o, because, as I heard at the time, the collected Bishops had
ast year recommended Propaganda to do nothing in the
xford question. However, on the news coming to certain
eople in London that I was going to Oxford, they influenced
ropaganda to interfere, and the whole scheme is, I conceive,
t an end. Of course, if Propaganda brings out any letter of
isapproval of young Catholics going to Oxford, (and people
hink it is certain to do so) my going there is either super-
luous, or undutiful—superfluous if there are no Catholics
here—undutiful if my going is an inducement to them, or an
xcuse and shelter for their going there?'

To the same effect he wrote to Miss Giberne, adding as a
ostscript, 'does it not seem queer that the two persons who
re now most opposed to me are Manning and Ward?'

And so four short months saw the dawn, the promise,
he defeat of the hopeful dreams which the success of the
Apologia' had kindled.

The expected rescript from Propaganda came early in
865, and Newman wrote of it thus to Mr. John Pollen:

'Have you seen the sweeping sentence of the Bishops on the Oxford matter? I consider that Propaganda has ordered the Bishops to be of one mind, and they have not been able to help it, and that Manning has persuaded Propaganda.

'It is to be observed that they do not *order* their clergy to dissuade parents, but give their judgment for the *guidance* of the Clergy. This I interpret to mean (1) that each case of going to Oxford is to be taken by itself, (2) that leave is to be asked by parents in the *Confessional.*

'But so far is clear, that, unless Wetherell brings some modification from Rome (which I don't think he will) no School, as ourselves, can educate with a professed view to Oxford. The decision includes the London University and Trinity College, Dublin.

'It seems as if they wanted to put down the whole matter at once. And I suppose they will follow it up by some attempted organisation of English Education generally. I never should be surprised if our School was directly or indirectly attacked.'

Mr. Wetherell and his deputation had, as I have intimated, no success: got indeed barely a hearing. Newman's friends urged him to go in person to Rome, but he knew that he could effect nothing against the active campaign of Manning and Ward aided by Mgr. Talbot at the Vatican itself. His feelings on the situation are expressed in the following letters to Miss Bowles:

'March 31st, 1865.

'I was going to write a long answer to your letter, but it is far too large and too delicate a subject to write about. If I ever had an hour with you, I could tell you a great deal. No,—you do not know facts, and know partially or incorrectly those which you know. You say what you would do in my case, if you were a man; and I should rather say what I would do in my case, if I were a woman,—for it was St. Catherine who advised a Pope, and succeeded, but St. Thomas of Canterbury and St. Edmund tried and failed. I am too much of a philosopher too to have the keen energy necessary for the work on which you put me. Yet observe, Lacordaire, with whom I so much sympathize, was a fiery orator and a restless originator,—yet he failed, as I have failed.

'Look at the whole course of this Oxford matter. The Bishops have just brought out their sweeping decision, unaniously. Unanimously, because Propaganda orders it. Who irects Propaganda? What pains did they (the Cardinal) ake in England to get opinions? As for myself, no one in uthority has ever asked me. I never saw the questions (till fterwards)—few did—and what questions—leading quesons and worse—arguments, not questions. The laity told othing about it. The laity go to Propaganda. Cardinal arnabo talks by the half hour, not letting anyone else eak, and saying he knows all about it already, and wants o information, for Mgr. Talbot has told him all about it. Vhat chance should *I* have with broken Italian (they don't, an't, talk Latin)? I *know* what chance. I had to go to im nine years ago,—he treated me in the same way—colded me before he knew what I had come about; and I ent on a most grave matter, sorely against my will. No—e are in a transition time and must wait patiently, though course the tempest will last through our day.'

'May 1st, 1865.

'I inclose a post office order for 5*l*. . . . As to the rest, wish it to go in a special kind of charity, viz. in the *strumenta*, as I may call them, and operative methods your own good works,—that is, not in meat, and drink, nd physic, or clothing of the needy, but (if you will not be ngry with me) in your charitable cabs, charitable umbrellas, haritable boots, and all the wear and tear of a charitable peron who, without such wear and tear, cannot do her charity.

'As to Catholic matters, there is nothing like the logic facts. This is what I look to—it is a sad consolation—ut Catholics won't stand such standing still for ever. And hen, when much mischief is done, and more is feared, someing will be attempted in high quarters. . . .

'A great prelate (Dr. Ullathorne) said to me years ago, hen I said that the laity needed instruction, guidance, nderness, consideration, &c., &c.: "You do not know them, r. N., our laity are a peaceable body—they are peaceable." understood him to mean: "They are grossly ignorant and nintellectual, and we need not consult, or consult for them all." . . . And at Rome they treat them according to the adition of the Middle Ages, as, in "Harold the Dauntless," e Abbot of Durham treated Count Witikind. Well, facts one will slowly make them recognise the fact of what a ity must be in the 19th century if it is to cope with rotestantism.'

Further reflections of interest on the Oxford question as a whole and on the prospect for the future are contained in the following letters:

To Miss Holmes.

'The Oratory, Bm.: Feb. 7th, '65.

'As to Oxford and Cambridge, it is quite plain that the Church *ought* to have Schools (Universities) of her own. She can in Ireland—she can't in England, a Protestant country. How are you to prepare young Catholics for taking part in life, in filling stations in a Protestant country as England, without going to the English Universities? Impossible. Either then refuse to let Catholics avail themselves of these privileges, of going into Parliament, of taking their seat in the House of Lords, of becoming Lawyers, Commissioners etc. etc. *or* let them go *there*, *where alone* they will be able to put themselves on a par with Protestants. Argument the 1st.

'2. They will get more harm in London life than at Oxford or Cambridge. A boy of 19 goes to some London office, with no restraint—he goes at that age to Oxford or Cambridge, and is at least under *some* restraint.

'3. Why are you not consistent, and forbid him to go into the Army? why don't you forbid him to go to such an "Academy" at Woolwich? He may get at Woolwich as much harm in his faith and morals as at the Universities.

'4. There are *two* sets at Oxford. What Fr. B. says of the good set being *small*, is bosh. At least I have a right to know better than he. What can he know about my means of knowledge? I was Tutor (in a very rowing College, and was one of those who changed its character). I was Dean of discipline—I was Pro-proctor. The good set was not a small set—tho' it varied in number in different colleges.'

To Mr. Hope-Scott.

'April 28th, 1865.

'It boots not to go through the Oxford matter, now (at least for the time) over. I believe the majority of the Bishops were against the decision, to which they have publicly committed themselves; and what is to take the place of Oxford, I know not. Our boys go on well till they get near the top of the school—but, when they are once put into the fifth or sixth form, they languish and get slovenly—i.e. for want of a *stimulus*. They have no object before them.

And then again, parents come to me and say: "What are ve to do with Charlie and Richard? Is he to keep company vith the gamekeeper on his leaving school? Is he to be oadied by all the idle fellows about the place? Is he to get taste for low society? How *can* Oxford be worse than this? s he to have a taste for anything beyond that for shooting heasants? Is he to stagnate with no internal resources, and o power of making himself useful in life?" As to such ellows being likely to have their faith shaken at Oxford, that at least) their *parents* think an absurdity, and so do I. Of ourse it is otherwise with more intellectual youths,—though t present I am credibly informed there is a singular reaction n Oxford in favour of High Church principles; and, though can understand a Catholic turning liberal, my imagination ails as to the attempt to turn him into a Puseyite.'

With this letter should be read a sentence in another vritten a week earlier to St. John, which shows that, with his as with so much else, his last word was 'patience.' xford might be open to another generation of Catholics, hough he would no longer be there to guide them:

'Rednall: April 21st, 1865.

'This morning I have made up my mind, as the only vay of explaining the way in which all the Bishops but two urned round, that the extinguisher on Oxford was the Pope's *wn* act. If so, we may at once reconcile ourselves to it. Another Pontiff in another generation may reverse it.'

The year 1893—three years after Newman had himself assed away—saw the realisation, under the Pontificate of Leo XIII., of the hope expressed in this letter.

The failure of the Oxford scheme was regarded by Newman as final so far as his own lifetime went. And he old the ground he had bought. The disappointment did ot, however, crush Newman as earlier ones had done. His abit of patience had grown on him, and seems to have iven him more of strength and calmness. 'The obedient nan shall speak of victory.' Moreover he had seen signs, n the strong support he now had among Catholics, that his wn views might one day prevail. And the success of the Apologia' was an accomplished fact.

In the first half of 1865 came a lull in the acute discussions of the hour. In February 1865 Cardinal Wiseman passed away, and it was uncertain what ecclesiastical powers would come to the front in England. An entry in the journal records Newman's feelings at this time:

'February 22nd, 1865.

'I have just now looked over what I wrote on January 21st 1863. My position of mind now is so different from what it was then, that it would require many words to bring it out. First, I have got hardened against the opposition made to me, and have not the soreness at my ill-treatment on the part of certain influential Catholics which I had then,—and this simply from the natural effect of time—just as I do not feel that anxiety which I once had that we have no novices. I don't know that this recklessness is a better state of mind than that anxiety. Every year I feel less and less anxiety to please Propaganda, from a feeling that they *cannot* understand England. Next, the two chief persons whom I felt to be unjust to me are gone,—the Cardinal and Faber. Their place has been taken by Manning and Ward; but somehow, from my never having been brought as closely into contact with either of them as with the Cardinal and Faber, I have not that sense of their cruelty which I felt so much as regards the two last mentioned. Thirdly, in the last year a most wonderful deliverance has been wrought in my favour, by the controversy of which the upshot was my "Apologia." It has been marvellously blest, for, while I have regained, or rather gained, the favour of Protestants, I have received the approbation, in formal Addresses, of good part of the [Catholic] clerical body. They have been highly pleased with me, as doing them a service, and I stand with them as I never did before. Then again, it has pleased Protestants, and of all parties, as much or more. When I wrote those sharp letters, as I did very deliberately, in June 1862, in consequence of the reports circulated to the effect that I was turning Protestant, I at once brought myself down to my lowest point as regards popularity, yet, by the very force of my descent, I prepared the way for a rebound. It was my lowest point, yet the turning point. When A.B. wrote to remonstrate with me on the part of my Protestant friends, I answered him by showing how unkindly they had treated me for 17 years,—so much so that they had no right to remonstrate. This touched Keble. Moreover, it happened just then that, independent of this, Copeland, having met me accidentally in London, came to see us here, and he spread such a kind report of me that Keble wrote to me, Rogers visited me (August 30th, 1863) and Church proposed to do so. Williams too wished to come and see me,—but *he* had never lost sight of me. The kind feeling was growing, when (Copeland accidentally being here) I began the Kingsley controversy, the effect of which I need not enlarge on. I have pleasant proofs of it every day. And thus I am in a totally different position now to what I was in January 1863. And my temptation at this moment is, to value the praise of men too highly, especially of Protestants—and to lose some portion of that sensitiveness towards God's praise which is so elementary a duty.

'On all these accounts, though I still feel keenly the way in which I am kept doing nothing, I am not so much pained at it,—both because by means of my "Apologia" I am (as I feel) *indirectly* doing a work, and because its success has put me in spirits to look out for other means of doing good, whether Propaganda cares about it or no. Yet still it is very singular that the same effective opposition to me *does* go on, thwarting my attempts to *act*, and what is very singular, also 'avulso uno non deficit alter." Faber being taken away, Ward and Manning take his place. Through them, especially Manning, acting on the poor Cardinal (who is to be buried to-morrow), the Oxford scheme has been for the present thwarted—for me probably for good—and this morning I have been signing the agreement by which I shall sell my and to the University. Bellasis told me that, from what he saw at Rome, he felt that Manning was more set against *my* going to Oxford, than merely against Catholic youths going there. And now I am thrown back again on my do-nothing life here—how marvellous! yet, as I have drawn out above, from habit, from recklessness, and from my late success, my feeling of despondency and irritation seems to have gone.'

The 'do-nothing life,' as he termed it, meant occupation with slight literary tasks—among them the editing of an expurgated edition of Terence's 'Phormio' for the Edgbaston boys to act. His leisure also led to more frequent correspondence with old friends. He often wrote to R. W. Church and Rogers. Rogers pressed him to come on a visit and meet Church, but Newman could not at once bring himself o make the effort. In writing to Rogers he based his refusal on the trials and troubles of advancing life, but in a subsequent letter to Church we see a stronger reason at work.

To Sir Frederick Rogers.

'The Oratory, Birm.: Dec. 20, 1864.

'Your offer is very tempting. I should like to be with you and Lady Rogers, I should like to meet Church—and, not the least pleasure would be to see your Mother and Sisters. But I am an old man, oppressed with reasonable and unreasonable difficulties, in confronting such a proposition. How do I know but I shall have a cold, which will prostrate me? Five years ago I had a slight attack in the bronchia—and, when it has once occurred, it never quite goes; and if I had ever so little return of it, I should have great difficulty in shaking it off. I go on expecting it all through the winter, and never get through without a touch, sooner or later. I begin to understand old Routh's excessive care of himself; for if I neglected myself an hour or two I might be in for it. Then again in other ways, though my health is ordinarily good, nay tough, I am prostrated for half a day; after a quiet evening and good night I am right again. Then I am a sort of savage who has lost manners. Except once at Hope-Scott's, and once at Henry Bowden's, and a day or two at W. Wilberforce's last year, I have not been in a friend's house these 20 years—and I should not know how to behave. If I made an engagement with you, I should go on fidgetting myself till the time comes, lest I should be unable to keep it—and if I don't make one, then I am sure not to go to you. And thus you have the measure of me.'

To R. W. Church.

'The Oratory, Bm.: Dec. 21/64.

'I wrote to Rogers yesterday, in more than doubt whether I could accept his offer. Of course I should like extremely to meet whether you or him, and much more both of you together—but I am an old man—and subject to colds and slight ailments which make me slow in committing myself to engagements. And then a profound melancholy might come on me to find myself in the presence of friends so dear to me, and so divided from me. And therefore, like a coward, I have declined. I could bear one, better than two.

'I want very much to see you, and think it most kind in you to think of going the long way whether to London or to Birmingham for my sake—but here again I should prefer the summer to the winter for your visit, for Brummagem is a dirty, unattractive place—and we have no indoor amusements. In the summer I should ask you to go over to our cottage at Rednal—but in winter, unless I went out with you shooting, or mounted you for the hunt, or went sliding or skating with you, what could I do? so that I have the same reluctance to ask you in winter, as you seem to have in asking me in the same season to Whatley.'

Newman did pay a visit on April 26, 1865, to another old friend, Isaac Williams. 'I had not seen him for twenty-two years,' he wrote to R. W. Church. 'Of course I did not know him at all, as I daresay you would not know me. Pattison did not know me a year or two ago, though I knew him. If all is well I shall come and see you some time or other, and take Williams again on my way.' A week later Isaac Williams was dead.

In the summer Church and Rogers combined to give Newman a violin. The prospect of its arrival greatly excited Newman and made him almost scrupulous.

'I only fear,' he writes to Rogers on June 25, 'that I may give time to it more than I ought to spare. I could find solace in music from week to week's end. It will be curious, if I get a qualm of conscience for indulging in it, and, as a set off, write a book. I declare I think it is more likely to [make me] do so than anything else—I am so lazy. It is likely that a note I have written upon Liberalism in my 2nd Edition of the "Apologia" will bring criticisms on me, which I ought to answer. Now I am so desperately lazy that I shall not be able to get myself to do so; and then it strikes me that, in penance for the violin, I suddenly may rush into work in a fit of contrition.'

The instrument arrived early in July, and Newman was fairly overcome by the music he loved so intensely, and which for many years he had set aside lest it should interfere with the graver duties of life.[1] He writes to Dean Church his grateful thanks on July 11:

'My dear Church,—I have delayed thanking you for your great kindness in uniting with Rogers in giving me a fiddle, till I could report upon the fiddle itself. The Warehouse sent me three to choose out of—and I chose with trepidation, as fearing I was hardly up to choosing well. And then my fingers have been in such a state, as being cut by the strings, that up to Saturday last I had sticking plaster upon their ends—and therefore was in no condition to bring out a good tune from the strings and so to return good for evil. But on Saturday I had a good bout at Beethoven's Quartetts —which I used to play with poor Blanco White—and thought them more exquisite than ever—so that I was obliged to lay down the instrument and literally cry out with delight. However, what is more to the point, I was able to ascertain that I had got a very beautiful fiddle—such as I never had before. Think of my not having a good one till I was between sixty and seventy—and beginning to learn it when I was ten! However, I really think it will add to my power of working, and the length of my life. I never wrote more than when I played the fiddle. I always sleep better after music. There must be some electric current passing from the strings through the fingers into the brain and down the spinal marrow. Perhaps thought is music.

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[1] He told my father that he did not believe he had really gained any benefit from this self-denial. Music was so great a joy that it intensified his powers of work.

'I hope to send you the "Phormio" almost at once.

'Ever yrs. affly., JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

A more serious occupation of this time was the writing of the 'Dream of Gerontius.' Newman had, in the middle of the Kingsley controversy, been seized with a very vivid apprehension of immediately impending death, apparently derived from a medical opinion—so vivid as to lead him to write the following memorandum headed, 'written in prospect of death,' and dated Passion Sunday, 1864, 7 o'clock A.M.:

'I write in the direct view of death as in prospect. No one in the house, I suppose, suspects anything of the kind. Nor anyone anywhere, unless it be the medical men.

'I write at once—because, on my own feelings of mind and body, it is as if nothing at all were the matter with me, just now; but because I do not know how long this perfect possession of my sensible and available health and strength may last.

'I die in the faith of the One Holy Catholic Apostolic Church. I trust I shall die prepared and protected by her Sacraments, which our Lord Jesus Christ has committed to her, and in that communion of Saints which He inaugurated when He ascended on high, and which will have no end. I hope to die in that Church which Our Lord founded on Peter, and which will continue till His second coming.

'I commit my soul and body to the Most Holy Trinity, and to the merits and grace of our Lord Jesus, God Incarnate, to the intercession and compassion of our dear Mother Mary; to St. Joseph; and St. Philip Neri, my father, the father of an unworthy son; to St. John the Evangelist; St. John the Baptist; St. Henry; St. Athanasius, and St. Gregory Nazianzen; to St. Chrysostom, and St. Ambrose.

'Also to St. Peter, St. Gregory I. and St. Leo. Also to the great Apostle, St. Paul.

'Also to my tender Guardian Angel, and to all Angels, and to all Saints.

'And I pray to God to bring us all together again in heaven, under the feet of the Saints. And, after the pattern of Him, who seeks so diligently for those who are astray, I would ask Him especially to have mercy on those who are external to the True Fold, and to bring them into it before they die.

'J. H. N.'

A letter to Father Coleridge written later in the same year[1] shows him still dwelling on the thought of his own death, and suggests that the fear of paralysis which he had expressed in a letter to W. G. Ward seven years earlier, had come upon him once again on receiving the intelligence that Keble had had a stroke.

'Paralysis,' he writes, 'has this of awfulness, that it is so sudden. I wonder, when those anticipations came on Keble in past time, whether they were founded on symptoms, or antecedent probability; for I have long feared paralysis myself. I have asked medical men, and they have been unable to assign any necessary premonitory symptoms; nay, the very vigorousness and self-possession (as they seem) of mind and body, which ought to argue health, are often the proper precursors of an attack. This makes one suspicious of one's own freedom from ailments. Whately died of paralysis—so did Walter Scott—so (I think) Southey—and, though I cannot recollect, I observe the like in other cases of literary men. Was not Swift's end of that nature? I wonder, in old times, what people died of. We read, "After this, it was told Joseph that his father was sick." "And the days of David drew nigh that he should die." What were they sick—what did they die of? And so of the great Fathers. St. Athanasius died past 70—was his a paralytic seizure? We cannot imitate the martyrs in their deaths, but I sometimes feel it would be a comfort if we could associate ourselves with the great Confessor Saints in their illness and decline. Pope St. Gregory had the gout. St. Basil had a liver complaint, but St. Gregory Nazianzen? St. Ambrose? St. Augustine and St. Martin died of fevers proper to old age. But my paper is out.'

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[1] On December 30, 1864.

Now, after the abandonment of the Oxford scheme gave him leisure for it, he set down in dramatic form the vision of a Christian's death on which his imagination had been dwelling. The writing of it was a sudden inspiration, and his work was begun in January and completed in February 1865. 'On the 17th of January last,' he writes to Mr. Allies in October, 'it came into my head to write it, I really can't tell how. And I wrote on till it was finished on small bits of paper, and I could no more write anything else by willing it than I could fly.' To another correspondent[1] also, who was fascinated by the Dream, and longed to have the picture it gave still further filled in, he wrote:

'You do me too much honour if you think I am to see in a dream everything that is to be seen in the subject dreamed about. I have said what I saw. Various spiritual writers see various aspects of it; and under their protection and pattern I have set down the dream as it came before the sleeper. It is not my fault if the sleeper did not dream more. Perhaps something woke him. Dreams are generally fragmentary. I have nothing more to tell.'

The poem appeared in the Jesuit periodical, the *Month*, then edited by his friend, Father Coleridge, in the numbers for April and May. When it was republished in November it was dedicated to the memory of Father Joseph Gordon in the following words, dated on All Souls' Day:

'Fratri desideratissimo
Joanni Joseph Gordon,
Oratorii S.P.N. Presbytero
Cujus animam in refrigerio.

'J. H. N.'

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[1] The Rev. John Telford, priest at Ryde.

CHAPTER XXII

A NEW ARCHBISHOP (1865–1866)

THE unbending opposition of Manning and Ward to the Oxford scheme was marked, no doubt, by the special characteristics of these two men. But the general policy they enforced was that of Rome. The opposition to mixed education was, as we have already seen, a part of the general opposition of Rome to anything that might infect Catholics with the principles and maxims of a civilisation which hreatened to become more and more hostile to the Church's claims. Pius IX. had for years been emphasising and reprobating the divorce of modern civilisation from the Catholic Church, in a series of public utterances. He was the first Pope who reigned after Gallicanism was practically defunct, and the spirit represented in De Maistre's great work 'Du Pape' had triumphed. In former Pontificates an Encyclical letter had been a rare event called for by ome exceptional crisis. But under Pius IX. came a new departure, which has since been pursued by his successors, f issuing frequent Allocutions and Encyclical letters on questions of the day. Louis Veuillot and his friends had ong pressed for a yet more emphatic condemnation of he offences of the modern world, and in December 1864 Pius IX. issued the famous 'Syllabus' and the Encyclical *Quanta Cura*. The *Quanta Cura* renewed the Papal protests f fifteen years. The *Syllabus Errorum* was a list of the propositions condemned as erroneous in earlier Encyclicals nd Allocutions. The fresh emphasis given to the Papal pro- ests by their collection and republication and the vehement one of the Encyclical created a great sensation. There was n outcry in England, and the Holy Father was said to ave declared war against modern civilisation. The more moderate Catholics, like Bishop Dupanloup, regretted the appearance of the *Syllabus Errorum.*[1] They held that its general purport was sure to be interpreted by the public as being in accord with the views of the extreme party which had pressed for its issue. Dupanloup published a comment on its text, in which he contended that interpretation according to the rules of technical theology would reduce the scope of its condemnations to little or nothing more than a statement of Christian principles in the face of a non-Christian civilisation. Nevertheless it was the party of Louis Veuillot whose interpretation was, in fact—as Dupanloup had feared beforehand—regarded by the world at large as the authoritative one; and people quoted the 'Syllabus' as ruling to be unorthodox the aims and views of 'Liberal' Catholics—a term which had been applied to such devoted sons of the Church as Montalembert and Lacordaire as well as to free lances like Lord Acton and Professor Friedrich. For the *Univers* and the *Monde* all Liberal Catholics had one head, and the Encyclical cut it off. 'Every Liberal,' we read in the *Monde* of January 10, 1865, 'falls necessarily under the reprobation of the Encyclical. In vain is equivocation attempted by distinguishing the true Liberal and the false Liberal.' Newman had from the first, as we have seen, largely sympathised with the policy of moderate Liberal Catholics (so called) like Lacordaire and Montalembert. And he shared their anxiety as to the effect of the 'Syllabus' on the public mind, especially in England. He of course received the Encyclical with the submission due to all that came from the Holy See; but his general feeling as to its effect on the position of English Catholics is sufficiently apparent in the following letter to Father Ambrose St. John, who was staying at Oxford soon after its publication.

'I am glad you are seeing the Puseyites. I suppose they will be asking you questions about the Encyclical. There are some very curious peculiarities about it, which make it difficult to speak about it, till one hears what theologians say. Condemned propositions are (so far as I know, or as Henry or Stanislas know), propositions taken out of some book, the statements "libri cujusdam auctoris." These are *not* such,

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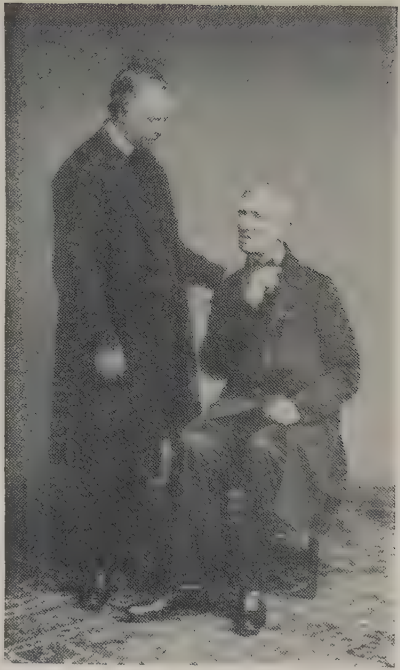
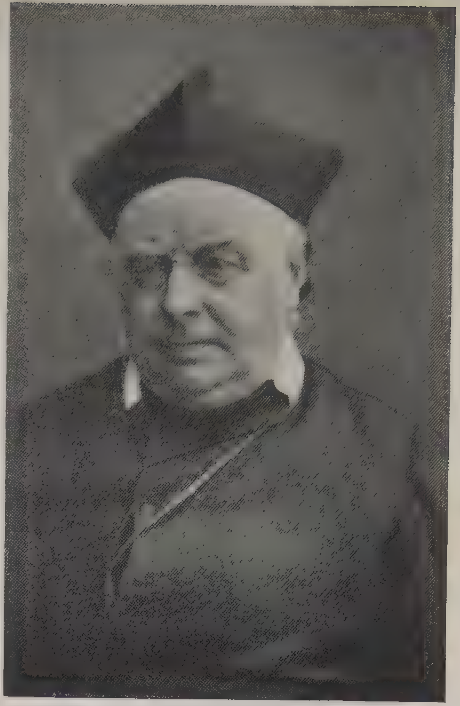
[1] See *infra*, p. 101.



DR. NEWMAN and FATHER AMBROSE ST. JOHN.
From a Photograph.



FATHER AMBROSE ST. JOHN.

or do they pretend to be,—they are abstract propositions. gain, the Pope in condemning propositions condemns the ooks or statements of *Catholics*,—not of heathen or un- aptized, for what has he to do in judging "those that are ithout"? Now these propositions are mostly the pro- ositions of "Acatholici." Moreover, it is rather a Syllabus f passages from his former allocutions, &c., than a Syllabus f erroneous utterances. And accordingly he does not affix he epithets, "haeresi proximae, scandalosae, &c." but merely eads the list as a "Syllabus of errors." Therefore it is ifficult to know *what he means* by his condemnation. The ords "myth," "non-interference," "progress," "toleration," new civilisation," are undefined. If taken from a book, the ook interprets them, but what interpretation is there of opular slang terms? "Progress," e.g., is a slang term. Now ou must not say all this to your good friends, but I think ou will like to know what seems to be the state of the case. irst, so much they ought to know, that we are bound to eceive what the Pope says, and not to speak about it. econdly, there is little that he says but would have been aid by all high churchmen thirty years ago, or by the *Record* r by Keble now. These two points your friends ought to ake and digest. For the rest, all I can say (*entre nous*) is hat the advisers of the Holy Father seem determined to make ur position in England as difficult as ever they can. I see *this* ssue of the Encyclical,—others I am not in a position to see. f, in addition to this, the matter and form of it are unprece- lented, I do not know how we can rejoice in its publication.'

The extreme party took action at this time in another atter besides the 'Syllabus' and the Oxford question. he Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christen- lom had been vigorously denounced in Rome by Faber and y Manning and Ward, and was condemned by the Holy ffice in a letter 'to the English Bishops' in the autumn of 864. Catholics were forbidden to belong to the Association. anning held that the efforts of the society discouraged onversions to the Catholic Church.

Newman had declined to join the A.P.U.C. (as it was alled), but other Catholics, while making clear their rejection f the Anglican theory of 'three branches,' had given their ames to it. And Newman himself deplored the spirit that ressed for extreme measures against it.

'I cannot help,' he wrote to Father Coleridge, 'feeling sorrow at the blow struck by the Holy Office at the members of the A.P.U.C. . . . and now if they are led to suppose that all Catholics hold with Ward and Faber, we shall be in a melancholy way to seconding that blow.'

To Mr. Ambrose Philipps de Lisle he wrote in the same strain:

'February 13th, 1865.

'I feel quite as you do on the Oxford question and the other questions you introduce, but it is one's duty to submit. For myself, I did not see my way to belong to the Union Association—but I think its members have been treated cruelly. As to the Encyclical, without looking at it doctrinally, it is but stating a *fact* to say that it is a heavy blow and a great discouragement to us in England. There must be a re-action sooner or later—and we must pray God to bring it about in His good time, and meanwhile to give us patience.'

Newman's calm estimate of the Encyclical and 'Syllabus' was given ten years later in his letter to the Duke of Norfolk in which he defended these documents against Mr. Gladstone's attacks. At that time they could be read in the light of their own text and of the comments of the theological school in the intervening period. But at the moment when the above letters were penned the two documents came upon the world together with the exaggerated interpretations of militant Catholic journalists. They came to the world, he complained, through newspapers which claimed them as party utterances. His devotion to Pius IX. never wavered nor his sympathy with him in the outrages of which he was the object. But, like Dupanloup and many others, Newman seems to have regretted an event which gave the opportunity to Monsieur Veuillot and his friends of urging extreme views in the Pope's name. It was hard to contradict these men publicly without seeming, to unthinking Catholics, to take up a lower level of loyalty than theirs, to show a less intense aversion to the enemies of the Church.

The uncompromising spirit which Newman deplored was nowhere more visible than in W. G. Ward's comments in the *Dublin Review*, on the utterances of Pius IX., his Allocutions, Briefs, and Encyclical letters. Ward remarked on their unprecedented frequency, and treated them as in consequence giving to Catholics of the nineteenth century an unprecedented degree of infallible guidance. He interpreted the documents in exactly the opposite spirit to Dupanloup, insisting that they condemned the views of Montalembert and his friends. His articles had considerable influence. The fashion spread of regarding as 'disloyal' those Catholics who were alive to the practical or intellectual difficulties attaching to extreme views. The *Dublin Review*, coining a word, nicknamed them 'minimisers.'

The character and frequency of the utterances of Pius IX. being to some extent a new phenomenon, theologians were not at once prepared to estimate their exact authority. Even W. G. Ward, who at first took the most extreme view, eventually admitted in the course of controversy that the Pontiff spoke at times, in his official utterances on doctrine, not as *Doctor Universalis* or infallibly, but as *Gubernator doctrinalis* with no claim to infallibility. But in 1864 he was making unqualified statements which distressed Newman. Ward boldly maintained[1] that Pius IX. spoke infallibly far oftener than previous Pontiffs, and he rejoiced at the fact. He pressed every doctrinal instruction, contained in a fresh Encyclical, as binding on the conscience of every Catholic under pain of mortal sin. Newman considered Ward's position to be paradoxical, and was anxious to secure careful and theological treatment of the situation.

Half a year after the publication of the 'Syllabus,' W. G. Ward wrote to the *Weekly Register* declaring that the Encyclical and 'Syllabus' were beyond question the Church's infallible utterances. Newman held that such a statement if it passed unchallenged would drive many of those who were living in the world and realised the difficulties of the situation, towards Liberalism and freethought. He knew that Ward's opinion was not that of the distinguished theologian Father O'Reilly, with whom he had formerly discussed the question, and he wrote to Father Bittleston, who was in Ireland, proposing to publish a letter, with the approval of Father O'Reilly, expressing the opposite opinion to Ward's:

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[1] *Doctrinal Authority*, p. 507.

'*Private.* The Oratory, Bir^ham: July 29th, 65.

'My dear Henry,—I wish you would look at Ward's letter in the *Register* of this day. I am much tempted, almost as a matter of duty, to write to the editor as follows:

'"Sir,—A sentence in a letter inserted in your paper of last Saturday (Saturday 29th) runs thus: 'The recent Encyclical and Syllabus are, beyond question, the Church's infallible utterance.' I beg to say that I do not subscribe to this proposition. '"JOHN H. NEWMAN."

'My reason is, charity to a number of persons, chiefly laymen, whom such doctrine will hurry in the direction of Arnold.[1] There must be a stop put to such extravagances.

'My difficulty is, lest to do so, should bring some blow on the Oratory.

'I write to you, however, principally for this: viz. I must have a good theological opinion on my side, and whom am I to consult? It strikes Ambrose that Stanislas[2] is the best person—but then, if he knows it is *I* who ask, he will not give me an unbiassed judgment.

'So I want you to write to him calling his attention to the letter—and asking him whether it would be theologically safe for you or some other priest to put the above letter into the paper. If he could be got to get Fr. O'Reilly's opinion in confidence (not on the doctrine, but on the Catholic's liberty of denying Ward's proposition as it stands) so much the better, e.g. if Fr. O'Reilly could see *my* letter, and were asked simply "is that letter admissible Catholically, or is it not?"

'A more dignified way would be, if some layman wrote to me, calling my attention to the proposition, and asking what I thought of it, and my writing my letter in answer, and *his* putting it in the Paper. But this is a matter for future consideration. . . . Ever yours affly,

J. H. N.'

The project fell through, as Father O'Reilly was not disposed to move in the matter or to repeat in writing at a critical juncture the opinion he had given earlier.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Aug. 4/65.

'My dear H.,—Thank you for your and S.'s letters. Of course it puts an end to the whole scheme.

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[1] Mr. Thomas Arnold left the Catholic Church for a time.

[2] Father Stanislas Flanagan, at one time an Oratorian, was staying in Ireland at this time. Father Flanagan was afterwards parish priest at Adare.

'1. As to my bringing out my views, it is absurd.

'2. I fully think with S., and have ever said, that we must wait patiently for a re-action.

'3. But if there are no protests, there will be no re-action.

'4. I want simply a protest; and that, as one out of a number of accumulating pebbles which at length would fill the *urna divina*.

'5. I feel *extremely* (tho' I am only conjecturing) for a number of laymen, especially converts—and for those who are approaching the Church—who find all this a grievous scandal.

'6. But further, which is a practical point, *if I am asked*, did this convert, that inquirer, or some controversialist *appeal* to me and ask me, *What am I to say?*

'7. *What then am I to say?* This might come upon me any day suddenly.

'It is best then to wait patiently and not to forestall a crisis, but it is quite certain that *any day* I may be obliged to give an answer. I really do wish I had a distinct opinion given me as my safeguard,—in confidence of course.

'But after all, priests all thro' the country will follow Ward, if he is let alone—and how much *more* difficult will a collision be ten years hence than now!

'I may not see that time—and I should care nothing for any personal obloquy which might come on me now, *so that I am sure of my ground*. How very hard a man like Father O'Reilly will not at least in confidence speak out! Unless he has changed, I *know* he could not, simply, subscribe that sentence.

Ever yours affly,

J. H. N.'

Newman felt himself powerless to act. But he did not rest until he had pressed his question home in Rome itself; and eighteen months later he had the satisfaction of learning from Ambrose St. John that the Roman theologians whom he conversed with agreed with himself in withholding from the Encyclical the character of an infallible utterance. This fact is recorded in a letter to Mr. F. R. Ward.[1]

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[1] 'Do I understand you to assume,' he writes to Mr. Ward on May 24, 1867, 'that the Encyclical of 1864 is Infallible? They don't say so in Rome—as Father St. John, who has returned, says distinctly.' His own final judgment is recorded in his letter to the Duke of Norfolk—that the estimate of the authority of such documents and of what, if anything, they do teach infallibly, is a matter of time and is the business of the Schola Theologorum, not

Cardinal Wiseman died in February 1865, but, as we have seen, not before he had, under Manning's influence, both put an end to the Oxford scheme and inflicted the blow already spoken of on the Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom. Newman's mind went back to memories of the Cardinal's early kindness to him, and he preached a sermon on the work he had done, which made a marked impression on the Oratorian Fathers. The great funeral followed, which brought so astonishing a demonstration of interest and respect that the *Times* declared that there had been nothing like it since the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. Newman was not present at the funeral.

He wrote of Wiseman to their common friend Dr. Russell on March 2:

> 'The Cardinal has done a great work—and I think has finished it. It is not often that this can be said of a man. Personally I have not much to thank him for, since I was a Catholic. He always meant kindly, but his impulses, kind as they were, were evanescent, and he was naturally influenced by those who got around him—and occupied his ear. In passing through London last St. Charles's day, quite providentially (for I call it so) I called on him. He was then very ill—but he saw me for ten minutes. I have not seen him alone 6 or 7 times in the last 13 years. It was considerate in the parties, whoever they were, concerned in his funeral arrangements, that I was not asked to attend. I really should not have been able without risk, yet it would have been painful to refuse. What a wonderful fact is the reception given to his funeral by the population of London! And the newspapers remark that the son of that Lord Campbell, who talked of trampling upon his Cardinal's Hat 14 years ago, was present at the Requiem Mass.'

For a moment Newman hoped that the great predominance of Manning's influence in Rome, which meant the still more *intransigeant* influence of his close ally W. G. Ward, might come to an end with the Cardinal's death.

a matter for the private judgment of individual Catholics. So little can this be in some cases securely determined with certainty at first, that doctrines may long be generally held to be condemned which are afterwards considered allowable. At the same time, while denying the dogmatic force of the *Syllabus*, Newman does not in the Letter deny that Pius IX. issued the Encyclical *Quanta Cura* as Universal Doctor. Of this I shall speak later on.

Dr. Ullathorne was spoken of as a possible successor to Wiseman, and had he been Archbishop, Newman's own influence in the Church would have been quite on a new footing. But it was not to be. Manning himself was appointed by the Holy See. With him as Archbishop, and Ward as his counsellor and editor of the *Dublin Review*, the prospect was black indeed.

Newman's language on Manning's appointment was, however, generous, though guarded.

'As to the new Archbishop,' he writes to a friend on May 15, 'the appointment at least has the effect of making Protestants see, to their surprise, that Rome is not distrustful of converts, as such. On the other hand it must be a great trial to the old Priesthood; to have a neophyte set over them all. Some will bear it very well,—I think our Bishop will—but I cannot prophesy what turn things will take on the whole. He has a great power of winning men where he chooses. Witness the fact of his appointment,—but whether he will care to win inferiors, or whether his talent extends to the case of inferiors as well as superiors, I do not know.

'One man has one talent, another another. You speak of me. I have generally got on well with juniors, but not with superiors. My going to Rome, as you wish me, would only be, as indeed it has been already, an additional instance of this.'

To Mr. Ornsby, who lamented that Manning and not Newman himself was to be placed at the head of English Catholics, he writes on May 20:

'Thank you for your notice of myself *in re Archiepiscopatus*, but such preferment is not in my line. Were it offered me I should unhesitatingly decline it, and my unsuitableness is felt by those who determine these things as fully as it is by myself. However, Manning's rise is marvellous. In fourteen years a Protestant Archdeacon is made Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, with the whole body of old Catholics,—Bishops and all—under him. At the moment he is very unpopular, but, I suppose, there will be a reaction. Protestants cannot but be pleased to see an Oxford man, a Fellow of Merton, a parson, make his way to the top of the tree in such a communion as the Roman,—and success is the goddess of an Englishman—"Te nos facimus, Fortuna, deam." Then, as to Catholics, a man in authority has such great opportunities of recovering his ground, if he chooses to employ them. He will gradually fill the Chapter with his own men. He will make Missionary Rectors, and do private services. Then his great qualifications will overcome the laity. And he has such power of persuasion that, if he chooses it, he will be able to bring over the Bishops.'

The new Archbishop-elect began with conciliation. Indeed, the general unpopularity of his appointment made conciliation an urgent necessity. He offered to obtain for Newman a titular Bishopric, but Newman declined. 'He wants to put me in the House of Lords and muzzle me,' Newman said. Indeed, the following letters show that he made it a condition of attending the Archbishop's consecration that he should desist from any such attempt.

DR. MANNING TO DR. NEWMAN.

'St. Joseph's Retreat: May 30, 1865.

'My dear Newman,—In calling to mind the old and dear Friends who would pray for me at this moment your name arose among the first; and I cannot refrain from writing to ask you to give me the happiness and consolation of your being with me on the 8th of June next at Moorfields. No one will better know than you how much I need your prayers.

'I will give directions that places shall be reserved for you, and for Father St. John and that some one should be ready to receive you if you will call at the house, 22 Finsbury Circus, if you can kindly come.

'I was in Birmingham two months ago, and was starting to see you when I found my time too short to reach you.

'I was glad to hear the other day that you are well and strong. Believe me, always

Yours very affectionately,

H. E. MANNING.'

DR. NEWMAN TO DR. MANNING.

'May 31, 1865.

'My dear Archbishop,—On hearing of your appointment I said Mass for you without delay. I will readily attend your consecration—on one condition which I will state presently. As I come as your friend, not as a Father of the Birmingham Oratory, I do not propose to bring any other Father with me. I am sure you will allow me to escape any dinner or other meeting, as such public manifestations are so much out of my way. Nor do they come into the object of your asking me; which is, as you have said, to have my prayers at the function itself.

'The condition I make is this:—A year or two back I heard you were doing your best to get me made a bishop *in partibus*. I heard this from two or three quarters, and I don't see how I can be mistaken. If so, your feeling towards me is not unlikely to make you attempt the same thing now. I risk the chance of your telling me that you have no such intention, to entreat you not to entertain it. If such an honour were offered to me, I should persistently decline it, very positively, and I do not wish to pain the Holy Father, who has always been so kind to me, if such pain can be avoided. Your allowing me then to come to your consecration, I shall take as a pledge that you will have nothing to do with any such attempts.

'J. H. N.'

DR. MANNING TO DR. NEWMAN.

'June 4, 1865.

'My dear Newman,—It will be a happiness to me to know that you are with me on Thursday. And I therefore will not contest what you write. But if you have not destroyed a letter I wrote you when what you refer to was first intended many years ago, you will know my mind. I think that such an intention ought not to have been suspended. And I have for more than two years done my part to accomplish it. I do not look upon it as a mere decoration, but as having its fitness in many relations. You have known me well enough to know that decorations have no worth with either of us. But your wish must be final with me. You will be able to come and go freely by the house 22 Finsbury Circus. But I hope you will let me see you. I shall be there by a little after nine. I thank you much for your kindness in saying Mass for me. I will not fail to do so for you. And I thank you for the kind words with which I believe you have commended me to the prayers of your Flock.

'Believe me, always, my dear Newman,
Yours affectionately,
H. E. MANNING.'

Newman came to London for the Archbishop's consecration on June 7, staying for the occasion with his old friend, Sir Frederick Rogers. He planned at the same time a farewell visit to Keble at Hursley—they had not met for twenty years. This was, however, postponed; but another old friend, R. W. Church, was invited to meet him at Rogers' house.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: June 4th, 1865.

'My dear Rogers,—I shall rejoice to see Church. As we have put off the Hursley expedition, I shall have Copeland alone in his nest at Farnham. I come up to town Wednesday morning, get through various jobs and see various people, and I propose to get to you by seven p.m., which, I consider, will be not later than your dinner hour. It is Ember Day, but, as I shall have had a working day, I mean to take the liberty of working men, and eat as much roast beef as you will give me.

'The consecration is fixed as early as 10 a.m. Therefore I shall have to beg a little breakfast before nine, and must allow an hour for getting to Moorfields. I meant to have asked you the name of a coach-keeper (what is the business called?) near you, from whom I could hire a brougham for half a day. The service I expect will be very long—Dr. Ullathorne's consecration in 1846, the only one I was ever at in England, was four hours. I don't wait for the déjeuner, if there be one; but, as there will be lots of people there, I shall find it difficult to get away. I want you to keep me till Friday if you can. If so, I hope to dine with you on Thursday as well as Wednesday.

'It is very pleasant the thought of seeing you in Devonshire,—but I don't see the way to it.

'Ever yours affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

The meeting with Rogers was probably a pleasure more free from sad associations than the ceremony at Moorfields. Newman writes of it thus to Mrs. Froude:

'Nothing could be more easy and familiar than his manners with me now. My surmise is, that he thinks me a profoundly sceptical thinker, who, determined on not building on an abyss, have, by mere strength of will, bridged it over and built upon my bridge—but that my bridge, like Mahomet's coffin, is self suspended, by the action of the will—but I may be putting it too strong. He himself is not nearly so sceptical as I had feared. I like Lady Rogers very much.'

One of the first things which claimed the attention of the new Archbishop was the publication of Dr. Pusey's 'Eirenicon.' The action of Manning and of Rome in connection with the A.P.U.C. naturally angered Pusey, and in 1865 he was engaged in writing an attack on extravagances current among Catholics in belief and devotion. These extravagances were represented by him as barriers to reunion, but nevertheless he gave his book the name of 'Eirenicon.' He made considerable use, in illustration of his theme, of Faber's strong language on the Devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and of Ward's articles in the *Dublin Review* on Papal Infallibility. To this course, which he communicated to Newman in a letter before the book appeared, Newman demurred. He did not consider that either Faber's or Ward's views were representative. 'I believe,' he wrote to Pusey in reference to Faber's writings, 'that judicious people think them crude and young, perhaps extravagant. He was a poet.'

Of Ward he spoke in a letter dated September 5. Pusey had written to his friend offering the gift of his book, and wondering whether its appearance would call forth any comment from the pen of Newman himself. Newman replied as follows:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Sept. 5th, 1865.

'For myself, I don't think I have written anything controversial for the last 14 years. Nor have I ever, as I think, replied to any controversial notice of what I have written. Certainly, I let pass without a word the various volumes that were written in answer to my Essay on Doctrinal Development, and that on the principle that Truth defends itself, and falsehood refutes itself,—and that, having said my say, time would decide for me, without my trouble, how far it was true, and how far not true. And I have quoted Crabbe's lines as to my purpose, (though I can't quote correctly):

'Leaving the case to Time, who solves all doubt
By bringing Truth, his glorious daughter, out.

'This being so, I can't conceive I could feel it in any sense an imperative duty to remark on anything you said in your book. I daresay there is a great deal in which I should agree. Certainly I so dislike Ward's way of going on, that I can't get myself to read the *Dublin*. But on those points

I have said my say in my "Apologia"; and, though I can't see the future, am likely to leave them alone. A great attempt has been made in some quarters to find (censurable) mistakes in my book—but it has altogether failed, and I consider Ward's articles to be impotent attempts to put down by argument what is left safe in the domain of theological opinion.

'But, while I would maintain my own theological opinions, I don't dispute Ward the right of holding his, so that he does not attempt to impose them on me,—nor do I dispute the right of whoso will to use devotions to the Blessed Virgin which seem to me unnatural and forced. Did authority attempt to put them down while they do not infringe on the great Catholic verities, I think it would act as the Bishop of London is doing in putting down the devotional observances of the Tractarian party at St. Michael's and elsewhere. He is tender towards freethinkers, and stern towards Romanisers. "Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas." Now the Church of Rome is severe on freethinkers, and indulgent towards devotees.'

Some more letters were exchanged between Newman and Pusey. But the two men were to meet soon—even before the new book had reached Newman. And the meeting was unexpected, dramatic, and somewhat painful.

Newman's deferred visit to Keble at Hursley was at last arranged for September 13. Since August 4 they had been corresponding as to its date. It was a great event in prospect, and Newman's letters show how much it dwelt in his mind. And he particularly wished to avoid—what in the event happened—meeting Pusey at the same time. To see both the old friends at once after such long separation seemed to be more than he could bear.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: August 4, 1865.

'My dear Keble,—You must not fancy I am forgetting to avail myself of your welcome wish, because I have not yet made my way to you. I find it very difficult to leave home—just now, impossible. As it is vacation time, most of our party are away—working hard, this is their only chance of a holyday in the year. I am one of the few, who are here to keep on the duties of the Church etc. Moreover, the house, as empty of its natural inmates, is filled with plasterers, bricklayers, painters, carpenters, who are having their innings—and it does not do to let the place be simply in the hands of Brummagem workmen.

'I don't like to promise anything—but it is my full intention, when relieved of all this superintendence, to move down to Hursley.

'So Gladstone has left you.[1] He came when I had ceased to be an Oxford man—so I never had him. A very painful separation, certainly, both for him and for all of you. Yet, really, he does go great lengths—and I cannot help feeling that the anxiety to keep him, on the part of such persons as yourself, was quite as much on his own account as on account of the University. He has lost his tether, now that the Conservatives have got rid of him—and won't he go lengths? I was pained at his "keep moving" speech. In saying all this, I am putting myself in your place, (for I suppose he will do good to *us*) but I declare, I should have been in great perplexity, had I been an Oxford man, how to vote. I suppose I should certainly in the event have voted for him—but most grudgingly. None of his friends seem to trust his politics—indeed he seems not to know himself what are his landmarks and his necessary limits.

'Don't fancy I am saying this without the greatest respect and liking for him (though I scarcely know him personally)—all one can say is that the great deluge is pouring in—and his boat is as good as another's. Who *is* there to trust? . . . Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

I append three more letters—two of them mere notes—which bring before us Newman's sense of effort in making his arrangements for the eventful meeting with his friend after so many years of separation:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: September 1, 1865.

'My dear Keble,—I have a great shrinking from pledging myself, for sometimes I cannot fulfil, and therefore disappoint the parties to whom I have pledged myself—but, please God, if all is well, and *if it suits you*, I propose to be with you on Thursday morning next, and spend the day with you. I leave you for the H. Bowdens at Ryde.

'Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

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[1] Mr. Gladstone was defeated as candidate for Oxford University in July, 1865, being third on the poll.—Morley's *Life*, ii. 147.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: September 4, /65.

'My dear Keble,—I grieve to hear your anxiety about Mrs. Keble. I will *delay*—for what I see, I need not be *fixed* here till about the 20th. Before that time your anxiety may be over and you may be back home—and then I will come to you. If not, I will wait a better time. We must take it easy.

'Ever yours affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

'Rednal: September 7, 1865.

'My dear Keble,—I am glad Mrs. Keble is so much better. As I have no Bradshaw here (Rednal) I can't fix on a train—but, if all is well, I shall go straight to Southampton, on Monday afternoon—sleep there—and leave my baggage—and come over to you on Tuesday morning. But, it is so difficult to go into Birmingham without falling in [with] and being detained by people, especially as our school is just reassembling and a British Association is going on, (this has taken me out here) that I don't like to promise.

'There is another difficulty. *I wish you would put me off*, if Pusey is coming to you. I say so merely, as you must feel, because to meet two friends is not to meet one. Copeland is another matter, for I have seen him so often. Pusey has *told* me he is going to you next week. To put me off would only *postpone* me—for, please God, *I will come.*

'Ever yours affectionately,
J. H. N.

'P.S.—I consider this will get to you to-morrow noon—so you will have time to put me off. (Direct to the Oratory.) Or you might write to me "*Railroad Hotel*, Southampton." If I found Pusey was with you, I should go on to H. Bowden's for a day or two.'

In the event Pusey did send word to Keble that he was also going to Hursley on that day, and Keble wrote to put Newman off. Newman, however, thought his own hesitation cowardly and persevered in his plan of going to see Keble, postponing his visit only one day. The meeting between the three was related some years after the event in a well-known letter from Newman to Keble's biographer. More interesting and graphic is the account given at the time to Ambrose St. John:

'Buckland Grange, Ryde: September 13th, 1865.

'Here I am, very comfortable, and if I had my dear fiddle with me, I might sing and play, "recubans sub tegmine fagi," in full content. Scarcely had I left Birmingham when it struck me that, since Pusey was to be at Keble's that evening, he would, no manner of doubt, get into my train at Oxford and travel down with me. But he did not. I determined to go to Keble's next morning to see him.

'So I did. I slept at the Railway Hotel at Southampton Dock, a very reasonable house, and good too, (they are building an Imperial Hotel), and yesterday morning (Tuesday) retraced my steps to Bishopstoke, left my portmanteau there, and went over to Hursley. I had forgotten the country, and was not prepared for its woodland beauty. Keble was at the door; he did not know me, nor I him. How mysterious that first sight of friends is! for, when I came to contemplate him, it was the old face and manner, but the first effect or impression was different.

'His wife had been taken ill in the night, and at the first moment *he*, I think, and certainly *I*, wished myself away. Then he said: "Have you missed my letter?" meaning, "Pusey is here, and I wrote to stop your coming." He then said: "I must go and prepare Pusey." He did so, and then took me into the room where Pusey was.

'I went in rapidly, and it is strange how action overcomes pain. Pusey, being passive, was evidently shrinking back into the corner of the room, as I should have done, had he rushed in upon me. He could not help contemplating the look of me narrowly and long. "Ah," I thought, "you are thinking how old I am grown, and I see myself in you,—though you, I do think, are more altered than I." Indeed, the alteration in him startled, I will add pained and grieved, me. I should have known him anywhere; his face is not changed, but it is as if you looked at him through a prodigious magnifier. I recollect him short and small, with a round head and smallish features, flaxen curly hair; huddled up together from his shoulders downward, and walking fast. This as a young man; but comparing him even as he was when I had last seen him in 1846, when he was slow in his motions and staid in his figure, there was a wonderful change in him. His head and features are half as large again; his chest is very broad, and he is altogether large, and (don't say all this to anyone) he has a strange condescending way when he speaks. His voice is the same; were my eyes shut, I should not be sensible of any alteration.

'As we three sat together at one table, I had a painful thought, not acute pain, but heavy. There were three old men, who had worked together vigorously in their prime. This is what they have come to,—poor human nature! After twenty years they meet together round a table, but without a common cause or free outspoken thought; kind indeed, but subdued and antagonistic in their language to each other, and all of them with broken prospects, yet each viewing in his own way the world in which those prospects lay.

'Pusey is full of his book (the "Eirenicon"), which is all but published, against Manning, and full of his speech on the relations of physical science with the Bible, which he is to deliver at the Church Congress at Norwich; full of polemics and hope. Keble is quite different; he is as delightful as ever, and it *seemed* to me as if he felt a sympathy and intimacy with me which he did not show towards Pusey. I judge by the way and tone he spoke to me of him. I took an early dinner with them; and, when the bell chimed at 4 o'clock for service, I got into my gig, and so from Bishopstoke to Ryde, getting here between 7 and 8.'

A letter to Mrs. Froude adds some characteristic touches:

'When I got to Keble's door, he happened to be at it, but we did not know each other, and I was obliged to show him my card. Is not this strange? it is imagination mastering reason. He indeed thought, since Pusey was coming, I should not come that day—but I knew beyond doubt that I was at his house—yet I dared not presume it was he—but, after he began to talk, the old Keble, that is, the young, came out from his eyes and his features, and I daresay, if I saw him once or twice I should be unable to see much difference between his present face and his face of past days.[1] As Mrs. Keble was ill, we then dined together *tête-à-tête*—a thing we never perhaps had done before—there was something awful in three men meeting in old age who had worked together in their best days. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, was the sad burden of the whole—once so united, now so broken up, so counter to each other—though neither of them of course would quite allow it. Keble has since written to me, "when shall we three meet again? soon—when the hurly burly's done."

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[1] 'As hours went on,' he writes to Dean Church, 'the *nota facies* came out upon his countenance, as if it were the soul itself showing itself in spite of the course and change of time. He always had an expression like no one else, and that sweet pleading earnestness never showed itself to me so piercingly as then, in his eyes and in his carriage.'

'Keble is deaf—but, what is worse, his speech is much impaired—and I think he *thinks* more slowly. Pusey was full of plans, full of meetings. He has since made an important speech at Norwich on the interpretation of Scripture, which will do good, and of this he was full. Then, he was just on publishing his book which he calls an Eirenicon, and he was full of it, though he was cautious of letting out all that was in it. Have you seen it? It is anything but an Eirenicon—it is likely to make Catholics very angry—and justly angry.'

. . . .

Keble passed away in the following year. The loss of their common friend brought a kindly exchange of letters between Newman and Archbishop Manning. Manning sent affectionate Easter greetings and expressed deep sympathy with Newman in his loss.

Newman replied as follows:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Easter Day, April 1st, 1866.

'My dear Archbishop,—I thank you for your Easter greetings and return them with all my heart.

'I don't know how far you know the particulars of Keble's death. His wife had apparently only a few hours to live—so said the doctors about a fortnight ago. He had nursed her till then; but then he was seized with fainting fits, which turned to erysipelas in the head, and he died in the early morning of Holy Thursday. His wife is still alive, but her death is constantly expected. He is to be buried at Hursley next Thursday. His brother and brother's wife are with them at Bournemouth. I heard some months ago, that his brother too was in bad health.

'Yours affectionately in Xt.,
JOHN H. NEWMAN
of the Oratory.'

Keble's death was followed within a few weeks by that of Mrs. Keble. Newman tells the story of the end in a few words to a friend in a letter of April 16, 1866:

'Keble was told that his wife could not live many hours. He had borne up in spite of his great infirmities, longer than I had supposed possible. He was seized with fainting fits. His friends took him from her room. When he got into his own, he fancied it a Church. He knelt down, and said the Lord's Prayer. Then he began a Latin hymn,—they could not make out what. Those were his last words. Then he ended with the prayer which he first said on his knees as a little child.'

It pained Newman to find at such a moment that his dear friend's sincerity was called in question by some of his co-religionists—and this even by converts who had been for years themselves sincere in their rejection of Rome. 'It is grievous that people are so hard,' he wrote to Father Coleridge. 'In converts it is inexcusable. It is a miserable spirit in them.'

'How strange it is,' he writes to the same correspondent, 'Keble seems to have received all doctrine except the necessity of being in communion with the Holy See. His wife, as far as I can make out, is still alive. She kept back the funeral a day, hoping to be buried with him. Her grave is made. To continue what I said the other day, it seems to me no difficulty to suppose a person in good faith on such a point as the necessity of communion with Rome. Till he saw that, (or that he was not in the Church), he was bound to remain as he was, and it was in this way that he always put it.'

Very soon Newman had an opportunity of speaking publicly on what he considered the attitude at which Catholics should aim in their relations to those outside their own Communion. The appearance of Pusey's 'Eirenicon' brought the whole question to the front, and though Newman did not at once reply to it, he did so in the end. His pamphlet, though less considerable in scope or importance than the 'Apologia,' attracted very wide attention, and greatly strengthened his influence among Catholics in England and in Rome itself. But this episode claims a separate chapter for its treatment.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE 'EIRENICON' (1865–1866)

PUSEY'S 'Eirenicon' appeared very shortly after the meeting above recorded between its author and Newman at Keble's house. Newman was disappointed at its hostile tone—at its treatment of views maintained by the more extreme Catholic writers as though they were the acknowledged teaching of the Church. He himself had never had hopes of corporate reunion. But he did regard it as of the utmost importance that difficulties in the way of an understanding should not be exaggerated. He wished any argument on the subject to be based on a calm and candid analysis of Catholic theological doctrine. He deprecated Pusey's treating as part of the Catholic faith the views of a party, or the devotional language of such a writer as Father Faber, which was often based only on 'pious opinions.' Yet Catholic apologists, who were angry at Pusey's tone, did not make the disclaimer on this point which Newman thought essential in order to place the Catholic position on a really unassailable basis. Those, on the other hand, like Father Lockhart, who wrote with sympathy for Pusey, cherished Utopian hopes as to future reunion which were not shared by any appreciable section of the Catholic body. They were indeed denounced as unorthodox by extremists. Newman deeply resented the inquisitorial spirit which was abroad, and, while not agreeing with Father Lockhart, wished him to have full liberty to urge his views. But what he accounted the true *Via Media* he gradually saw would not be set forth publicly unless he wrote himself. Even the *Month*, under the editorship of Father Coleridge, did not evince the degree of understanding sympathy with Pusey's book which Newman felt to be required in any reply which was to be at all convincing to the Puseyites themselves. It was an opportunity in one respect similar to that afforded by Mr. Kingsley's attack. He could answer and disclaim Ward's exaggerations when Kingsley urged them as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the belief of Catholics; and so now he could disclaim Faber's *ultra* statements on devotion to Our Lady when Pusey urged them as an argument against the Church, and could perhaps repeat his protest against Ward. 'Many persons,' he wrote to Hope-Scott, 'wish me to write on the subject of Pusey's book, and it has struck me that it will be the most inoffensive way of alluding to Faber and Ward, if I can write without hurting Pusey.' To criticise Ward and Faber without such an excuse might have seemed the attack of a half-hearted Catholic, who was stingy of belief, on those who were whole-hearted and generous. He knew, moreover, that there still remained writers of the old Catholic school in England who had ever been averse to extremes both in devotion and in theology. This gave him strong support, and was a fact which ought to be brought home to Pusey. He wrote several private letters to Pusey himself before finally determining to publish anything.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Oct. 31st, 1865.

'It is true, too true, that your book disappointed me. It does seem to me that "Eirenicon" is a misnomer; and that it is calculated to make most Catholics very angry. And that because they will consider it rhetorical and unfair.

'How is it fair to throw together Suarez, St. Bernardine, Eadmer, and Faber? As to Faber, I never read his books. I never heard of the names of de Montfort and Oswald. Thus a person like myself may be in authority and place, and know nothing at all of such extravagances as these writers put out. I venture to say the majority of Catholics in England know nothing of them. They do not colour our body. They are the opinions of a *set* of people, and not of even them permanently. A young man or woman takes them up, and abandons them in a few years. The single question is, how far ought they to be censured. Such extravagances are often censured by authority. I recollect hearing, more than twenty years ago, instances of books about the B.V.M. which Pope Gregory XVI. had censured. I think I am right in saying that every superstition about Our Lady's presence in the Holy Eucharist has been censured,—I think Rogers told me this in 1841, writing from Rome. . . .

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Nov. 17th, 1865.

'As to the Infallibility of the Pope, I see nothing against it, or to dread in it,—for I am confident that it *must* be so limited practically that it will leave things as they are. As to Ward's notions, they are preposterous,—nor do I see anything in the Pope's Encyclical to confirm them. . . .

'Then again, as to the Syllabus, it has no connexion with the Encyclical, except that of *date*. It does not come from the Pope. There was a great attempt to make it a formal ecclesiastical act, and in the Recueil you have it with the censures annexed to each proposition, as it was originally intended,—but the Bishops over the world interfered, and the censures were struck out—and it is not a direct act of the Pope's, but comes to the Bishops from Cardinal Antonelli, with the mere coincidence of time, and as a fact, each condemnation having only the weight which it had in the original Papal document (Allocution, Encyclical, &c., &c.) in which each is to be found. If an Allocution is of no special weight, neither is the condemnation of a proposition which it contains. Of course, nothing comes from the Pope without having weight, but there is a great difference between weight and infallibility. . . .

'Mgr. Dupanloup (*entre nous*) was gravely opposed to the issuing of the Syllabus, &c., and much disconcerted at its appearance. Don't repeat it, but he said: "If we can tide over the next ten years we are safe." Perhaps you know him already. You should have seen Père Gratry in Paris,—I mean, he was a man to see. I thought Mr. Pope could have given you the names of persons who took the same moderate view of ecclesiastical politics.'

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Nov. 19th, 1865.

'I am much surprised and much rejoiced to see yesterday's article on your book in the *Weekly Register*. I hope you will like it. I have not a dream who wrote it.

'If they *rat* next week, it will be very provoking. I am not easy about it, for not long ago they would not insert a review of a book *because* it was *not* according to Ward, who *is* according to Manning, who *is* according to the Pope. But this review, though not against the mind of the Pope, is certainly against Ward and Manning.

'It has surprised me so much that I said to myself: "Is it possible that Manning himself has changed? He is so close, that no one can know."'

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Nov. 23rd, 1865.

'I fear that Lockhart mistakes what I have said. . . . I grieve to say I could not have written exactly as he has written. . . . But I truly rejoice to find another can write in a less distant way about your book than I could myself,—and I abominate the fierce tyranny which would hinder an expression of opinion such as his, and calls to account every-one who ventures to keep clear of ultra-isms.

'You may be sure that Manning is under the lash as well as others. There are men who would remonstrate with him, and complain of him at Rome if he did not go all lengths,—and in his position he can't afford to get into hot water, even tho' he were sure to get out of it.'

Newman's final resolution to publish a reply to Pusey was conveyed to his friend in the following letter, written on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception—the day after the answer was completed:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: In fest. Concept. Immac. 1865.

'You must not be made anxious that I am going to publish a letter on your "Eirenicon." I wish to accept it as such, and shall write in that spirit. And I write, if not to hinder, for that is not in my power, but to balance and neutralize other things which may be written upon it. It will not be any great length. If I shall say anything which is in the way of remonstrance, it will be because, unless I were perfectly honest, I should not only do no good, but carry no one with me,—but I am taking the greatest possible pains not to say a word which I shall be sorry for afterwards.'

At starting Newman stamps his published letter to Pusey as a work of apologetic which should have its effect in leading to conversions to the Church. Pusey's influence at that moment was at its height. His words, as Newman pointed out, affected large multitudes. Any reply which made him reconsider his position would affect his followers also.[1]

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[1] 'You cannot speak merely for yourself,' he wrote: 'your antecedents, your existing influence, are a pledge to us that what you may determine will be the determination of a multitude. Numbers, too, for whom you cannot properly be said to speak, will be moved by your authority or your arguments; and, numbers, again, who are of a school more recent than your own, and who are only not your followers because they have outstripped you in their free speeches and demonstrative acts in our behalf, will, for the occasion, accept you as their spokesman. There is no one anywhere,—among ourselves, in your own body,

And if the hope of a large accession of Puseyites to the Catholic Church appeared quite extravagant to some Catholics, Newman was able to point to the time when Dr. Wiseman had expressed a similar hope in 1843 in respect of the old Tractarian party and Newman himself, and had been mercilessly laughed at by his fellow-Catholics. Yet the events of 1845 proved that Wiseman was right and the pessimists wrong.

Wiseman had treated the difficulties of the Tractarians with sympathy and consideration. This course had proved helpful and successful. Hence Newman appealed to Wiseman's success in justification of his own similar line on the present occasion. And he pointed out, moreover, that in disclaiming excesses in devotional language concerning the Blessed Virgin, he was making no new attempt to minimise recognised Catholic devotions, but rather following in the ancient track of Catholic practice in England, which, at the time of his own conversion, was pointed out to him by Dr. Griffiths, the Vicar-Apostolic of the London District. For Dr. Griffiths strongly objected to certain foreign 'Saints' Lives' and devotional works, as being unsuitable to England.

On the other hand, the English writers to whom Pusey appealed as representing the extravagances characteristic of the Church of Rome were not the hereditary representatives of the Catholic tradition, but Oxford converts—Faber and W. G. Ward. The former had written on devotion to Our Lady, the latter on Papal Infallibility, in language which Pusey cited as at once characteristic of the existing Catholic and Roman Church, and irrational;—as on these two points finally barring the way to the acceptance of Roman claims among English Churchmen. Of the fact that they were converts, comparatively young, and innovators on the traditions of English Catholicism, while the typical

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or, I suppose, in the Greek Church, who can affect so large a circle of men, so virtuous, so able, so learned, so zealous, as come, more or less, under your influence; and I cannot pay them a greater compliment than to tell them they ought all to be Catholics, nor do them a more affectionate service than to pray that they may one day become such. Nor can I address myself to any task more pleasing, as I trust, to the Divine Lord of the Church, or more loyal or dutiful to His Vicar on earth, than to attempt, however feebly, to promote so great a consummation.'

English hereditary Catholics had ever used measured language on both points, Newman made great capital. He signalised Faber's gifts as a poet, and Ward's 'energy, acuteness and theological reading,' displayed on the vantage ground of the historic *Dublin Review*, but added—

'They are in no sense spokesmen for English Catholics, and they must not stand in the place of those who have a real title to such an office. The chief authors of the passing generation, some of them still alive, others gone to their reward, are Cardinal Wiseman, Dr. Ullathorne, Dr. Lingard, Mr. Tierney, Dr. Oliver, Dr. Rock, Dr. Waterworth, Dr. Husenbeth, and Mr. Flanagan; which of these ecclesiastics has said anything extreme about the prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin, or the Infallibility of the Pope?'[1]

Newman urged two points in his letter with special insistence: (1) that the recognised Catholic doctrine and devotion is a natural and lawful development from beliefs already visible in patristic days; (2) that the undeniable extravagances which Pusey cites from the works of some foreign divines may well be disavowed by any Catholic—as Newman himself disowns them—although he characteristically adds that he knows nothing of such extravagances as they are found in the writings of the authors he refers to, but only as they stand in Pusey's own pages.

That Pusey's idea of reunion with Rome on equal terms is Utopian Newman clearly intimated—as he had already done in his private letters. Yet he believed that a better understanding might be promoted and some approximation won by the attempt on either side to do justice to the other; and he reproached Pusey with speaking of an 'Eirenicon' and yet fixing attention on the most contentious utterances of Catholics. 'There was one of old times,' he wrote, 'who wreathed his sword in myrtle; excuse me—you discharge your olive branch as if from a catapult. The common ground of approximation is to be found in the teaching Fathers whom both sides profess to accept. To realise the patristic teaching and sentiments concerning the Blessed Virgin is to go far on the road towards a true Eirenicon.'

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[1] Some thought that their names were given partly in irony. Newman emphatically disclaimed this.

'I am in *earnest* about the names I quoted,' he writes to H. Wilberforce. 'They are *witnesses*, and it does not require to be great authors in order to witness well. Ward and Faber, as well as myself, never had a course of theology. I at least have been a year at Rome. Other writers, such as Allies, also are not theologians. The ecclesiastics I named have been in seminaries. Their literary merit may not be high, but Lingard, Rock, Wiseman, Tierney, Oliver, are the *first* in their lines. I might say more.'

After speaking of the doctrine defined at Ephesus by the term *Theotocos*, or 'mother of God,' he wrote as follows of the prevalence of the thought it expresses, which goes back to yet earlier days:

> 'It would be tedious to produce the passages of authors who, using or not using the term, convey the idea. "Our God was carried in the womb of Mary," says Ignatius, who was martyred A.D. 106. "The Word of God," says Hippolytus, "was carried in that Virgin frame." "The Maker of all," says Amphilochius, "is born of a Virgin." "She did compass without circumscribing the Sun of Justice,—the Everlasting is born," says Chrysostom. "God dwelt in the womb," says Proclus. "When thou hearest that God speaks from the bush," asks Theodotus, "in the bush seest thou not the Virgin?" Cassian says: "Mary bore her Author." "The One God only begotten," says Hilary, "is introduced into the womb of a Virgin." "The Everlasting," says Ambrose, "came into the Virgin." "The closed gate," says Jerome, "by which alone the Lord God of Israel enters, is the Virgin Mary." "That man from Heaven," says Capriolus, "is God conceived in the womb." "He is made in thee," says St. Augustine, "who made thee."
>
> 'This being the faith of the Fathers about the Blessed Virgin, we need not wonder that it should in no long time be transmuted into devotion. No wonder if their language should become unmeasured, when so great a term as "Mother of God" had been formally set down as the safe limit of it. . . . Little jealousy was shown of her in those times; but, when any such niggardness of affection occurred, then one Father or other fell upon the offender with zeal, not to say with fierceness. Thus St. Jerome inveighs against Helvidius; thus St. Epiphanius denounces Apollinaris, St. Cyril Nestorius, and St. Ambrose Bonosus; on the other hand, each successive insult offered to her by individual adversaries did but bring out more fully the intimate sacred affection with which Christendom regarded her.'[1]

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[1] Letter to Pusey, *Difficulties of Anglicans*, ii. 65, 66.

With regard to the excesses of expression among Catholic writers which had formed the most effective part of Pusey's indictment, Newman brought to bear a large weight of theological authority on the lines of St. Anselm's affirmation 'that the Church thinks it indecent that anything that admits of doubt should be said in Our Lady's praise when things that are certainly true of her supply such large materials for laudation.' And he then proceeded:

'After such explanation, and with such authorities, to clear my path, I put away from me, as you would wish, without any hesitation, as matters in which my heart and reason have no part, (when taken in their literal and absolute sense, as any Protestant would naturally take them and as the writers doubtless did not use them), such sentences and phrases as [you quote].'

After enumerating, one after another, the extreme statements quoted by Pusey,[1] he thus concluded:

'Sentiments such as these I freely surrender to your animadversion; I never knew of them till I read your book, nor, as I think, do the vast majority of English Catholics know them. They seem to me like a bad dream. I could not have conceived them to be said. I know not to what authority to go for them; to Scripture, or to the Fathers, or to the decrees of Councils, or to the consent of schools, or to the tradition of the faithful, or to the Holy See, or to Reason. They defy all the *loci theologici*. There is nothing of them in the Missal, in the Roman Catechism, in the Roman Raccolta, in the "Imitation of Christ," in Gother, Challoner, Milner, or Wiseman, as far as I am aware. They do but scare and confuse me. . . . I do not, however, speak of these statements, as they are found in their authors, for I know nothing of the originals, and cannot believe that they have meant what you say; but I take them as they lie in your pages. Were any of them the sayings of Saints in ecstasy, I should know they had a good meaning; still I should not repeat them myself; but I am looking at them, not as spoken by the tongues of Angels, but according to that literal sense which they bear in the mouths of English men and English women. And, as spoken by man to man, in England, in the nineteenth century, I consider them calculated to prejudice inquirers, to frighten the unlearned, to unsettle consciences, to provoke blasphemy, and to work the loss of souls.'[1]

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[1] The statements run as follows: 'That the mercy of Mary is infinite; that God has resigned into her hands His Omnipotence; that it is safer to seek her than to seek her Son; that the Blessed Virgin is superior to God; that Our Lord is subject to her command; that His present disposition towards sinners, as well as His Father's, is to reject them, while the Blessed Mary takes His place as an Advocate with Father and Son; that the Saints are more ready to intercede with Jesus than Jesus with the Father; that Mary is the only refuge of those with whom God is angry; that Mary alone can obtain a Protestant's conversion; that it would have sufficed for the salvation of men if Our Lord had died, not in order to obey His Father, but to defer to the decree of His Mother; that she rivals Our Lord in being God's daughter, not by adoption, but by a kind of nature; that Christ fulfilled the office of Saviour by imitating her virtues; that, as the Incarnate God bore the image of His Father, so He bore the image of His Mother; that redemption derived from Christ indeed its sufficiency, but from Mary its beauty and loveliness; that, as we are clothed with the merits of Christ, so we are clothed with the merits of Mary; that, as He is Priest, in a like sense is she Priestess; that His Body and Blood in the Eucharist are truly hers and appertain to her; that as He is present and received therein, so is she present and received therein; that Priests are ministers as of Christ, so of Mary; that elect souls are born of God and Mary; that the Holy Ghost brings into fruitfulness His action by her, producing in her and by her Jesus Christ in His members; that the Kingdom of God in our souls, as Our Lord speaks, is really the kingdom of Mary in the soul; that she and the Holy Ghost produce in the soul extraordinary things; and that when the Holy Ghost finds Mary in a soul He flies there' (pp. 113–14).

On reaching the point in his letter at which W. G. Ward's views concerning Papal Infallibility would naturally have been dealt with, Newman breaks off and postpones the subject to another occasion. In later editions he speaks of Father Ryder's pamphlets in reply to Ward, published in 1867, as precluding the necessity of his saying more himself. He did return to the question ten years later in his letter to the Duke of Norfolk. But Father Neville told me that, when writing the letter to Pusey, he decided after much thought and prayer that it was not wise to deal at that moment with so delicate and burning a topic as the Papal claims. In his criticism on Faber he felt fairly certain of carrying a large proportion of English Catholic opinion with him. The other case was more difficult at a moment when the troubles of the Holy See might make many resent a dry theological analysis of the Papal claims, and deprecate a protest against views which, if not theologically accurate, were nevertheless inspired by that loyal devotion which the Holy Father so greatly needed. He therefore terminated his letter as follows:

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[1] Letters to Dr. Pusey, *Difficulties of Anglicans*, ii. 115.

'So far concerning the Blessed Virgin; the chief, but not the only subject of your Volume. And now, when I could wish to proceed, she seems to stop all controversy, for the Feast of her Immaculate Conception is upon us; and close upon its Octave, which is kept with special solemnities in the Churches of this town, come the great Antiphons, the heralds of Christmas. That joyful season,—joyful for all of us,—while it centres in Him Who then came on earth, also brings before us in peculiar prominence that Virgin Mother who bore and nursed Him. Here she is not in the background, as at Eastertide, but she brings Him to us in her arms. Two great Festivals, dedicated to her honour,—to-morrow's and the Purification,—mark out and keep the ground, and, like the towers of David, open the way to and fro, for the high holiday season of the Prince of Peace. And all along it her image is upon it, such as we see it in the typical representation of the Catacombs. May the sacred influences of this tide bring us all together in unity. May it destroy all bitterness on your side and ours! May it quench all jealous, sour, proud, fierce, antagonism on our side; and dissipate all captious, carping, fastidious, refinements of reasoning on yours! May that bright and gentle Lady, the Blessed Virgin Mary, overcome you with her sweetness, and revenge herself on her foes by interceding effectually for their conversion.'

The letter to Pusey was published before Christmas. Newman was fully prepared for a mixed reception of it among Catholics. 'Don't expect much from my pamphlet,' he wrote to Miss Bowles, 'which is at last through the press. Pusey's work is on too many subjects, not to allow of a dozen answers, and, since I am only giving one, every reader will be expecting one or other of the eleven which I don't give.'

It was not to be expected, again, that Pusey's emphatic challenge to the school of Faber and Ward, and again of Louis Veuillot, should remain unanswered. Still, W. G. Ward, Manning, and others, had necessarily to recognise in their own answers the force and value of Newman's main argument against Pusey. The very fact of a common cause, which enabled Newman indirectly to attack the extremists, made it difficult for them to reply to him. On the other hand, the effect of the 'Apologia' was again visible among the English public. The Press signalised the importance of an utterance from Newman's pen—according it the fullest attention, in marked contrast to the almost entire neglect of him shown for twenty years since the publication of the 'Essay on Development,' in 1846. The climax was reached in the long article of seven columns which appeared in the *Times* of March 31, 1866.

An article of such length in the *Times* in those days proclaimed, as a rule, a public event of first-rate national importance. That Newman's brief letter to Dr. Pusey should call forth a review nearly as long as itself, was an eloquent comment on the position Newman now held in the public mind; and to the initiated who knew that it came from the pen of R. W. Church, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, this fact added to its interest.

The writer in the *Times*, at starting, recognises that 'there is only one person on the Roman Catholic side whose reflections' on Pusey's pamphlet 'English readers in general would much care to know,' and that person is Dr. Newman. He notes that in substance Newman, like Manning and other Roman Catholic writers, regards Pusey's ideas as impracticable. But he notes, too, the understanding sympathy with Pusey's attitude which Newman shows. He marks the note of candour which renders Newman so singularly persuasive, 'the English habit of not letting off the blunders and follies of his own side, and of daring to think that a cause is better served by outspoken independence of judgment than by fulsome, unmitigated puffing.' He recognises in particular that there is a tendency among Roman Catholics in England, showing itself largely in the importation of 'foreign ideas and foreign usages,' with which Newman strongly disclaims all sympathy. The writer cites the impressive passage in which Newman emphasises what he calls 'fashions' in Catholic opinions, and in which he intimates that to disagree with the views prevalent within the Church at a particular time or place may be not to lack Catholic instinct, but rather to show a fuller acquaintance with the length and breadth of authorised Catholic theological opinion, and with the story of different Pontificates. If, Newman had added, authority is seen in history largely to consider, in its determinations at a particular time, the various phases of Catholic opinion exhibited at that time, then the expression of opinion may become a duty on the part of individuals. And seeing the traditionary views of English Catholicism falling into the background in favour of foreign ideas with which he has small sympathy, he had felt called upon to express his own judgment, lest the newer habits of thought might appear to outsiders to be exclusively those which the Church sanctions. He had claimed the right 'to speak as well as to hear' for one who, like himself, had now for twenty years been a Catholic and given close attention to the different phases of Catholic opinion.

'I prefer English habits of belief and devotion to foreign,' Newman had written, 'from the same causes and by the same right, which justifies foreigners in preferring their own. In following those of my people, I show less singularity and create less disturbance than if I made a flourish with what is novel and exotic. And in this line of conduct I am but availing myself of the teaching which I fell in with on becoming a Catholic; and it is a pleasure to me to think that what I hold now, and would transmit after me if I could, is only what I received then.'

The *Times* writer questions the accuracy of Newman's account of the situation. Over against his contention that the views dominant within the Church of a particular time may be but a passing and accidental fashion, due to the character of the particular Pope or other circumstances, the *Times* sets Archbishop Manning's apparently opposite statement in his reply to Pusey, that the Church is in some sense committed to them by the very fact of their being dominant and unreproved. The careful reader will see that there is in reality no marked contradiction between the two. Manning had not claimed more than immunity from the censure of private Catholics for extreme views that were tolerated by authority, and Newman had only claimed toleration for those less extreme. Manning had claimed, as more than the tenets of a school, only what Pontiffs successively witnessed. Newman had claimed liberty rather where they diverged. But the tone of Manning's words told for dogmatism, of Newman's for liberty. And the writer in the *Times* went on to urge, that all the official encouragement of the Church was given to the views of Manning; that Papal censures were reserved for 'Liberalism,' while extreme statements as to the Papal prerogatives and 'Mariolatry' were unreproved.

'Dr. Newman has often told us,' the *Times* continued, 'that we must take the consequences of our principles and theories, and here are some of the consequences which meet him; and, as he says, they "scare and confuse him." He boldly disavows them with no doubtful indignation. But what other voice but his, of equal authority and weight, has been lifted up, to speak the plain truth about them? Why, if they are wrong, extravagant, dangerous, is his protest solitary? His communion has never been wanting in jealousy of dangerous doctrines, and it is vain to urge that these things, and things like them, have been said in a corner. The Holy Office is apt to detect mischief in small writers as well as great, even if these teachers were as insignificant as Dr. Newman would gladly make them. Taken as a whole, and in connection with notorious facts, these statements are fair examples of manifest tendencies, which certainly are not on the decline. . . .

'Allocutions and Encyclicals are not for errors of this kind. Dr. Newman says that "it is wiser for the most part to leave these excesses to the gradual operation of public opinion, —that is, to the opinion of educated and sober Catholics; and this seems to me the healthiest way of putting them down." We quite agree with him; but his own Church does not think so; and we want to see some evidence of a public opinion in it capable of putting them down. . . .

'It is very little use, then, for Dr. Newman to tell Dr. Pusey or anyone else, "You may safely trust us English Catholics as to this devotion." "English Catholics," as such,—it is the strength and the weakness of their system, —have really the least to say in the matter. The question is not about the trusting "us English Catholics," but the Pope, and the Roman congregations, and those to whom the Roman Authorities delegate their sanction and give their countenance.'

In brief, the writer claims that it is Ward and Manning who represent the effective mind of the ruling power, and that it is with them that Dr. Pusey and his friends have to reckon. Newman had pointed out that prevalent excesses were no argument against the 'grand faith and worship' which the Church had preserved. But the writer argues that the admission that such prevalent excesses were deplorable was not effectively made among Catholics; that the tendency of Manning to justify what is unjustifiable on the sole ground that it was prevalent and not condemned, was practically the tendency of the Catholic Church in the nineteenth century.

The case had been put in this article from the standpoint of an Anglican. Yet the article was welcome to Newman not only as an advertisement of his book, but on other grounds. An answer to the writer from the Catholic standpoint was, he held, easy if the distinctions recognised by the best theologians were remembered. An answer from the standpoint of Ward or Veuillot, or even Manning, was very difficult. The definitions of Faith, and their logical consequences, could be maintained with controversial success as unalterable, with no detriment to the fact, historically incontestable, that opinions not really true might be—nay, have been—universally accepted in the Church at a given time. To hold with Ward that such prevalence makes them part of the teaching of the Church was to go in the face of history—it was to justify belief in the 'Parousia' or the 'Millennium,' on the early universal prevalence of which among Catholics Newman had so often insisted. The article in the *Times*, then, had brought out a very important issue, and had at least laid stress on the fact that opinions which Ward and his friends constantly represented as the only orthodox Catholic opinions were challenged by Newman; and his challenge remained not only without reproof, but received the assent of others well equipped to speak with authority for what was theologically sound.

At the same time messages came to Newman from the Bishop of Birmingham and the Bishop of Clifton, identifying themselves with his view; and a similar attitude was, as he heard, prevalent in the majority of the Episcopate. Ward's party and Manning's followers in London were, of course, dissatisfied with the letter and attacked it; but the balance of opinion was in its favour.

Newman's faithful friends the Dominican sisters at Stone were among those who keenly appreciated the letter, and he rejoiced in their approval. He wrote to Sister Imelda on April 2:

'My dear Sister Imelda,—Thank you for your welcome letter, and for your Reverend Mother's message. And I am much rejoiced to hear so good an account of her.

'One can't do better than one's best. I have done my very best in my Pamphlet—but bad is the best I daresay. Certainly, we may say of our Lady, as we say of the mystery of the Holy Eucharist, "quia major omni laude, nec laudare sufficit." It is still more difficult at once to praise her, and to dispraise some of her imprudent votaries. On the other hand it is very easy to criticize what we should not do a bit better if we ourselves tried our hand at it. Therefore I am not surprised that I am open to criticism, and have been criticized, and in spite of that, not at all dissatisfied on the whole with what I have done, for I have had a number of letters from important quarters, all in my favour. One, which is the most gratifying is from our own Bishop.

'With my best Easter greetings to your Reverend Mother and all your Community, I am

'My dear Sister Imelda most sincerely yours in Xt.
JOHN H. NEWMAN
of the Oratory.'

To Pusey he writes on the general situation two days after the appearance of the *Times* article:

'Thank you for your sympathy about the attacks on me, but you have enough upon yourself to be able to understand that they have no tendency to annoy me,—and on the other hand are a proof that one is doing a work. I hail the Article in the *Times* with great satisfaction as being the widest possible advertisement of me. I never should be surprised at its comments being sent by some people to Rome, as authoritative explanations of my meaning, wherever they are favourable to me. The truth is, that certain views have been suffered without a word, till their maintainers have begun to fancy that they are *de fide*,—and they are astonished and angry beyond measure when they find that silence on the part of others was not acquiescence, indifference, or timidity, but patience. My own Bishop and Dr. Clifford, and, I believe, most of the other Bishops, are with me. And I have had letters from the most important centres of theology and of education through the country, taking part with me. London, however, has for years been oppressed with various *incubi;* though I cannot forget, with great gratitude, that two years ago as many as a hundred and ten priests of the Westminster Diocese, including all the Canons, the Vicars General, the Jesuits, and other Orders, went out of their way (and were the first to do so), to take my part before the "Apologia" appeared.

'I am very sorry the Jesuits are so fierce against you. They have a notion that you are not exact in your facts, and it has put their backs up; but we are not so exact ourselves as to be able safely to throw stones.'

While Newman loyally defended the Jesuits in writing to Pusey, to Father Coleridge himself he very frankly indicated in an interesting letter what he regarded as unfair, or, at least, ungenerous, in the treatment of the controversy in the pages of the *Month*:

'As to Pusey, I fully think that whatever is misrepresented in facts should be brought out, as well as what is wrong in theology. But . . . I say . . . "show that Pusey's facts are wrong, but don't abuse him." Abuse is as great a mistake in controversy as panegyric in biography. Of course a man must state strongly his opinion, but that is not personal vituperation. Now I am not taking the liberty of accusing you of vituperation, but I think an Anglican would say: "This writer is fierce—" and would put you aside in consequence as a partisan. He would shrink into his prejudices instead of imbibing confidence.

'Now mind, I am not accusing you of all this *maladresse*, but bringing out what I *mean*. But I will tell you, if you will bear with me, what does seem to me to approach to it in what you have written, e.g.[1]

'1. "The great name of Bossuet has been *foolishly* invoked by Dr. Pusey," p. 384.

'2. "There can be no more mistake about the fact than about the *impression which Dr. Pusey has meant to produce* on his readers," p. 387, note.

'3. "How does this . . . differ *from the artifice of an unscrupulous advocate?*" p. 388.

'4. "Great confusion of thought," p. 388.

'5. "In happy unconsciousness of the absurdity of his language," p. 389.

'6. "This language shows as much *confusion or ignorance*, &c." p. 389.

'7. "He does not *understand* that . . . ," p. 389.

'8. "He *talks* of a continual flow, &c." p. 389.

'9. "This is very *childish*," p. 389.

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[1] The references are to the article 'Archbishop Manning on the Reunion of Christendom,' in the *Month* for April 1866.

'10. "Dr. Pusey then must have deliberately ignored the distinction," p. 389.

'It must be recollected that your object is to convince those who respect and love Dr. Pusey that he has written hastily and rashly and gone beyond his measure. Now if even I feel pained to read such things said of him, what do you suppose is the feeling of those who look up to him as their guide? They are as indignant at finding him thus treated as you are for his treatment of Catholic doctrine. They close their ears and hearts. Yet these are the very people you write for. You don't write to convince the good Fathers at No. 9,[1] but to say a word in season to *his* followers and to *his* friends—to dispose them to look kindly on Catholics and Catholic doctrine,—to entertain the possibility that they have misjudged us, and that they are needlessly, as well as dangerously, keeping away from us,—but to mix up your irrefutable matter with a personal attack on Pusey, is as if you were to load your gun carefully, and then as deliberately to administer some drops of water at the touch-hole.

'Now excuse me for all this, but you have put me on my defence by making the point at issue whether or not the "Papers should be suffered all to assume that his statements are founded on real theological knowledge—" which is not the issue.

Very sincerely yours,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Loyalty to his friends called for another letter in connection with the 'Eirenicon.' Newman had expressed to Mr. Ambrose de Lisle so much sympathy with his attitude towards the Anglican movement that he felt that he ought to make it quite clear that he considered his scheme of 'corporate reunion' to be Utopian, and why he thought so.

'I find it very difficult,' he writes to de Lisle on March 3, 1866, 'to realise such an idea as a fact. As a Protestant, I never could get myself to entertain it as such, nor have I been able as a Catholic. Nothing is impossible to God, and the more we ask of Him, the more we gain—but still, His indications in Providence are often our guide, what to ask and what not to ask. We ask what is probable; we do not ask definitely that England should be converted in a day;—unless under the authority of a particular inspiration, such a prayer would be presumptuous, as being a prayer for a miracle. Now to me, the question is whether the conversion of that corporate body, which we call the Anglican Church, would not be in the same general sense a miracle,—in the same sense in which it would be a miracle for the Thames to change its course, and run into the sea at the Wash instead of the Nore. Of course in the course of ages such a change of direction might take place without miracle—by the stopping up of a gorge or the alteration of a level. But I should not pray for it; and, if I wished to divert the stream from London, I should cut a canal at Eton or Twickenham. I should carry the innumerable drops of water my own way by forming a new bed by my own labour—and for the success of this project I *might* reasonably pray. Now the Anglican Church is *sui generis*—it is not a collection of individuals—but it is a bed, a river bed, formed in the course of ages, depending on external facts, such as political, civil, and social arrangements. Viewed in its structure, it has never been more than partially Catholic. If its ritual has been mainly such, yet its articles are the historical offspring of Luther and Calvin. And its ecclesiastical organisation has ever been, in its fundamental principles, Erastian. To make that actual and visible, tangible body Catholic, would be simply to make a new creature—it would be to turn a panther into a hind. There are very great similarities between a panther and a hind. Still they are possessed of separate natures, and a change from one to the other would be a destruction and reproduction, not a process. It could be done without a miracle in a succession of ages, but in any assignable period, no.

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[1] No. 9 Hill Street (now No. 16) then served as the residence of the Farm Street community.

'See what would be needed to bring the Anglican Church into a condition capable of union with the Catholic body. There have ever been three great parties in it. The rod of Aaron (so to call it) must swallow up the serpents of the magicians. That rod has grown of late years—doubtless—but the history of opinion, and of Anglican opinion, has ever been a course of reactions. Look at ourselves, truths *de fide* are unchangeable and indefectible, but you yourself were lately predicting, and with reason, a reaction among us from Ultramontanism. The chance is, humanly speaking, that the Catholic movement in the Anglican Church, being itself a reaction, will meet with a re-reaction—but suppose it does not. Then it has to absorb into itself the Evangelical and the Liberal parties. When it has done this, the Erastian party, which embraces all three, and against which there is no reaction at present, which ever *has* been, which is the *foundation* of Anglicanism, must begin to change itself. I say all parties ever have been Erastian. Archbishop Whitgift, a Calvinist, was as Erastian, as much opposed to the Puritans, as Laud was. And Hoadly, the representative of the Liberals, was of course emphatically an Erastian. But let us keep to the Catholic party. They were Erastian in Laud, they are Erastian in their most advanced phase now. What is the rejection of Gladstone at Oxford, what is the glorification of that angel Disraeli, but an Erastian policy? and who are specially the promoters of it but the *Union Review* and the party it represents?

'When then I come to consider the possibility of the Established Church becoming capable of Catholicism, I must suppose its Evangelical party adding to its tenets the Puritanism of Cartwright as well as disowning at the same time its own and Cartwright's Protestantism;—I must suppose the Catholic party recalling the poor Non-jurors and accepting their anti-Erastianism, while preserving and perfecting its own orthodoxy—and the Liberal party denying that Royal supremacy which is the boast of members of it, as different from each other in opinion as Tillotson, Arnold and Colenso. I must anticipate the Catholic party, first beating two foes, each as strong as itself, and then taking the new step, never yet dreamed of except by the Non-jurors, who in consequence left it, and by the first authors of the Tracts [for the] Times, the new step of throwing off the Supremacy of the State.

'Then comes a question, involved indeed, but not brought out clearly, in what I have been saying. Who are meant by the *members* of each party, the clergy only or the laity also? It is a miracle, if the "Catholic" *clergy* in the Establishment manage to swallow up the Evangelical and Liberal—but how much more difficult an idea is it to contemplate, that they should absorb the whole laity of their communion, of whom, but a fraction is with them, a great portion Evangelical, a greater Liberal, and a still greater, alas, without any faith at all. I do not see, moreover, how it is possible to forget that the Established Church is the Church of *England*—that Dissenters are, both in their own estimation and in that of its own members, in some sense a portion of it—and that, even were its whole *proper* laity Catholic in opinions, the whole population of England, of which Dissenters are nearly half, would, as represented by Parliament, claim it as their own.

'And of course, when it came to the point, they would have fact and power on their side. It is indeed hard to conceive that the constitution of the Church of England, as settled by Act of Parliament, can be made fit for re-union with the Catholic Church, till political parties, as such, till the great interests of the nation, the country party, the manufacturing, the trade, become Catholic, as parties. Before that takes place, and sooner than it will, as it seems to me, the Establishment will cease to be, in consequence of the Free Church and voluntary principle and movement. So that from my point of view, I cannot conceive, to end as I began, the Establishment running into Catholicism, more than I can conceive the Thames running into the Wash.

'And now excuse me, if I have been at all free; but, since you seemed to wish to know what I think on so momentous a subject, and it seems to be a time when we shall all arrive best at what is true and expedient, and at unanimity and unity, by speaking out, I have thought I might throw myself on your indulgence, even in such respects as I fear will not commend themselves to your judgment.'

Theology was not the only matter which engaged Newman's attention at this time. He wrote frequently to Frederick Rogers and R. W. Church on questions of current interest. Rogers sent him in April 1866 Seeley's work entitled 'Ecce Homo,' which made a great stir on its appearance. Newman did not at first see much in the book. He found 'little new in it but what was questionable or fanciful,' but in view of Rogers' estimate of its great importance as a sign of the times, he wrote an appreciative review of it in the *Month*.

From his letters on politics of the time, two may be quoted—one on the Franco-Prussian War and one, in the following year, on the murder of Emperor Maximilian. In both these letters, addressed to R. W. Church, we have his thoughts on the future of his own country. Ever since the Reform Bill of 1832 he had viewed with great misgiving the extension of the suffrage and the growth of the democracy. 'The only defence of or consolation under Reform,' he writes to Rogers, 'is that power itself will have a sober and educational effect on the new voters. The other consolation is that it will only increase bribery immoderately.' England's international position also appeared to him at this time very unsatisfactory. Still he had a great belief in the genius of his country and her power to recover.

To R. W. Church.

'The Oratory, B^{m}: $Sept^{r}$ 21, 1866.

'What wonderful events have taken place lately! quite a new world is coming in; and if Louis Napoleon were to fall ill, the catastrophe would be still more wonderful. I don't quite like our being thrown so much into the background. Twenty-five years ago Rogers said one ought to go abroad to know how great England was—it is not so now—some foreign papers simply leave out the heading "Angleterre" in their foreign news. And the fate of Austria, a state in some striking points like us, though in others different, is a sort of omen of what might happen to us in the future. Then, I am quite ashamed at the past ignorance of the *Times* and other papers and at myself for having been so taken in by them. Think of the *Times* during the American civil war! And again on the breaking out, and in the course of the Danish War. Really we are simply in the dark as to what is going on beyond our four seas—even if we know what is going on within them. How dark, as even I could see, we are as to Ireland, from having been there. Some four years ago I met a man, he seemed some sort of country gentleman, at the inn of a country town—we got into conversation. I told him the hatred felt for England in all ranks in Ireland—how great friends of mine did not scruple to speak to me of the "bloody English"—the common phrase—how cautious and quiet government people simply confessed they would gladly show their teeth if they were sure of biting; but he would not believe me—and that has been the state of the mass of our people. Even now they are slow to believe that Fenianism is as deeply rooted as it is. Every Irishman is but watching his opportunity—and if he is friendly to this country, it is because he despairs.

'Don't think I am tempted to despair about *England*. I am in as little despair about England as about the Pope. I think they have both enormous latent forces; and if, as they now talk, he goes to Malta, I shall think it is caused by some hidden sympathy of position. Misery does indeed make us acquainted with strange bedfellows. And, whatever the Pope will have to do, at least England must make some great changes, and give up many cherished ways of going on, if she is to keep her place in the world.

'However, much all this is to an old man like me.'

To the Same.

'The Oratory, B^m: July 7, 1867.

'Your violin improves continually; I cannot desire a better one. I have got it at Rednal, where I make a noise, without remonstrance from trees, grass, roses or cabbages. . .

'Maximilian's death is the deepest tragedy in our day, the deeper because it has so little romantic about it—it is the case of a lion poisoned by a ratcatcher—or "a falcon, towering in her pride of place, and by a mousing owl hawked at and killed." There is a kind of death which seems, not a martyrdom, but a failure. Max's course in Mexico is not a career. He has left Europe and vanished into space; and is of those "which have no memorial, who have perished as tho' they had never been"; and his "empire" after him. And this is most tragic.

'As to Parliamentary proceedings, it is a crucial experiment whether England is stronger in its social or its political system. If the social framework can withstand and master such political changes it is strong indeed.'

CHAPTER XXIV

OXFORD AGAIN (1866–1867)

The renewed signs of Newman's great influence on the public mind in England, brought forth by the letter to Pusey, were not lost on the Ecclesiastical Authorities. Such signs gave his friends courage; they made his critics feel the impolicy of weakening the authority of so powerful a champion of the Catholic cause. Manning was endeavouring to strengthen his position as Archbishop by conciliatory action, and was not likely to oppose him openly. Catholic boys were still going to Oxford, and Newman bought fresh land there, with an eye to future possibilities. Then he was again offered the Oxford Mission by his Bishop in April 1866. He saw in the renewed offer a sign of God's Will for him. Yet the following letter of April 29 to Dr. Pusey shows that he viewed the prospect with mixed feelings:

'I am grieved to think it vexes you so much to hear of the chance of our going to Oxford. You may be sure we should not go to put ourselves in opposition to you, or to come in collision with the theological views which you represent. Of course we never could conceal our convictions, nor is it possible to control the action of great principles when they are thrown upon the face of society—but it would be a real advantage to the cause of truth, if our opinions were known more accurately than they are generally known by Anglicans. For instance, what surprise has been expressed at what I have said in my letter to you about our doctrine of original sin and the Immaculate Conception! even now most men think that I have not stated them fairly. And so with many other doctrines. I should come to Oxford for the sake of the Catholic youth there, who are likely to be, in the future, more numerous than they are now,—and my first object *after* that would be to soften prejudice against Catholicism by showing how much exaggeration is used by Anglicans in speaking of it. I do trust you will take a more hopeful view of my coming, if I do come, which is not certain. Personally, it would be as painful a step as I could be called upon to make. Oxford never can be to me what it was. It and I are severed. It would be like the dead visiting the dead. I should be a stranger in my dearest home. I look forward to it with great distress—and certainly would not contemplate it except under an imperative call of duty. But I trust that God will strengthen me, when the time comes, if it is to come—and I trust He will strengthen you.'

Newman hoped that the success of the 'Apologia,' now reinforced by that of the 'Letter to Pusey,' would this time give him enough influence to carry out the Oxford plan. The sanction of Propaganda was sought for the formation of a branch house of the Oratory at Oxford. All seemed for a time to go without a hitch. There were, however, incidents in the negotiations with Rome which depressed him. Cardinal Reisach, whom Newman had known in Rome, came to England with a view to ascertaining the general feeling on the Oxford question, and Newman was never approached by him and never even acquainted with his mission. The Cardinal actually visited Oscott without letting Newman know that he was near Birmingham, or calling on him. Cardinal Reisach's informants among the clergy were carefully selected by Manning himself, and the Cardinal was sent to pay a visit to W. G. Ward, as the best representative of lay opinion. The Cardinal even inspected the new ground Newman had bought at Oxford, but without making any sign to its owner. Newman deplored the incident deeply, and felt that no opportunity was afforded him for making Rome acquainted at first hand with his views on the whole subject. His dejection was less keen at this time, however, as he expressly states in his journal, than in the years preceding the 'Apologia,' and the Oxford proposal brought with it a ray of hope. It was a hope for work within his capacity, and in the right direction. It would mean fresh anxieties. Still, it would be something practicable and useful.

As to writing he was still very cautious. Some of his friends urged him to write more, and more explicitly, on the whole ecclesiastical situation, and others pressed him to go in person to Rome, and lay before the Holy Father his views on the Oxford question and other matters relating to the progress of the Church in England. But Newman, while loving and revering Pius IX., felt hopeless of making any great impression at headquarters while Manning was against him and while the Curia was without any first-hand knowledge of the situation. And as to writing, he was inclined to let well alone, and be content with the good results of the 'Apologia' and 'Letter to Dr. Pusey.'

He preferred not to force matters to an issue, but rather to maintain his hold on Catholic opinion and act on the public mind gradually. The logic of facts must be given time to work in the desired direction. He had the sympathy of such men as Dupanloup in France, and in England a considerable measure of agreement and support from Bishop Ullathorne, Bishop Clifford, and others. The English Jesuits, largely owing to the influence of Father Coleridge, were ever his good friends. And the 'Letter to Dr. Pusey' had brought fresh and more general manifestations of sympathy. Even as to the stringent line in matters of doctrine and philosophy, to which Rome had inclined since the Temporal Power controversy began, there were reassuring signs. The Episcopate (he learnt) had considerably modified the 'Syllabus' before its appearance. Some of the Bishops, moreover, were, he found, quite alive to the dangers attendant on checking genuine philosophical thought by stringent condemnations. His consistent reply to those who urged him to do more in the way of active expression of opinion or representations to the Holy See was 'Patience; we are in a transition time.' He trusted to the logic of facts—a slow remedy, but the only one consistent with the absolute submission which he preached and practised.

The following letters illustrate his state of mind in the years 1865 and 1866:

To Father Ambrose St. John.

'August 27th, 1865.

'The Bishop was here yesterday. He asked me if I still thought of Oxford. I said absolutely, no. I added that I had bought some land, but for the chances of the future, not as connected with myself. He said he had heard so. Well, for the chance of things, he said, he should keep the matter open for a year.

‘He said the Cardinal Barnabo had told the Archbishop that there would be a great meeting next year; time and subject uncertain. The Bishop said there was a great deal to do in the way of discipline, e.g. about nuns, parishes, &c. He hoped they would be cautious about touching philosophy,—the Pope, he said, had some wish for one or two doctrinal decrees, but he spoke as if others did not share in it—said he was sure the Bishops’ voice would be heard—implied that the actual *Syllabus* was a great improvement on what it was to have been before the Bishops took it in hand a year or two previous to its publication.

‘I wonder what the Pope’s doctrinal points are. The Bishop spoke of a meeting like that for the Immaculate Conception, which would be a serious thing, as being so unusual.’

To Miss Bowles.

‘January 3rd, 1866.

‘. . . When I published my letter to Pusey [Manning] sent two letters praising—but a little while after he sent two Bishops an article (in print) which was to appear in the *Dublin* against portions of it, asking their sanction to it. The one replied that, so far from agreeing with the article, he heartily agreed with me,—the other that, since he was my natural judge he would not commit himself by any previous extra-judicial opinion, and on the contrary, if the article was published, he should recommend me to commence ecclesiastical proceedings against the editor, in that he, a layman, had ventured seriously to censure a priest. *This was the cause* of two episcopal letters in the *Tablet* . . .

‘Dr. F.’s letter is *most kind*, and pray return him my hearty thanks, saying that I have seen his letter. Such words as his are words to rest upon, and thank God for. It has been my lot, since I was a Catholic, to find few hearts among my own friends to shew any kindness to me. . . . Our Bishop said to me that he considered I was under a “dispensation of mortifications”—and, in truth, since the Holy Father first in his kindness called me to Rome, I don’t think I have had one single encouragement. During my stay there in 1846–7 he used some words of blame on a sermon which I preached there (much against my will) and which was reported to him as severe on Protestant visitors. In 1859 he sent me a message of serious rebuke—(you are the first person anywhere to whom I have told this) Mgr. Barnabo told it our Bishop, our Bishop, Father St. John, and he to me, I have not told it to our own Fathers—apropos of some words I used in the *Rambler* which certainly might have been better chosen, but which had really a right meaning which I could have explained. What encouragement then have I to go to Rome or preach at Rome, being so little able to express myself in Italian, and so certain to be ill reported by those who ought to be my friends? Mgr. Talbot took part with Faber and treated me most inconsiderately, and on that occasion the Pope alone stood my friend, and I think he would always do so if he were suffered.

'Well, quite synchronously with Faber's death, this other opposition arose. I think this of him (Manning): he wishes me no ill, but he is determined to bend or break all opposition. He has an iron will and resolves to have his own way. On his promotion he wished to make me a Bishop *in partibus*. I declined. I wish to have my own true liberty; it would have been a very false step on my part to have accepted it. He wanted to gain me over. He has never offered me any place or office. The only one I am fit for, the only one I would accept, a place at Oxford, he is doing all he can to keep me from. I have no heart or strength to do anything at Rome as you propose. I am not better than St. Basil, and St. Thomas of Canterbury, St. Joseph Calasanctius, or St. Alfonso Liguori. The truth will come out when I am gone hence.'

TO THE SAME.

'April 16th, 1866.

. . . .

'As to myself, you don't consider that I am an old man and must husband my strength. When I passed my letter (to Pusey) through the Press and wrote my notes, I was confined to my bed, or barely sitting up. I had a most serious attack—it might have been far worse. I did not know how much worse till (through God's mercy) it was all over. It would have been very imprudent to have done more. Nor would I write now, hastily. I should have much to read for it. Recollect, to write theology is like dancing on the tight rope some hundred feet above the ground. It is hard to keep from falling, and the fall is great. Ladies can't be in the position to try. The questions are so subtle, the distinctions so fine, and critical, jealous eyes so many. Such critics would be worth nothing, if they had not the power of writing to Rome now that communication is made so easy,—and you may get into hot water before you know where you are. The necessity of defending myself at Rome would almost kill me with the fidget. You don't know me when you suppose I "take heed of the motley flock of fools." No,—it is authority that I fear. "Di me terrent, et Jupiter hostis." I have had great work to write even what I have written, and I ought to be most deeply thankful that I have so wonderfully succeeded. Two Bishops, one my own, have spontaneously and generously come forward. Why cannot you believe that letter of mine, in which I said I did not write more because I was "tired"? This was the real reason. Then others came in. The subject I had to write upon[1] opened, and I found I had a great deal to read before I could write. Next, I felt I had irritated many good people, and I wished the waves to subside before I began to play the Aeolus a second time. Moreover, I was intending to make a great change. I thought at length my time had come. I had introduced the narrow end of the wedge, and made a split. I feared it would split fiercely and irregularly, and I thought by withdrawing the wedge the split might be left at present more naturally to increase itself. Everything I see confirms me in my view. I have various letters from all parts of the country approving of what I have already done. The less I do myself, the more others will do. It is not well to put oneself too forward. Englishmen don't like to be driven. I am sure it is good policy to be quiet just now.

'I have long said: "the night cometh," &c., but that does not make it right to act in a hurry. Better not do a thing than do it badly. I must be patient and wait on God. If it is His Will I should do more He will give me time. I am not serving Him by blundering.

'You will be glad to know, (what, at present, is a great secret) that we are likely to have a house at Oxford after all. Be patient and all will be well.'

To the Same.

'May 23rd, 1866.

'I should have written to you before this to say so, but I have hoped day by day to tell you something of this Oxford scheme, but I have nothing to tell. It is just a month to-day since we sent in our remarks on the Bishop's offer, and he has not yet replied. He called and asked the meaning of some parts of the letter, and no answer has come. I do not think his hesitation arises so much from anything we have said, as from a vague misgiving when it comes to the point, and perhaps from what people say to him. Two years ago there was a bold assertion that I was just the last man whom Oxford men would bear to be in Oxford, and from something the Bishop said it would appear that this idea is not altogether without effect upon him. I wish it were decided one way or the other, for it keeps us in various ways in suspense. It must now be decided for good and all, for my age neither promises a future, nor is consistent with this work-impending uncertainty.

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[1] Papal Infallibility.

'We are going to have a Latin Play next week in honour of St. Philip. I wish you were with us.'

To the Same.

'Nov. 11th, 1866.

'I got your July letter before I set out, though I had not time to answer it. You were the first to give me information of Cardinal Reisach being in England. Had I had the slightest encouragement, I should have called on him, for I knew him at Rome. But, though he was at Oscott, I did not know of it till he was gone. Mr. Pope from this house went up to London and saw the Archbishop and the Cardinal. Neither of them even mentioned my name. The Cardinal was sent, I am told, for three days to W. G. Ward's, where of course he would hear one side fairly and fully enough, but it is a one-sided way of getting at the true state of things to be content with the information of a violent partizan. It is on account of things of this kind that I view with equanimity the prospect of a thorough routing out of things at Rome,—not till some great convulsions take place (which may go on for years and years, and when I can do neither good nor harm) and religion is felt to be in the midst of trials, red-tapism will go out of Rome, and a better spirit come in, and Cardinals and Archbishops will have some of the reality they had, amid many abuses, in the Middle Ages. At present things are in appearance as effete, though in a different way, thank God, as they were in the tenth century. We are sinking into a sort of Novatianism—the heresy which the early Popes so strenuously resisted. Instead of aiming at being a world-wide power, we are shrinking into ourselves, narrowing the lines of communion, trembling at freedom of thought, and using the language of dismay and despair at the prospect before us, instead of, with the high spirit of the warrior, going out conquering and to conquer. . . . I believe the Pope's spirit is simply that of martyrdom, and is utterly different from that implied in these gratuitous shriekings which surround his throne. But the power of God is abroad upon the earth, and He will settle things in spite of what cliques and parties may decide.

'I am glad you like my sermon,—the one thing I wished to oppose is the coward despairing spirit of the day.'

'January 8th, 1867.

'When I heard those words of the Holy Father [criticising the *Rambler* article already referred to], I was far from silent under them. It has always seemed to me, as the Saints say, that self-defence, though not advisable ordinarily, is a duty when it is a question of faith. The Bishop too wished me to write to Rome; but the question was, to whom. He proposed Mgr. Barnabo, but I explained that I could not account him my friend. The question then was, to whom else? Cardinal Wiseman was at Rome, and I wrote to him a long letter minutely going into the matter, and saying that, if I were only told what the special points were in which I was wrong, I would explain myself and I had no doubt I could do so most satisfactorily. The Cardinal got my letter, but he never answered it, never alluded to it. But six (I think) months after he sent me a message by Dr. Manning, to say that I should not hear more of it.

'I *wished* to explain, because it is impossible I should not hear more of it,—indeed I know it created a lasting suspicion on the minds of Roman authorities. The Bishop had advised me to give up the *Rambler*, else I should have taken an opportunity of attempting to explain myself in a subsequent number. I say "attempt," for it is poor work answering when you do not know the point of the charge. The Bishop indeed had told me the paragraph, and independently of him a theologian in England had charged me with heresy on two or three counts, but I could not answer a man who had condemned before he heard me. What I have ever intended to do was to take the first opportunity of explaining myself. Last year I thought my letter to Pusey would have given me an opportunity; so it would if I had gone on to the subject of the Pope and the Church,—and if I still go on to it, I probably shall do as I intended. . . .

'I have already asked the Bishop about our collecting money [for the Oxford scheme]. You speak as if I were dawdling and losing time. So I should be if the work were one which *I* had chosen as God's work. But on the contrary, it has been *forced* on me against my will, and certainly, if not against my judgment, yet not with it, or my will would not be against it. It *would* be a great inconsistency in me to let six months pass and do nothing were I convinced it was the will of Providence,—but I do not feel this. I only go because I fear to be deaf to a Divine call, but, if anything happened in the six months to prevent it, that would be to me a sign that there never had been a Divine call. It is cowardice not to fight when you feel it to be your duty to fight, but, when you do not feel it is your duty, to fight is not bravery, but self will.

'As to defending myself, you may make yourself quite sure I never will, unless it is a simple duty. Such is a charge against my religious faith—such against my veracity—such any charge in which the cause of religion is involved. But, did I go out and battle commonly, I should lose my time, my peace, my strength, and only shew a detestable sensitiveness. I consider that Time is the great remedy and Avenger of all wrongs, as far as this world goes. If only we are patient, God works for us. He works for those who do not work for themselves. Of course an inward brooding over injuries is not patience, but a recollecting with a view to the future is prudence.'

The renewed opposition of Ward and Herbert Vaughan to the Oxford scheme, and their conviction that Newman's presence there would prove a magnet, now as in 1864 encompassed his scheme with immense difficulties. 'As Cardinal Barnabo has already on three distinct occasions acted uncomfortably towards me,' Newman wrote to Canon Walker, 'I will begin nothing and will spend nothing until I have his leave so distinctly that he cannot undo it. Nothing can be kinder or more considerate than the Bishop has been. And besides since I know that there were powerful influences from home which were especially directed against the Oratory going to Oxford in 1864, the event will alone decide whether or not those influences will remain in a quiescent state now.'

Still, to give to Newman and his Oratory the Oxford Mission was so simple a proposal, and one so obviously within the discretion of his diocesan, that it was hardly conceivable that Propaganda would refuse to allow it. It was understood from the first that no allusion to the bearing of the scheme on the interests of Catholic undergraduates at Oxford was to be made in any public announcement. A church to be built by Newman in Oxford, as a memorial of the Oxford conversions, was an unassailable project. A fresh plot of ground in St. Aldate's Street had been bought by Newman before the end of 1865, and Father William Neville bought two adjoining plots in 1866. Negotiations were pending as to another piece of land belonging to the St. Aldate's traders; but still, the suspicions in some quarters that any fresh connection between Newman and Oxford would mean an encouragement of 'mixed education,' made him hesitate to clinch the bargain, lest his purchases might again prove useless and the land have simply to be re-sold. He was for months in most painful uncertainty as to the future. On May 17, 1866, he writes to James Hope-Scott deeply depressed and full of doubt as to the issue of events. On June 10, on the other hand, he tells Lord Blachford that his going to Oxford is all but certain. He had at this time that vivid sense of the difficulties of his task, which rendered all initiation so irksome to him. It had been the same with each work he had attempted as a Catholic—the foundation of the Oratory and of the Catholic University, the Scripture translation, the editorship of the *Rambler*. He wrote thus to W. J. Copeland at the end of May:

'You can't tell how very much down I am at the thought of going to Oxford, which is now very probable. I should not go there with any intention of catching at converts—though of course I wish to bring out clearly and fully what I feel to be the Truth—but the notion of getting into hot water, is most distasteful to me, now when I wish to be a little quiet. I cannot be in a happier position than I am. But, were I ever so sure of incurring no collisions with persons I love, still the mere publicity is a great trial to me. And even putting that aside, the very seeing Oxford again, since I am not one with it, would be a cruel thing—it is like the dead coming to the dead. O dear, dear, how I dread it—but it seems to be the will of God, and I do not know how to draw back.'

To St. John he wrote from London on June 23:

'Westminster Palace Hotel: Saturday.

'Hope-Scott has sent William [Neville] to Oxford this morning to see about buying more land. He is to return by dinner time, and we dine with Hope-Scott at half past seven.

'We dined with Acton yesterday, and after dinner came Monteith, the O'Conor Don, Mr. Maxwell, Blennerhassett, &c. On Thursday we met at Hope-Scott's all the Kerrs. At Gladstone's breakfast I met young Lady Lothian, Lord Lyttelton, General Beauregard &c. To-morrow we lunch with the [Frank] Wards and dine with Bellasis. On Thursday I am to dine with the Simeons to meet Mr. Chichester Fortescue, Stanley and perhaps Gladstone. On Monday we shall breakfast with Badeley. So you see in my old age I am learning to be a man of fashion.'

On July 25 Newman sends Hope-Scott a letter from Bishop Ullathorne 'which seems to show that we shall not be sent to Oxford at all.'

By the end of the year, however, the permission of Propaganda was obtained, and Newman was at last enabled to issue a formal circular, which ran as follows:

'Father Newman, having been entrusted with the Mission of Oxford, is proceeding, with the sanction of Propaganda, to the establishment there of a House of the Oratory.

'Some such establishment in one of the great seats of learning seems to be demanded of English Catholics, at a time when the relaxation both of controversial animosity and of legal restriction has allowed them to appear before their countrymen in the full profession and the genuine attributes of their Holy Religion.

'And, while there is no place in England more likely than Oxford to receive a Catholic community with fairness, interest, and intelligent curiosity, so on the other hand the English Oratory has this singular encouragement in placing itself there, that it has been expressly created and blessed by the reigning Pontiff for the very purpose of bringing Catholicity before the educated classes of society, and especially those classes which represent the traditions and the teaching of Oxford.

'Moreover, since many of its priests have been educated at the Universities, it brings to its work an acquaintance and a sympathy with academical habits and sentiments, which are a guarantee of its inoffensive bearing towards the members of another communion, and which will specially enable it to discharge its sacred duties in the peaceable and conciliatory spirit which is the historical characteristic of the sons of St. Philip Neri.

'Father Newman has already secured a site for an Oratory Church and buildings in an eligible part of Oxford; and he now addresses himself to the work of collecting the sums necessary for carrying his important undertaking into effect. This he is able to do under the sanction of the following letter from the Bishop of the diocese, which it gives him great satisfaction to publish:

'"My dear Dr. Newman,—Oxford is the only city in England of importance, which has a Catholic congregation without a Catholic Church. A small room, devoid of architectural pretension, built three quarters of a century ago, at the back of the priest's dwelling, and in the suburb of St. Clement's, represents the hidden and almost ignominious position of Catholic worship at Oxford. The only schoolroom for Catholic children is a sort of scullery attached to the same priest's residence, which most of the children can only reach after an hour's walk from their homes. Even the Protestants of Oxford cry shame upon this state of things; whilst the Catholics have long and earnestly desired to see it amended.

'"It is then with great satisfaction that I find you disposed to answer the call, so often made upon you, to build a Church in Oxford, with the view of ultimately establishing an Oratory there of St. Philip Neri.

'"Whatever exertions, and whatever sacrifices, this undertaking may call for at your hands, I believe that *your* taking up the work of building a Church and Oratory in Oxford will secure its accomplishment. You will awaken an interest in the work, and will draw forth a disposition in many persons to help and to co-operate in its success, which another might fail to do.

'"If we consider it as a monument of gratitude to God for the conversions of the last thirty years; who could be so properly placed in front of this undertaking? If we look upon that Mission as the witness of Catholic Truth in the chief centre of Anglican enquiry, whose name can be so fitly associated with that Mission? If we take the generous work to our hearts in its prime intention, that of saving souls for whom Christ died, who of all good Catholics will refuse to join their generosity with yours, in building up this blessed work for the glory of God, and for peace and good will to men?

'"I pray God, then, to bless you and to prosper the work He has given you to accomplish; and I pray also that He will deign to bless and to reward all those

Christian souls who shall co-operate with you in this work of benediction.

‘“And I remain, my dear Dr. Newman,
Your faithful and affectionate servant in Christ,
✠ W. B. ULLATHORNE.’

‘“To the Very Rev. Dr. Newman.”

‘It is under these circumstances, with these reasonable claims, and with this authoritative sanction, that Father Newman brings his object before the public; and he ventures to solicit all who take an interest in it for contributions upon a scale adequate to the occasion, contributions large enough and numerous enough for carrying out an important work in a manner worthy of the Catholic name, worthy of the most beautiful city and one of the great and ancient Universities of England.

‘It is considered that, on the lowest computation, the outlay for ground, house and church will not be less than from 8,000*l*. to 10,000*l*.

‘Birmingham, The Octave of the Epiphany, 1867.’

The circular gave joy to the compact phalanx of the laity who had for four years been Newman's supporters in the scheme. It struck a chord of sympathy, too, in old Oxford friends like Father Coleridge and Monsignor Patterson, who, though endorsing the anti-Oxford policy of the Bishops, cherished still the old reverence for Newman and the old love for Oxford. Patterson wrote to express his happiness at the prospect and sent 100*l*. The very fact that so intimate a friend of Cardinal Wiseman—intimate too, though in a lesser degree, with his successor—hailed the proposed plan, showed that it was regarded at this moment in high places without avowed disapproval. Patterson's letter expressed the feeling which was in many hearts:

‘January 29th, 1867.

‘My dear Father Newman,—I can hardly tell you with what feelings I read your note and the circular. Under God I owe the opening of my mind to His Truth to Oxford—Oxford with its spirit of reverence for the past, its very walls and stones crying out of Catholic times and preaching of the City of the living God. And that they were *thus* vocal we chiefly owe to you. It was you who heard and interpreted them aright and showed to us, then youths, the beauty of Catholic conduct—I allude particularly to that act of yours, when in the noontide of your leadership of the good cause, at the word of him whom you esteemed your Bishop you arrested the prime source and current of all your influence without a word of remonstrance or explanation. I cannot but believe that this heroic act was congruously rewarded in your submission to the faith, and now I see the Hand of God in your being brought back to preach once more in Oxford with the certainty of faith much that you taught us of old as your most earnest conviction, at the wish of your Bishop and with the sanction of Rome. The *genius loci* is so potent that I sincerely believe there is danger to the faith of young Catholics who go to Oxford, and as some I fear at any rate will study there, it is of the utmost moment that the mission should be a first-rate one in every point of view.

'Sunday was the feast of St. John Chrysostom, and I offered the Most Holy Sacrifice in his honour that, as you emulate his eloquence and his learning, you may also, by his intercession, rival him in the success of your ministry.

'I heartily wish I could make some offering less inadequate to your charitable labour, and the benefits I owe to Oxford. As it is, I must content myself with the sum of which I enclose half, and if you think my name can possibly be of any use it is entirely at your service.

'Believe me,
Ever yours,
J. L. PATTERSON.'

Newman thus replied:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: January 30th, 1867.

'My dear Patterson,—Your warm and affectionate letter has quite overpowered me. Such feelings are the earnest of efficacious prayers. I shall do well if those prayers go with me. My age is such that I ought to work fast before the night comes,—yet I never *can* work fast; I don't expect then much to come of my being at Oxford in what remains to me of life, but, if I have such good prayers as yours, what I may do will bear fruit afterwards. I cannot help having as great a devotion to St. Chrysostom as to any Saint in the Calendar. On his day I came to Birmingham to begin the Mission 18 years ago. It was very kind of you to say Mass for me under his intercession. I have said above: "I cannot help," because in most cases from circumstances one *chooses* one's Saints as patrons,—but St. Chrysostom comes upon one, whether one will or no, and by his sweetness and naturalness compels one's devotion.

'Thank you for the cheque for 50*l.*, the moiety of your liberal contribution.

'Yours affectionately in Christ,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

While the circular respecting the Oxford Mission was widely welcome, it raised a difficulty in the minds of those who did not know the forces at work. Many welcomed Newman's project just because their sons would when going to Oxford have his influence and personal help to support them. Why, then, was no allusion made at all in the circular to the Catholic undergraduates? But in truth the campaign against sending Catholic boys to Oxford was so energetic that, at the very time when fathers of families were asking this question, Newman received a message from Propaganda peremptorily rebuking him for preparing boys for Oxford at the Oratory school. In his despondency he feared that the school might share the cloud which seemed to be cast over himself and all his work. Father Ambrose was deputed to go to Rome and explain matters; and to the parents of the boys he frankly told the state of the case, as in the following letter to Sir Justin Sheil:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: March 22nd, 1867.

'My dear Sir Justin,—A diplomatist and a man of high commands as you have been will allow me, without being thought to take a liberty with you, to ask your confidence while I freely tell you my position as regards our Oratory undertaking.

'Two or three years ago, when it was settled by our Bishop that I was to go there, it was on the strict condition that the Oratory took no part in the education of the place. I drew up a circular in which I said merely: "that I went for the sake of the religious instruction of the Catholic youth there"; and to my surprise the late Cardinal was so angry even with my recognising the fact of their being at Oxford in any way, that he sent the news of it to Rome, though I had not actually issued the paper, and it has created a prejudice against me ever since. Accordingly in the circular I sent you the other day, I could not put in a word about Catholic youth being at Oxford; and the intention of the present Archbishop is, if he can, to stamp them out from the place. However, this has not been enough,—a further step has been taken, for last Monday I got a letter from Propaganda saying that they had heard that I had in my School here some youths preparing for Oxford, and solemnly ordering me neither directly nor indirectly to do anything to promote young men going there.

'You are too well acquainted with a soldier's duties, not to know that it is impossible for me to disobey the orders of my commanders in the Church Militant. So, what I must do as regards the School is, to my great sorrow, to relinquish those who go to Oxford for a short time before they go there, *if* I should find they need, in addition to the general instruction we give them here, any *special* preparation for the University.

'Now before proceeding, I will tell you my own opinion on the matter. I differ from you decidedly in this, viz., that, if I had my will, I would have a large Catholic University, as I hoped might have been set up in Dublin when I went there. But I hold this to be a speculative perfection which cannot be carried out in practice,—and then comes the question what is to be done under the *circumstances*. Secondly then, I say that Oxford is a very dangerous place to faith and morals. This I grant, but then I say that *all places are dangerous*,—the world is dangerous. I do not believe that Oxford is more dangerous than Woolwich, than the army, than London,—and I think you cannot keep young men under glass cases. Therefore I am on the whole not against young men going to Oxford; though at the same time there are those whom, from their special circumstances, of idleness, extravagance, &c. &c., I certainly should not advise to go there.

'Such is my opinion, and it will surprise you to hear that, be it good or be it bad, no one in authority has ever asked for it all through the discussion of the last two or three years.

'And now let me go on to the practical question of the moment. From that and other articles in the *Westminster Gazette*, and from the letters which have come to me from Propaganda, I am sure that more stringent measures are intended, to hinder young Catholics going to Oxford, and I think they can only be prevented by the laity. What I should like you to do then is not to withdraw your name from our subscription list, but to join with other contributors, as you have a right to do, in letting me know formally your own opinion on the subject. And for myself I can only say that, if I find the sense of the contributors is against my going to Oxford without their being let alone in sending their sons there, I will not take their money, as I should be doing so under false pretences.

'My dear Sir Justin,
Sincerely yours,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Such scruples as those expressed in the concluding words of this letter were not regarded by Newman's friends. Contributions came in freely, and the establishment of an Oxford Oratory was spoken of as an assured prospect.

At last, then, after the three years of suspense, after all the ups and downs of the struggle, the pain caused by the opposition of old friends, the greater pain given by the charges against his loyalty as a Catholic, all seemed to promise well. The one position in which he felt he could, in the years that remained to him, do a real work for the Church seemed assured to him. He thought he saw God's Will clearly. If any fresh enterprise was at his age anxious and hard, to support him in this he had the conviction that it was to him a most suitable task and was assigned him by lawful authority. The clinging affection he ever preserved for Oxford, moreover, must make it a labour of love.

He was now actively engaged in discussing the site of the new church. Was it to be built on the ground he had? Or should a new site of which he had heard be preferred to the old?

'Our present piece,' he writes to Hope-Scott, 'is so situated as to be almost shaking a fist at Christ Church. It is ostentatious—no one can go in or out of our projected Church without being seen. Again it is not central—but New Inn Hall Street at one end of it leads into St. Ebbe's and to St. Thomas'—at the other end it opens upon St. Mary Magdalen's Church and Broad Street and Jesus Lane—and by George Lane upon Worcester College &c. and St. Giles' and Park Villas—and being approached in such various ways it is approachable silently. Again the Union Debating Room is on the opposite side of the street—and opens into the street at its back through its garden. There is a good (but ugly) stone house upon the ground flush with the street, which would save building as far as it goes—whereas our houses opposite Christ Church are lath and plaster. Of course the question occurs whether we can get our present ground off our hands. Again, though I have not asked many people yet, still as yet I hear no one in favour of the new ground. Gaisford, Pollen, and Clutton the architect, are for keeping what we have got.'

Although the formal permission—so he was told—had come from Rome, the old Oxford priest, Mr. Comberbach, whose place the Oratorians were to take, seemed to be unaccountably slow in moving, and put the new-comers off with excuse after excuse. But this was regarded at the Oratory as only a rather tiresome eccentricity. Newman, impatient to make his plans, sent Father William Neville on March 21 to ascertain definitely the date of Mr. Comberbach's departure, and he at last announced that he should be gone soon after Easter. Neville was to go to Oxford again on Saturday, April 6—the eve of Passion Sunday. In the morning he packed his portmanteau, and then, in company with Newman, went for a long-remembered walk on the Highfield Road, past St. George's Church. The memory of it was handed on by Father Neville to the present writer, in more than one conversation. Newman, sunshine on his face, talked of the prospect. 'Earlier failures do not matter now,' he said; 'I see that I have been reserved by God for this. There are signs of a religious reaction in Oxford against the Liberalism and indifferentism of ten years ago. It is evidently a moment when a strong and persuasive assertion of Christian and Catholic principles will be invaluable. Such men as Mark Pattison may conceivably be won over. Although I am not young, I feel as full of life and thought as ever I did. It may prove to be the inauguration of a second Oxford Movement.' Then he turned to the practical object of Neville's visit. 'Have a good look at the Catholic undergraduates in Church. Tell me how many they are. Try and find out *who* they are and what they are like. Let me know where they sit in the Church, that I may picture beforehand how I shall have to stand when I preach, in order to see them naturally, and address them. Tell me, too, what the Church services are at present, and we will discuss what changes may be made with advantage.' Thus happily talking they returned to the Oratory. The servant, who opened the door to admit them, at once gave Newman a long, blue envelope, and said:

'Canon Estcourt has called from the Bishop's house and asked me to be sure to give you this immediately on your return.' Newman opened and read the letter, and turned to William Neville: 'All is over. I am not allowed to go.' No word more was spoken. The Father covered his face with his hands, and left his friend, who went to his room and unpacked his portmanteau.

What the Bishop's letter told Newman was this: that, coupled with the formal permission for an Oratory at Oxford, Propaganda had sent a 'secret instruction' to Dr. Ullathorne, to the effect that, if Newman himself showed signs of intending to reside there, the Bishop was to do his best 'blandly and suavely' (blande suaviterque) to recall him.[1] Mr. Comberbach's delay was explained. The Bishop had purposed going to Rome and getting this instruction cancelled. He trusted, therefore, that Newman would never hear of it, for he knew that he might easily interpret it as showing a want of confidence in him on the part of Rome.

The 'instruction' was evidently the result of a compromise between the parties who were for and against the Oxford Oratory. The friends of Ward and Vaughan had urged that Newman's residence in Oxford would attract all Catholic young men to the University. Yet a strong party favoured his scheme. To grant an Oratory, provided it did not mean Newman's permanent residence at Oxford, seemed a *mezzo termine*. The Bishop had mentioned when consulting Propaganda that Newman had disclaimed, in speaking to him, any intention of residing at Oxford. This had been urged by Newman's friends as a strong argument against inhibiting the scheme. If Newman did not mean to live at Oxford there was really no case for forbidding the new Oratory. This argument proved decisive. Newman's friends prevailed. Permission was accorded. But at the last moment the Holy Father had pointed out that the decisive argument rested on the rather precarious basis of a remark of Newman to his Bishop. The Bishop should be instructed to make sure that this part of the arrangement was carried out.[2] But he was to

[1] Patrem Newman si forte de sua residentia in urbem Oxfordiensem transferenda cogitantem videris . . . blande suaviterque revocare studeas.'

[2] The Holy Father himself insisted on this point, see p. 161.

use the utmost courtesy and only to speak in case of necessity. Hence the secret instruction.

But while the Bishop had kept the affair secret, now it had leaked out in the papers. A Catholic layman, Mr. Martin, the Roman correspondent of the *Weekly Register*, had come to know of it privately, and had stated in a letter to that journal, published anonymously, that the Holy Father had 'inhibited' Newman's proposed Mission. He had, moreover, hinted at just that interpretation of this step which would be most painful to Newman—that it was due to suspicions at Rome in regard of his orthodoxy.[1] The only possible plan therefore was to tell the whole story to Newman without delay, before unauthorised rumours could reach him. 'The letter in question,' Newman wrote to Canon Walker on April 14, 'is by Mr. Martin, the person whom Dr. Clifford and my own Bishop answered last year. He is of course nothing in himself—but he represents unseen and unknown persons. His interference has been most happy—for he has let the cat out of the bag—and a black cat it is. It may do a great deal of mischief—that is, the cat, not his revealing it—for, depend upon it, its owners are men of influence.' To the Oratorian community at large scarcely a word more was said. On the spur of the moment Newman wrote to the Bishop resigning the Oxford Mission. But those Fathers whom he consulted recommended delay, and the letter was kept back. A full explanation of the 'secret instruction' (these Fathers held) must be sought in Rome. Newman's own action must also be vindicated if necessary. And, for this, the coming visit of Ambrose St. John and Bittleston (in connection with the affairs of the school) offered an exceptionally good opportunity which Newman determined to utilise.

Meanwhile Newman's own sad and indignant feelings are given in the following letters to Henry Wilberforce and to Father Coleridge:

'*Private.* The Oratory, Birmingham: April, 16th, 1867.

'My dear Henry,—Thank you for your kind letter.

'The *Weekly Register* letter has been my good friend . . . as necessitating the disclosure of some things which Cardinal Barnabo hid from me, and which would have prevented me from accepting the Mission of Oxford, had I known of them. No sort of blame attaches to our Bishop, who is my good friend—He hoped to have made these crooked ways straight, which he could not prevent existing, for they were not his ways; but Mr. Martin was too much for him, and, before he could gain his point, has let the cat out of the bag. . . . Do you recollect in "Harold the Dauntless" how the Abbot of Durham gets over the fierce pagan Dane? Since that time there has been a tradition among the Italians that the lay mind is barbaric—fierce and stupid—and is destined to be outwitted, and that fine craft is the true weapon of Churchmen. When I say the lay mind, I speak too narrowly—it is the Saxon, Teuton, Scandinavian, French mind. Cardinal Barnabo has been trying his hand on my barbarism—and has given directions that if I took his leave to go to Oxford to the letter, and *did* go there, I was to be recalled "blande et suaviter." Hope-Scott is so pained that he has withdrawn his 1000*l*.

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[1] For the text of the letter in the *Weekly Register* see Appendix, p. 543.

'Ever yours affectionately, JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

DR. NEWMAN TO FATHER COLERIDGE.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: April 26th, 1867.

'My dear Father Coleridge,— . . . When last Christmas I found the words "conditionate et provisorie" in the letter (of Cardinal Barnabo) to our Bishop, (though I had no suspicion at all of a secret instruction such as there really was contained in it) I told the Bishop formally my suspicions. . . . You may fancy how he felt what I said, being conscious, as he was, of the secret instruction—and so he said that I had better wait till he went to Rome in May, and I have waited, except that I have begun to collect the money. Also I was going to commence my *personal* work at Oxford on the second Sunday after Easter, intending to preach every Sunday through the term which, had I carried it out, would have led to a certainty to the Bishop's "blanda et suavis revocatio"; and thus, as it turns out, even though Mr. Martin had not written a word, things would have come to a crisis. The reason determining me to go to Oxford at once, in spite of the Bishop's advice at Christmas (though he fully came into the plan of the Oratory going to Oxford at Easter) when I after a while proposed it, was the delay that was likely to take place in beginning the Church, and all my friends kept saying: "You must do *something* directly to clench on your part Propaganda's permission to go, or the Archbishop will be getting the permission reversed." When then I found it impossible to make a demonstration in bricks and mortar (which for myself I had, in consequence of the suspicions felt, deprecated) nothing remained but to make a demonstration by actually preaching at Oxford,—and this was to my view of the matter, far more acceptable because a counter order from Propaganda would have been serious, had we begun to build, but would have been of no consequence at all, had we done nothing more than preach in the Chapel at St. Clement's.

'However, as it has turned out, I am stopped both before building and preaching.

'It is perfectly true, as you say, that both sides have not been heard at Rome. The questions you speak of circulated in December 1864, were too painful to speak about. For myself, up to this date no one has asked my opinion, and then those who might, by asking, have known it, have encouraged or suffered all sorts of reports as to what my opinion is, instead of coming to me for it.

'It is my cross to have false stories circulated about me, and to be suspected in consequence. I could not have a lighter one. I would not change it for any other. Ten years ago I was accused to the Pope of many things (nothing to do with doctrine). I went off to Rome at an enormous inconvenience, and had two interviews with the Holy Father *tête-à-tête*. He was most kind, and acquitted me. But hardly was my back turned but my enemies (for so I must call them) *practically* got the upper hand. Our Bishop seems to think no great good comes of seeing the Pope, if it is only *once* seeing him. What chance have I against persons who are day by day at his elbow? . . .

'For twenty years I have honestly and sensitively done my best to fulfil the letter and spirit of the directions of the Holy See and Propaganda, and I never have obtained the confidence of anyone at Rome. Only last year Cardinal Reisach came to England. I had known him in Rome. He never let me know he was in England. He came to Oscott, and I did not know it. He went to see my ground at Oxford, but he was committed, not to me, but to the charge of Father Coffin. . . .

'I have lost my desire to gain the good will of those who thus look on me. I have abundant consolation in the unanimous sympathy of those around me. I trust I shall ever give a hearty obedience to Rome, but I never expect in my lifetime any recognition of it.

'Yours most sincerely,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

The utmost indignation was felt and expressed by Newman's friends at the anonymous attack in the *Weekly Register*, and by many of them at the 'secret instruction' on the part of Propaganda against his residing at Oxford. This 'instruction' could not be ostensibly attacked. But it was open to those who desired to convey to Newman the feelings it aroused, to express their indignation at the anonymous letter in the newspapers, and their loyal devotion to him. And at the suggestion of Mr. Monsell this course was adopted. An address was presented to him signed by upwards of two hundred names, including nearly all the most prominent members of the English laity, and headed by Lord Edward Howard, the deputy Earl Marshal and guardian to the young Duke of Norfolk.

The signatures were obtained with great rapidity, at a meeting convened at the Stafford Club directly Mr. Monsell had learnt the state of the case, and before it was known to Newman himself, who had not seen the letter in the *Weekly Register*.[1] It was dated, indeed, as will be seen, on the very day of Newman's memorable walk with Father Neville before he received the Bishop's note. Its text ran as follows:

'TO THE VERY REV. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

'We, the undersigned, have been deeply pained at some anonymous attacks which have been made upon you. They may be of little importance in themselves, but we feel that every blow that touches you inflicts a wound upon the Catholic Church in this country. We hope, therefore, that you will not think it presumptuous in us to express our gratitude for all we owe you, and to assure you how heartily we appreciate the services which, under God, you have been the means of rendering to our holy religion.

'Signed The LORD EDWARD FITZALAN HOWARD,
Deputy Earl Marshal;
The EARL OF DENBIGH, etc.

'Stafford Club, 6th April 1867.'

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[1] The names of Acton, Simpson, and Wetherell do not appear in the address. It was significant of the general feeling against them that Mr. Monsell had to tell Wetherell that he had abstained from asking for their names at first as their presence in the list would prevent others from signing. Mr. Wetherell replied that this was equally a reason for his declining to sign at the last moment. Acton and Simpson were away from England.

Newman's answer ran as follows:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: 12th April 1867.

'My dear Monsell,—I acknowledge without delay the high honour done me in the Memorial addressed to me by so many Catholic noblemen and gentlemen, which you have been the medium of conveying to me. The attacks of opponents are never hard to bear when the person who is the subject of them is conscious to himself that they are undeserved, but in the present instance I have small cause indeed for pain or regret at their occurrence, since they have at once elicited in my behalf the warm feelings of so many dear friends who know me well, and of so many others whose good opinion is the more impartial for the very reason that I am not personally known to them. Of such men, whether friends or strangers to me, I would a hundred times rather receive the generous sympathy than have escaped the misrepresentations which are the occasion of their showing it.

'I rely on you, my dear Monsell, who from long intimacy understand me so well, to make clear to them my deep and lasting gratitude in fuller terms than it is possible, within the limit of a formal acknowledgement, to express it.—I am ever your affectionate friend, JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

That this address was disliked by the extreme party both in England and in Rome, we know from an interesting exchange of letters between Archbishop Manning and Monsignor Talbot. Manning had his friends among the laity who agreed with him on the Oxford question. And it appears that Mr. Monsell, who at first intended to refer directly to it in the address, had to refrain from doing so in order to gain important signatures. W. G. Ward objected to the sentence, 'any blow which touches you inflicts a wound upon the Catholic Church in this country,' as clearly referring to the blow Propaganda had struck at Newman in preventing his going to Oxford—for the *Register* letter could hardly be treated as important enough to warrant any such expression. Monsell, however, declined to change this expression, and Ward did not sign the address.

It is clear that the Archbishop was in some alarm lest so influential an address might make Propaganda waver in its policy on the Oxford question, and he wrote to Monsignor Talbot with the object of stiffening its back:

'8 York Place, W.: 13th Ap. 1867.

'My dear Monsignor Talbot,—You will see in the *Tablet* an address to Dr. Newman signed by most of our chief laymen.

'The excessive and personal letter in the *W. Register* has caused it.

'1. The address carefully omits all reference to Oxford.

'2. It is signed also by men most opposed to our youth going there, e.g. Lord Petre.

'3. But it will be used, and by some it is intended, as a means of pushing onward Dr. Newman's going to Oxford, and ultimately the University scheme. I only wish you to be guarded against supposing the Address to prove that *the signers are in favour of the Oxford scheme.* Do not let Propaganda alarm itself. If it will only be *firm* and *clear* we shall get through all this and more.

'But if it yield I cannot answer for the future.

'It will be necessary to take care that no such letters from Rome be sent to our papers. Can you do anything?—Always affectionately yours, H. E. M.'

A second letter written a week later gives some further particulars as to the drafting of the address:

'8 York Place, W.: Easter Monday, 22nd April 1867.

'My dear Monsignor Talbot,— . . . This Address of the laity is as you say a revelation of the absence of Catholic instinct, and the presence of a spirit dangerous in many.

'1. It was got up by Mr. Monsell, always in favour of a College in Oxford, and Mr. Frank Ward, whose son is there after preparing with Walford!

'2. In the first draft the *Oxford University question* was expressed. Many refused to sign.

'3. It was then amended to "Oxford *Mission*." They refused still.

'4. It was then reduced to its present terms, and so got them, not without objection.

'5. As it stands it implies that in Dr. Newman's writings there is nothing open to censure, and that to touch him is to wound the Catholic Church.

'But if Rome should touch him?

'*The whole movement is sustained by those who wish young Catholics to go to Oxford.*

'The Bishop of Birmingham, I must suppose unconsciously, has been used by them. It is a great crisis of danger to him. Only do not let him alarm Propaganda by the names and number of these lay signatures.

'Many have declared to me that they are as strong against Oxford as I am.

'The moment this point is raised the Address will go to pieces.

'I have taken care to clear you of all relation to Mr. Martin, and you may rely upon my not wavering. The affair is full of pain, but even this will work for good.

'Pray place me at the feet of His Holiness, and offer my thanks for providing a home so near to his own side, and by the Apostles.

'Once more thanking you, believe me, always affectionately yours, H. E. M.'

W. G. Ward was in correspondence with Mgr. Talbot, and both in writing to him and in a letter published in the *Weekly Register* expressed the criticism on the address to which I have already referred. Mgr. Talbot wrote something of a scolding to Manning, of whose firmness he on his side appeared to have some doubts:

'Vatican: 25th April, 1867.

'My dear Archbishop,—I cannot help writing to you again about the address of the English laity. Although I am the first to condemn the correspondent of the *Weekly Register* for touching on such a delicate matter, I look upon the address of the English laity as the most offensive production that has appeared in England since the times of Dr. Milner, and if a check be not placed on the laity of England they will be the rulers of the Catholic Church in England instead of the Holy See and the Episcopate.

'It is perfectly *true* that a cloud has been hanging over Dr. Newman in Rome ever since the Bishop of Newport delated him to Rome for heresy in his article in the *Rambler* on consulting the laity on matters of faith. None of his writings since have removed that cloud. Every one of them has created a controversy, and the spirit of them has never been approved in Rome. Now that a set of laymen with Mr. Monsell at their head should have the audacity to say that a blow that touches Dr. Newman is a wound inflicted on the Catholic Church in England, is an insult offered to the Holy See, to Your Grace and all who have opposed his Oxford scheme, in consequence of his having quietly encouraged young men going to the University, by means of his school, and by preparing two men, a fact which he does not deny.

'But I think that even his going to Oxford, which will induce many of the young Catholic nobility and aristocracy to follow, is of minor importance to the attitude assumed by the Stafford Club and the laity of England.

'They are beginning to show the cloven foot, which I have seen the existence of for a long time. They are only putting into practice the doctrine taught by Dr. Newman in his article in the *Rambler*. They wish to govern the Church in England by public opinion, and Mr. Monsell is the most dangerous man amongst them.

'What is the province of the laity? To hunt, to shoot, to entertain. These matters they understand, but to meddle with ecclesiastical matters they have no right at all, and this affair of Newman is a matter purely ecclesiastical.

'There is, however, one layman an exception to all rule, because he is really a theologian. I mean Dr. Ward. His letter is admirable, and he has attacked the address of the laity in its most vulnerable point.

'I was much pained to see the name of Lord Petre amongst those who subscribed their names. No doubt he did not fully see the bearings of the address, because I am told that he has the highest regard for ecclesiastical authority.

'Dr. Newman is the most dangerous man in England, and you will see that he will make use of the laity against your Grace. You must not be afraid of him. It will require much prudence, but you must be firm, as the Holy Father still places his confidence in you; but if you yield and do not fight the battle of the Holy See against the detestable spirit growing up in England, he will begin to regret Cardinal Wiseman, who knew how to keep the laity in order. I tell you all this in confidence, because I already begin to hear some whisperings which might become serious. I am your friend and defend you every day, but you know [Cardinal Barnabo] as well as I do, and how ready he is to throw the blame of everything on others. . . .

'Dr. Ullathorne has been the cause of the whole mischief. If he had only obeyed the letter of Propaganda and communicated to Dr. Newman the inhibition placed to his going to Oxford, he could not have sent forth a circular saying that the whole Oxford project had the approbation of the Holy See.

'Of course your suffragans are frightened by the address of the laity. You will find yourself much in the position of Dr. Milner. I hope the clergy will not adopt the Rev. Mr. Waterworth's suggestion of getting up an address to Dr. Newman. That would make matters worse. Adieu.—Believe me affectionately yours, 'GEO. TALBOT.'

Archbishop Manning thus replied:

'8 York Place: 3rd May 1867.

'My dear Talbot,—I have not been influenced by fear or by neutrality, but by the following motives. I believe—

'1. That my first duty and work is to restore unity and concord among the bishops; and that this is vital, and above all other things necessary.

'2. That to get the bishops to act unanimously, as above stated, is a double gain.

'3. That the only way to counteract the unsound opinions now rising among us is to keep the English bishops perfectly united.

'4. That it would be fatal if the Stafford Club laymen could divide us, and get an Episcopal leader.

'5. That towards Dr. Newman my strongest course is to act in perfect union with the bishops, so that what I do, they do.

'6. That to this end the greatest prudence and circumspection is necessary. A word or act of mine towards Dr. Newman might divide the bishops and throw some on his side.

'7. That the chief aim of the Anglicans has been to set Dr. Newman and myself in conflict. For five years papers, reviews, pamphlets without number, have endeavoured to do so.

'8. That a conflict between him and me would be as great a scandal to the Church in England, and as great a victory to the Anglicans, as could be.

'For all these reasons I am glad that Cardinal B° lays on me the responsibility of the permission given to Dr. Newman to go to Oxford, and says that I did it "to serve an old friend." This has given me untold strength here at this time.

'I would ask you to make the substance of this letter known where alone I feel anxious to be understood. I have acted upon the above line with the clearest and most evident reasons. And I believe you will see when we meet that I should have acted unwisely in any other way. We shall have a trying time, but if *the bishops are united* nothing can hurt us.

'Dr. Ullathorne has printed a statement of the Oxford affair, and sent a copy to Dr. Neve[1] for Propaganda. *Mind you see it.* It is fatal to Dr. Ullathorne's prudence, and to Dr. Newman's going to Oxford.

'Father Ryder of the Edgbaston Oratory has published an attack on Ward's book on Encyclicals. Dr. Newman sent it to Ward with a letter *adopting* it, and saying that he was glad to leave behind him young men to maintain these principles.

'This is opportune, but very sad.—Always affectionately yours,

'H. E. M.'

These letters reveal a state of feeling among active and influential counsellors of the Holy See in England, which made Newman's determination to take active steps to defend himself in Rome most necessary.

Newman forthwith drew up and sent to Ambrose St. John the following *memorandum* expressing his precise views on the Oxford question, in order to make misrepresentation impossible:

'I say in the first place that no one in authority has ever up to this time asked my opinion on the subject, and therefore I never have had formally to make up my mind on it.

'Next, I have ever held, said, and written, that the normal and legitimate proceeding is to send youths to a Catholic University, that their religion, science, and literature may go together.

'I have thought there were positive dangers to faith and morals in going to Oxford.

'But I have thought there were less and fewer dangers, in an Oxford residence, to faith and morals, than there are at Woolwich, where the *standard* of moral and social duty is necessarily unchristian, as being simply secular, than there are at Sandhurst, or in London—and especially for this reason, that there is some really religious and moral superintendence at Oxford, and none at Woolwich or in London.

'That the question then lies in a choice of difficulties, a Catholic University being impossible.

'And that necessity has no laws.

'That, as to the question whether Catholic youths should go to Protestant Colleges at Oxford, or that a Catholic College should be established, abstractedly a Catholic College would be the better plan, for in that case they would receive unmixed (Catholic) not mixed education,—but I have thought greater difficulties would in practice attend the establishment of a Catholic College.

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[1] The Rector of the English College in Rome.

'That, under the circumstances, what I thought best was to leave things as they had been heretofore; that is, not to forbid Catholic youths going to Oxford, but to protect them by the presence of a strong Catholic Mission, such as a community of priests would secure.

'That I had ever been strong against a *prohibition*, as putting too great a temptation to disobey ecclesiastical authority in the way of the laity.

'But that this did not mean that I had ever *positively* advocated, or now advocate, Catholic youths going to Oxford, but that I wished the matter decided in each case, as it came, on its own merits; and I certainly thought that a residence in Oxford would be a great advantage to certain youths, if you could pick them.

'I added that, as to myself, I have ever stated and avowed to our Bishop: (1) that my going would draw Catholics there, (2) if there were not Catholics there, I should be at much disadvantage as seeming to go there directly to convert Protestants. Accordingly (3) I had ever been unwilling to go there.'

Armed with this document, Fathers St. John and Bittleston arrived in Rome at the end of April as Newman's ambassadors. Their mission and its results shall be described in another chapter.

NOTE.—Readers who desire to go further into the details of the ecclesiastical situation at this time will find much correspondence to interest them at pp. 313 *seq.* of the second volume of Purcell's *Life of Cardinal Manning*.

CHAPTER XXV

THE APPEAL TO ROME (1867)

THE true sting of the 'secret instruction' lay in the interpretation which was being put on it by many, and not disclaimed in authoritative quarters—that Newman's residence in Oxford was feared in Rome because of the influence it would give him in disseminating his theological views. And these views were represented as more or less akin to the worldly Catholicism, the semi-Catholicism (as it was regarded) of the now extinct *Home and Foreign Review*. The impression as to his 'minimistic' theology—to use the slang phrase of the day—was being confirmed by W. G. Ward's articles in the *Dublin Review*, in which he insisted on his own analysis of the extent of Papal Infallibility as the only orthodox one. These articles were republished in 1866 in a volume entitled 'The Authority of Doctrinal Decisions.' With this volume Newman was known not to agree. He thought it unhistorical and untheological. Yet in the temper of those times there was a disposition to regard the theory which ascribed most power to the Pope, as indicating the most whole-hearted Catholic orthodoxy.[1] Manning gave his support to the *Dublin* theory; more especially to its maintenance of the infallible certainty of the teaching of the 'Syllabus,' and consequently of the necessity of the Temporal Power of the Papacy, on which that document insisted. Mr. Martin's letter in the *Weekly Register* intimated (as we have seen) that suspicion of Newman's orthodoxy was at the root of the objection entertained at Rome to his residence in Oxford. Newman from the first saw that this would at least be generally supposed, and realised the evil consequences of such a supposition. If he were under a cloud, if his views were supposed to be seriously suspect, how could he work with any good effect as the champion of the Church in Oxford? Ever cautious in action, he did not finally decide to postpone any further step in the Oxford question, without first consulting Hope-Scott. His feelings are presented in two letters to Hope-Scott. The first was written on the very day on which he learnt the existence of the 'secret instruction':

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[1] See Newman's words cited in Vol. I., p. 572.

'April 6th, 1867.

'The real difficulty is this—what is the worth of my voice at Oxford if I am under a cloud? Already the Protestant periodicals have said that I am not a sound Catholic. I am told so every day. If my opponents can succeed in getting the Pope to grant an inquiry, and keep it hanging over my head for two years, it will be enough. I am for two years unauthoritative and worthless. At the end of two years I may be past work, or anyhow I go to my work with a suspicion on me which an acquittal will not wipe off. If then I take the Oxford Mission in the second week after Easter, I am simply putting my foot into it, and entangling myself with a responsibility and a controversy without any corresponding advantage. I have several weeks yet before I need determine—and various things may happen before then—but I must be prepared with my decision by May 5th, and there is not too much time to have a view on the matter.'

'April 11th, 1867.

'I assure you the letter in the *Weekly Register* was no laughing matter—the whole Catholic public has been moved. Some friends in London are moving to get up an address to me. The Paper is to make a formal apology next Saturday. It has been a most happy letting the cat out of the bag. If you were *in the controversy*, you would see that the one answer flung in my teeth is that Manning is of one religion and I of another. If such a letter as that in the *Weekly Register* was allowed to pass, I should be in a very false position at Oxford. The Bishop at first thought the secret opposition so serious that he wanted me last Christmas to postpone any measures at Oxford for six months, and it was mainly your advice to begin immediately which made me move sooner.

'Then again you don't understand the doctrinal difficulty. There is a great attempt by W. G. Ward, Dr. Murray of Maynooth, and Father Schrader, the Jesuit of Rome and Vienna, to bring in a new theory of Papal Infallibility, which would make it a mortal sin, to be visited by damnation, not to hold the Temporal Power necessary to the Papacy. No one answers them and multitudes are being carried away,—the Pope, I should fear, gives ear to them, and the consequence is there is a very extreme prejudice in the highest quarters at Rome against such as me. I cannot take Oxford unless I am allowed full liberty to be there or here, and unless I have an assurance that there are no secret instructions anywhere. Of course I write all this in order to get your opinion,—but I don't think you have a view of the facts.'

Hope-Scott was now more alive to the situation, and counselled at all events a suspension of operations as to the Oxford Oratory. The evil must be dealt with at its source. Newman informed him that Ambrose St. John and Bittleston were on their way to Rome. Hope-Scott was sanguine that Rome would be thoroughly satisfied with their explanations, and could even be got to approve of Newman's being sent to Oxford for the purpose of working there against the infidelity of the day. To any attempt to secure such approval, Newman, however, was opposed; the idea would not appeal to Rome, he thought, and anyhow he did not wish himself to ask to be sent to Oxford on any ground. But that his loyalty and orthodoxy should be fully vindicated in Rome he was most anxious, and the Oxford plan itself would be a matter for further consideration when the issue of St. John's mission on this head was known. Newman was indignant that his loyalty to the Holy See should be impeached by anyone. He welcomed Father Ignatius Ryder's forthcoming pamphlet in reply to W. G. Ward, now on the eve of publication, as a protest, backed by most weighty theological authority, against making loyalty synonymous with extreme theories which the most careful students of history and theology could not accept. Moreover, while the Pope and his *entourage*—what Newman called the political party in Rome—had given some encouragement to Ward, the best Roman theologians were known to have rejected many of his statements. Anyhow, Newman seems to have been anxious that his double protest—in England through Ryder, in Rome through Fr. Ambrose St. John—should come without further delay. His two letters of instruction to

Ambrose St. John (to which there is reference in their correspondence) I have not found; but their purport is apparent from St. John's own letters. That feeling ran high, and very high, is plain. To omit all the expressions of strong feeling would be to take the life and reality out of the correspondence. I therefore give it without material abridgment.

The first of Newman's letters which is extant is the following:

To Father A. St. John.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: April 28th, 1867.

'My dear Ambrose,—We had the letter and telegram from Marseilles. I wrote to you on Tuesday a letter to the Collegio Inglese, which must have travelled in the same boat as you. You will get it with the one I sent about a week ago.

'Also, I wish you to get me a Cameo, from 10*s*. to 1*l*., if possible, say a *brooch* for a present to one of the K.'s who is going to be married. I would rather have small and good than large.

'Also, I think it would be a considerable saving if you got a number of really good medals blessed by the Pope, as prizes for the boys instead of books. No one reads a prize book lest he should spoil it. Also if you could get some really good religious prints, to be blessed by the Pope, for the same purpose. I should say the subjects of medals and pictures should be St. Peter and St. Paul; St. Philip; Our Lady; Crucifixion; Madonna & Child, &c., &c. Also, I think you might get a number of Pagan things cheaper and more lasting than books—such as wolf-articles in *giallo* or *rosso antiquo*, &c. But in mentioning the idea I have said enough.

'I suppose Ignatius's pamphlet will be out to-morrow. Besides Bellasis saying it will make a row, Stanislas writes saying he hopes it will be delayed till after your return, and Pope wishes delay. But I think it had better come out—what harm can it do? I shall by it be making capital out of the signatures to the address. Of course you may have it thrown in your teeth, that an awful pamphlet has come out from the Birmingham Oratory with a great flourish of lies—but we don't want to get anything, and my monkey is up. If there is anything [unsound] in it, which I do not think there is, we must withdraw it. As to clamour and slander, whoever opposes the three Tailors of Tooley Street, [Manning, Ward, and Vaughan] *must* incur a great deal, must suffer,—but it is worth the suffering if we effectually oppose them. . . .

'As to Hope-Scott's notion of your trying to get me to Oxford to oppose infidelity, it won't hold; (1) because if I ask to go to Oxford for any purpose, I take up a new position—I never have asked to go there, the Bishop has asked *me;* nor have I any dealings with Propaganda, but the Bishop with it. (2) As if they cared a jot to keep Protestant Oxford from becoming infidel! As if they did not think Protestantism and Infidelity synonymous!'

To the Same.

'May 3rd, 1867.

'Your welcome letter, notifying your arrival at Rome, got here on Wednesday at noon.

'I have just had a letter from Father Perrone, so very kind that you must call on him and thank him. He says he always defends me. Also Father Cardella said Mass for me on St. Leo's day. Thank him too.

'Ignatius's Pamphlet is just out, but we do not hear anything about it yet.

'If it ever comes to this, that you can venture to speak to Barnabo on the secret instruction, you must say that people gave money to the Church on the *express condition*, as the main point, that I should reside a great deal in Oxford. Hence his precious instruction made me unwittingly collect money on false pretences. Far as it was from the intentions of the Most Eminent Prince, he co-operated in a fraud. Distil this "blande suaviterque" into his ears.

'A. B. has been here. He says I should have had an Address from the clergy, but Manning and Patterson stopped it on the plea that it would be thought at Rome to be dictating. He speaks of the clique having had two blows,—(1) my leave to found an Oxford Oratory; (2) Mr. Martin's letter. Heavy blows both. C. D. reeling under the first, went to Oakeley and blew up Propaganda. Ward writes to Dr. Ives that what they have to oppose in England, as their great mischief, is Father Newman. He has written to Monsell that there are "vital" differences between us. Is not this the Evangelical "vital religion" all over? and is he not dividing Catholics into nominal Christians and vital Christians as much as an Evangelical could do in the Church of England? A. B. says that Vaughan is sent by Ward to Rome,—he has now got back. . . . Ward says that he loves me so, that he should like to pass an eternity with me, but that whenever he sees Manning he makes him creep—(I have not his exact words)—yet that Manning has the truth and I have not. A. B. thinks that Manning will throw Ward over—that is, next time.

. . . .

'Ward has answered my present of Ignatius' pamphlet. He complains of its personalities—of its referring to the "Ideal." [His letter] is very mild and kind, and has melted Ignatius somewhat—but it says that, in spite of his personal liking for me, we must regard each other in a public point of view with "the greatest aversion"; and we belong to "different religions"! Finally he invokes an ecclesiastical decision. No decision can make us "of different religions." Is it not vital Christianity all over?'[1]

How Father St. John and Father Bittleston prospered with their task in Rome is best shown in their own letters. Their reception was cordial on all hands. The Holy Father had been apprised of their mission and its object, and had passed his all-powerful word that the greatest kindness must be shown in all that regarded Newman. The letters make it clear that the atmosphere in Rome was far more favourable to Newman than that in the extremist circles in England. Indeed, the Roman officials were evidently disposed to regard the Englishmen on both sides as quarrelsome 'cranks' who made much ado about nothing. All that was insisted on was that the Roman decrees against mixed education should be attended to, and no encouragement given to Catholics to go to Oxford. These decrees formed part of a large policy on which Rome had decided for English-speaking Catholics at the time of the foundation of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland. Indeed, this policy had been the *raison d'être* of the Catholic University at Dublin. It was being pursued throughout Christendom (as we have already seen) in primary and secondary education alike. Its object was to make sure of a thoroughly Catholic education for all the faithful in a day of indifferentism. The Church was becoming once more, as in Apostolic times, only a 'little flock,' and Catholics must make up in whole-hearted zeal and *esprit de corps* for what they lacked in numbers. Cardinal Barnabo appeared ready to take the most favourable view of all Newman's actions past and present, provided that the opposition of the Holy See to mixed education was respected; and he considerably mollified St. John by his friendly language. Newman, however, declined to share in any such gentler sentiments. Monsignor Talbot, after some meetings in which he betrayed embarrassment, became in the end wholly friendly. William Palmer, brother of Roundell Palmer (afterwards Lord Selborne), a convert and a friend of Newman, was in Rome, and helped the Oratory Fathers in various ways.

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[1] Newman adds the following postscriptum:

'May 4. The Bishop has just sent me the opening words of the Letter of the Episcopal Meeting to Propaganda. "The Bishops have strenuously laboured to give effect to the principles which they themselves have inculcated as to the perils of mixed education—and although some twelve youths from Ireland, the Colonies, or England, have entered the University from our Colleges, yet of the whole, one only of the number had been educated in the Oratory School of Birmingham,—and it is to be trusted that all of them have remained firm and strong in their faith. It is not, however, the less certain that the arguments which the late eminent Archbishop and the Bishops laid before Propaganda, Dec. 13th, 1864, continue in all their strength, and have received new force from subsequent experience." Observe (1) it almost seems, judging from this extract, as if the Bishops were not *prohibiting* Oxford,—but perhaps the "Declarations" from Rome will be published forbidding. (2) they are too fair to us in saying that only one Oxford man has been educated by us—for R. Ward has been. (3) I shall answer the Bishop saying that I suppose *now* Propaganda will not take an exceptional course with us—but will apply the "directe vel indirecte" to all the Colleges or none. (4) Dean brings a report that the Jesuits are to have a sort of "Collegium Romanum" in London. This may be intended to justify a prohibition.

'May 5th. I have answered the Bishop thus: "I trust Cardinal Barnabo will no longer think it necessary to make my case an exceptional one, and to impose on me personally an obligation which he has imposed on no other priest in England, viz. to be careful to have nothing to do directly or indirectly with preparing youths for Oxford. To avoid indirectly preparing them for Oxford I must either shut up the School or teach the boys Latin and Greek badly."'

The only substantial charge against Newman was that he had declined to explain or retract his *Rambler* article on 'Consulting the Faithful on matters of Doctrine,' which had 'given pain' to the Pope. The article had been regarded as maintaining that the 'teaching Church' had in the fifth century in some way failed in performing its functions: and such a contention was unorthodox. Against the above charge Newman's defence was quite conclusive: he had formally written to Cardinal Wiseman, who was in Rome when the charge was made, offering to explain the passages objected to if the accusation was formulated, and not left as a vague charge of 'error' without specification as to what orthodox doctrines the article had impugned. But Manning had afterwards given him a semi-official notification that no further explanation was required. It looked, on the other hand, as if the original objection to the article had been an instance of what tried Newman so much, making the vague impression produced by it on the casual reader—whose knowledge of theology, or even of English, might be imperfect—the test of its orthodoxy. These were the ways of diplomats, not of theologians. 'It created a bad impression' was the phrase current at Rome. Newman was supposed to have preferred a serious charge against the *Ecclesia Docens;* and to do so argued at least a want of loyalty to the Holy See. Serious historical studies could not be carried on if the accuracy of their conclusions was measured by such a test. Any treatment of history which made for the power of the Popes, however unscientific or false to fact it might be, created in this sense a 'good impression'; all, however undeniably true, which showed that Popes or Bishops had made mistakes, made a 'bad impression.' In such an atmosphere the most immediately effective retort to his accusers was the one chosen by Ambrose St. John, that such a highly approved historian as Baronius had recognised as historical facts certain deficiencies in the action of the members of the Teaching Church in the past. If the busy practical officials were perhaps no more familiar with Baronius than with Newman, such long-acknowledged authority as that of the great Roman Oratorian and Cardinal sufficed as a guarantee of orthodoxy.

The following letters narrate the proceedings of the Fathers in Rome from the first interview with Cardinal Barnabo on April 30, to the audience with the Holy Father on May 4:

FATHER HENRY BITTLESTON TO DR. NEWMAN.

'Hotel Minerva, Rome: April 30th, 1867.

'My dear Father,—I don't know how much Ambrose has told you of his talks with Neve, Bishop Brown, and Palmer, but having learnt that Cardinal Barnabo would be at Propaganda this morning at ten o'clock, thither he proceeded, carrying a book for Monsignor Capalti from the Nunziatura at Paris, and, before finding the Secretary, he stumbled (I am copying from Ambrose's journal) on the Cardinal himself who said, laughing: "Oh! so you are come from Newman: *e così,*

così ideato" (I could not make out his meaning) "we will talk about it this evening." "Shall we come this morning?" "No!" (The Cardinal was going to *congresso*.) "Come to-night at the Ave Maria." He seemed in good temper and laughed, and intended evidently to be very courteous. Ambrose then found Monsignor Capalti, introduced the subject of his journey to Rome by saying that he had come to explain Father Newman's real sentiments in regard to the Oxford question, and also to answer any questions that might be put to him concerning his obedience to the Holy See, &c., all of which he understood had been called in question,—that he had come for no favour, but simply to explain. "Well," he said, talking very fast the whole time and wishing to throw the *onus* of the whole matter on somebody else's shoulders, "have you seen the Cardinal?" "No! I am to see him to-night, but I thought it would be well to see you, Monsignor, and to explain matters to you." "Well then," he said, civilly enough, but thinking me a great bore, "Father Newman has not been attacked at all in his own person (*nella sua propria persona*)," and this he repeated several times, for he was very well up with the line of argument, and he knew the whole state of things, although he pretended it was not his business. "No," he said, "it is only for the sake of Catholic parents. The Holy See has had but one idea (*unica idea*) throughout, to discourage parents from sending their sons to Oxford—this it will never depart from. It wishes for a better Mission at Oxford for the sake of the Catholics there, but it does not wish to have Father Newman residing there; for this would be to give too much importance to Oxford. Let them have there a good priest to make their confessions to, but not a man like Newman—that would be to encourage them." Again and again he repeated this. He said: "the Bishop of Birmingham '*pover' uomo*' had made some *equivoco* about the terms of the concession of the Oratory foundation,—but that the Holy See had one view, and he hoped Father Newman would fall in with it, and act in the spirit of it, viz. not to allow himself to be persuaded to go and fix his residence there,—that would be giving so decided an encouragement that it could not be done." Then I tried to get in a word. "Father Newman, I can assure you, has always acted in the spirit of obedience to the Holy See in this matter. He himself does not, and has not wished to go to Oxford. I can show you exactly what his opinion is on the subject, for he has written it down for me, and I will read it to you if you like." "Well, thank you, no—thank you—shall I keep it?" "No," I said, "I would prefer letting the Cardinal Prefect to-night know Father Newman's real sentiments, but I can assure you he has not himself wished to go to Oxford, nor does he now wish it." "Then we are all agreed," said he, "and the whole thing can be settled in two words—good-bye—there is a Patriarch waiting for me—*basta*—you will see the Cardinal to-night."

'So far the journal. Ambrose said he tried, after saying *you* had no wish to go to Oxford, to put in a word for the other view, and what your friends wished, and the great work for Protestants, &c., and the scandal of stopping it, &c., &c., but he would not hear a word of it. . . .

'Ever yours affectionately in St. Philip,

HENRY BITTLESTON.'

Further particulars of the conversation are given in a letter written on the following day by Ambrose St. John himself:

'One very good thing is that Cardinal Barnabo has made a clean breast of all that can really be said here against you. He was very patient, spoke at great length, and gave me time to say all I could think of. I suppose I was an hour and a half with him. As soon as he read your letter he said: "Ah! 'vanissimae calumniae,' just so"; I said I was ready to explain, on your part, anything he had to say. Then he began: "Father Newman has good reason to complain of the treatment, but it is not my doing. He ought to have been told at once that the Sacred Congregation did not wish him to go himself to Oxford. The Bishop has made a great mistake; he ought to have told him our instructions and not have allowed him to compromise himself with the laity by collecting subscriptions when he was left in the dark as to conditions. The Holy See has had but one view all along. Since the question of the mixed colleges was raised in Ireland, the Holy See would never sanction mixed education; nor can it do so now indirectly by permitting so important a man as Newman to go to Oxford." He did not use the word "residence" throughout. . . . Father Newman had very properly suppressed his circular and sold his ground, and there the matter ought to have ended; but then he bought other ground and the Bishop gave him the Mission and this brought up the matter again; then the Holy See though maintaining always its one view had granted a conditional leave for the Oratory just that the way might be tried whether it was possible to do some good to Oxford without undoing all that had been consistently done against mixed education. So, though he was against it, a majority carried the vote for leave on condition that Father Newman did not go to live there—(so I understood him to say). In all this there had been nothing against Father Newman. I have always upheld him, he said. . . . It was the Pope himself who had insisted on the special condition being put in against Newman going to live at Oxford, as his going to Oxford would give too much weight to the position of Catholics there, and inevitably encourage Catholic students to go. This the Holy Father could not make himself a party to. In all this there was nothing personal to you. Then he went on confidentially to say in what he did think you wrong. You stuck to your own way. He gave as his authority for this the late Cardinal, and he brought up the matter of the London Oratory. He said you had then stood on your rights. You had said to him (Barnabo): "Io sono Fondatore." Here I interrupted, though he tried to go on. Your Eminence must allow me to speak. *I* was the speaker on that occasion, and I remember no such words, certainly not in the sense of implying that you had any rights over their house; you had come to Rome solely to defend your own house; we were told what Rome did for them would bind us. "Ah, well," he said, "that is over now. Faber is dead; then there was Manning's being made Archbishop, that had hurt you." "You really don't know the Father at all," I said, "if you think so." "Well," he said, "I hear things said. At Manning's consecration Father Newman just came there, but he wouldn't come to the breakfast and went away. This was very much felt by all present. This was a want of conformity to the Pope's mind." There was however one more important matter on which you had shown yourself very unyielding. It was on the matter of the *Rambler*, of which you were editor. Some passages in it had displeased the Pope greatly, and he had insisted on their being explained. He had written to Dr. Ullathorne and he had answered that he had called on you and found you ill in bed; that he could not get more out of you than that you would give up the *Rambler*, which you had immediately done, giving it into the hands of "that *Birbonaccio* Acton, who, by the bye, is here!" but though you were told to write an explanation you had not done so. Then I said: This I was sure was untrue, whoever said it. You had to my certain knowledge, for I had been always at your side, never been asked authoritatively to explain any special passage, that you had expressed your readiness if required to withdraw or explain anything that might be objected to; but I was sure you could give his Eminence proofs of what you had done if you were asked; and that I would write to you about it. I said I was sure on my conscience these things would never be said of you by anyone who knew you. Then he spoke again very angrily of the Bishop, saying that this was another instance of his misinstructing them; and that we would see him in Rome in June and talk to him on the subject. He seemed pleased by what I said on the subject. I spoke warmly, and said it was a pity the Bishop had been afraid to speak out to you, that you were not to be feared in such a matter, &c. He then said: "Now, pray tell Father Newman that in all this matter about Oxford he has not lost the smallest fraction of the estimation in which he is held in Rome." I thanked him warmly for this, for he spoke with much feeling. Then I said: "Your Eminence's frankness and kindness in what you have just said, makes me desire that you should know his real sentiments on the Oxford matter. He has never been urgent for it, but has always pointed out the difficulties to parents. It is true he thinks, and others think more than himself, that Oxford would be a very great field for meeting the great difficulties of the day; you cannot imagine, I said, how much his opinion is valued in England. In Oxford all could come to hear him. It presents such a field." Then I told him the state of parties in Oxford; how much you were valued and the conversions that might be expected. "Ah," he said, "Father Newman must write and work in Birmingham. If he cannot gain a hundredfold, he must be content to gain thirty fold,—he may do a great deal yet." Then I spoke of our school, said it had been founded expressly to feed the Catholic University in Ireland. "Ah," he said, "we ought to have a Catholic University in England." Upon this I read in Italian the passage you sent me from your letter of your opinions concerning Oxford Education. That a Catholic University was the true education, but necessity had no laws. He said he quite agreed with that. I asked "should I read him your whole sentiments." "Not now," he said, "but if you wish prepare a memorial and it shall be considered when we meet to speak together on the Bishops' memorial." Then he spoke of scandal given by Catholics at Oxford. Talbot had told him. Why didn't I go to Talbot? Didn't I know him? Then I flared up: "How can I go to him; he has said most monstrous things about Father

Newman. He said he subscribed to Garibaldi." "Oh! come, not that," he said, "you had better go and see him and talk with him. Well, you must see the Pope. Come to-morrow and I will give you a letter to Pacca for an audience." So for that we wait, and I do not know what more we have to do. I have told Palmer and Neve, and they both think good has been done. I wonder whether you will think so. I have done my best, dear Father. I wish it was in better hands. Good-bye. All well, I will write again soon.

'Yours affectionately,

A. St. John.'

Father Ambrose St. John to Dr. Newman.

'Rome, Albergo della Minerva: May 2nd, 1867.

'Dearest Father,—Buona Festa on this your day to you. I said Mass for you in St. Philip's room at St. Girolamo this morning. . . .

'I have been with Palmer all the morning, who, good fellow, has been employed on the Bishop's notes which I borrowed from Neve, making out a paper which I am to send you and which he strongly advises me to leave with Barnabo and bring home with me to show the Bishop. He says it will never do in after times to let the Cardinal whitewash you at the expense of the Bishop. Whatever faults the Bishop may have committed, he has been your friend, and it won't do to leave him in the lurch. . . . We have not yet received our time for an audience with the Pope, but I expect the audience this week. Talbot is entirely (so Neve says) Manning's tool, and hears from him three times a week everything great and small. He is *not* all powerful with the Pope, and the Pope snubs him. The Pope declares he won't have you dealt with, with anything but the greatest *carità*, and I believe really the Italian Prelates in authority, as Cardinal Barnabo, Cardinal de Luca, and others, are not at all to be counted with the English Manning faction. Dr. Reisach also is said to be moved towards you. Nardi is a humbug,—praises you and blames you according to his company. Father Smith is your most powerful enemy,—says everything you write is satirical, &c. He or Talbot sent your Sermon[1] to the Index. The English "readers," as they are called, examined it, and Father Modena, the chief, declared there was nothing whatever in it that could be objected to, upon which Talbot said: "I told you so," and Smith cried out: "Well, but it is a satire on his own Bishop from beginning to end," on which Palmer told the said Smith: "Either Dr. Newman then must be an ass to satirize his Bishop who has nothing to do with the Temporal Power, or the man that says so is an ass. Now nobody says Newman is an ass; ergo, he who says Newman satirizes his Bishop is an ass." Smith became more cautious on this. He is a great big, mouthing, good-natured (so they say) Irishman who blusters about, a popular lecturer in Theology at Propaganda, and who sees a great many English whom he takes to the Catacombs. This is what I gather from Neve and Palmer.

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[1] The Sermon on the 'Pope and the Revolution,' preached in response to a Pastoral by Bishop Ullathorne on the trials of Pius IX.

'Palmer says that he has no doubt that, whilst the Pope and Barnabo only want to carry out their *unica questione* how to prevent a system of mixed education gradually getting a footing in England, the English party, of which Ward is the brains, are determined to prevent *your* going to Oxford on Theological grounds. Ward told Palmer himself that he should oppose it with all his might, for it would give you influence and enable you to propagate your views. The two parties are quite distinct. Neve said he thought Father Ryder's pamphlet would be hailed by Roman Theologians, who are by no means Wardites. He likes the pamphlet very much. I told him to keep it very quiet. Only fancy, Talbot came to him and said, spluttering out as he does: "So Neve they tell me you are a Newmanite," upon which Neve gave him a good jobation. . . . I think the Italians think us all—Manning, Talbot, you, Ward, &c.,—a lot of queer, quarrelsome Inglesi, and just now the Pope thinks his Sejanus (this is Palmer's profanity) has had his own way too much. Well, we shall see. I told you Barnabo said to me: "I am sure Newman is really 'un sant' uomo,' "—he listened with great interest to what I told him of your influence in England. Well, I shall know more when I have seen the Pope. Ever yours affectionately,

AMBROSE ST. JOHN.'

'Father Perrone was most warm to me,' St. John writes on May 3. 'I met him at the Sapienza where Monsignor Nardi took me. He said he had written to you and he told me he was your warm friend. "So tutto tutto, e ne parleremo." He is a consultor of Propaganda and has a vote. I called on Reisach and am to see him to-morrow. I am now going to Talbot, who cut me this morning at the *Collegio Inglese*.

However I shall go and call, for Barnabo told me to do so. The principal matter now is the article in the *Rambler* years ago.

FATHER H. BITTLESTON TO DR. NEWMAN.

'May 3rd, 1867.

'We had caught sight of Talbot at St. Peter's one day; he was sitting down talking with A. B. and we got out of his way. On Friday morning we were just standing at Neve's door, on the point of going in, when Talbot came by. We bowed and he bowed and passed on into Neve's room and kept us waiting no end of time. In the afternoon we called. He came up to us, shook hands as if wishing to be friendly, said how time altered people, and there was some little pleasantry about growing fat, as if to excuse himself, I thought, for not having taken notice of Father Ambrose in the morning at Neve's. Ambrose broke in by saying he came by desire of Cardinal Barnabo, to give to Monsignor Talbot any information he wished touching Father Newman's conduct in the Oxford matter, &c. Then Talbot said he would give a history of the whole affair—condemned Manning, yet said there were some things against Newman. The Holy See was always against youths going to Oxford. The Pope *proprio motu* wished everything to be done to dissuade parents. About three years ago, there were two youths here who wished to have an audience of the Holy Father, which Talbot procured for them. The Holy Father asked them what they were going to do; when they said they were going to Oxford, he jumped up and said vehemently: "I entirely disapprove of it. . . . The Bishops of England, in obedience to the Holy See, admonished the clergy to dissuade parents, &c.,—still Father Newman went on at Edgbaston preparing boys for Oxford—he referred to Towneley and another, and besides he had seen a letter to a lady here from one of the Professors, which said that Newman made no difficulty of boys going to Oxford and that it was his work to prepare for it." . . . Ambrose said that our school was commenced to feed the Catholic University of Dublin—that there was no *special* preparation for Oxford—and that they went from other schools as much as from ours. . . .

'He spoke of the *Rambler*. The article "On consulting the faithful" had been delated by the Bishop of Newport, for heresy. The passage he complained of was (he was quoting from memory) "that for sixty years, the *Ecclesia docens* was in suspension, and the faith was preserved by *consensus fidelium*."

Talbot said, speaking for himself, that "the passage, as it stood, was no doubt heretical." Still, out of consideration for Newman the Holy See would not condemn it, or call on him for an explanation. He did not know exactly what had been done, but he saw a letter of Father Newman to the Bishop of Birmingham in which he said that he hoped at any rate they would not send for him to Rome. So out of mercy (and I think Talbot said he had himself pleaded for him) the matter was dropped—only Newman knew from his Bishop that they wanted an explanation or retractation of that passage. Consequently he was under a cloud, and he felt it himself; for for three years he had not opened his mouth until he was called out by the "Apologia." Ambrose said warmly and more than once, it was a very cruel kindness. The Father felt keenly any impeachment of his faith—to touch him in that point was to touch the apple of his eye—but it would never hurt him in the least if he was told plainly if any exception was taken to his expressions or statements, and was always ready in obedience to competent authority to retract or explain, &c., &c.'

Father Ambrose St. John to Dr. Newman.

'Rome: May 4th, 1867.

'Dearest Father,—Well, we have had our audience with the Pope, and it has passed off very well and pleasantly indeed. The Holy Father was not at all cold or angry, quite the contrary. He began by saying with a very kind smile: "Well, so you are come from Father Newman as my dear sons. I do not in the least doubt Father Newman's obedience, but now in this matter of mixed education my mind is made up not to give it any encouragement, so I have always said as to improving the Mission at Oxford, . . . that I greatly desire, but I cannot encourage anything which would lead Catholics to go there. Years ago when a certain Signor Corbally (I think) wished to get my approbation for the Cork Colleges, I refused, and I have not changed." Then I began: "Holy Father, no one more than Father Newman has spoken of the dangers surrounding a young man going to Oxford, and he has always himself been loth to go there, as he knew his name would attract Catholic students there, but Father Newman is a man of great charity to whom many persons apply, fathers of families and others, and he was greatly desirous to assist those poor souls who might find themselves (by their fathers' doing, not theirs) at Oxford, because circumstances are such in England that there being no Catholic University parents are driven into a great difficulty for the education of their sons—there are dangers everywhere, and it was to meet those dangers Father Newman at last consented to go to take the mission." "Yes," he said, "the Bishops are meeting about it, and then we shall decide." Then or before, I forget which, he spoke of those who were not Catholics *di cuore*, and I am sorry to say he mentioned Acton (*che sta adesso in Londra*,—he meant *Roma*) as a type of those people. He called him no names like Barnabo, but he coupled him with those Signori di Torino, who were bringing in a semi-Catholicism. I forget what name he used. He looked upon mixed education as a part of that. Then he turned the subject, asked how many we were. I answered, nine, novices included. . . . "How old are you? you are Father St. John are you not? I know you well, but you are grown a *vecchione*, lost your freshness, how old are you? How long an Oratorian? Ah! you must increase your numbers." . . . Then I reminded him of *Santa Croce* and of his coming into our refectory, &c. He evidently warmed towards us. Then I spoke of Father A. B. and of the Government having given a salary. "How much, 100*l*.?" "No, 50*l*." "Ah, that is half." Then he made some joke about the other half which I did not catch. Then we took our leave. As I knelt I said: "Holy Father, you must give your Benediction to Father Newman." "Oh yes," he said, "I give it with all my heart, and to all of you" . . . Then we went.

'Something else I brought in. When I began to speak about your having been so pained by the reports sent from Rome, he answered you were not to mind, that it was enough for you to know that he, the Pope, knew you were *tutto ubbediente*. I am sure he avoided details purposely. He never mentioned the *Rambler* or Manning, or anyone except Acton, and he evidently to my mind brought him in as hoping you would not connect yourself with him. . . .

'I brought in here that we had a school founded expressly to prepare young men for the Dublin University, but Englishmen would not go to Dublin. "Ah," he said, "there is always that racial *antipatia*, but we must think when the Bishops have met what can be done." This is all I recollect of the conversation.

'Talbot came up to us whilst waiting [before our audience] with all appearance of a great desire to be friendly. He said: "I could be of the greatest service to you if Father Newman would let me. Would I come to him? or better, let him come to me and have some long talks with him?" I said I was at his service for any information he might require as consultor of Propaganda. I throughout spoke to him as in his official capacity and I then in that capacity told him how all the coldness he complained of your showing authorities at Rome, and himself in particular, had arisen from the unwarrantable things which had been said against you; that people would not understand that you had always consistently held that there was to be *in dubiis libertas*. Then he brought out, (this was after the audience when he took us to his room) the *Rambler* with the Article and read with some hesitation some passages. They seemed to him, I think, not so strong as he expected. He has evidently never thought of them himself. I said, Father Newman was writing history and showing, however strong the historical difficulties were, the Faith was always in the Church. "I am not however here," I said, "to defend Father Newman's faith, that he must do himself; but I know he thought he was only saying what Baronius had said." I said, "I am confident Baronius has said as much." "Well, Baronius," he admitted, (knowing nothing about it evidently) "has said some very strong things doubtless." Altogether he looked puzzled, and repeated his wish for a long talk. Then I said, rising to go: "Monsignor, as long as you say Father Newman is a heretic, there must be a line between us." Then he answered in a deprecatory manner: "Oh, no, I never said that; there is a great difference between stating an heretical proposition and being a heretic." "Well, but you said he was called upon to retract and would not." "No, not that, I only heard the other day what I said yesterday, that Father Newman had been written to." Here I ought to have come down upon and clenched him with: "Why did you say it then? Charity thinketh no evil," but I was softened by his manner and let him make an engagement to come to my room. When he comes I won't let him off, you may trust me, but I am such a bad hand at clenching anything. I gain my point and don't know how to use it. I hope you will not think me unduly courteous. I have said stronger things to him than I ever said to anyone, and he bears it all, quite amicably. He said: "I am sure a great deal of good will come out of this. I wish to be a good friend; no one was more so when we were at Rome together, but Father Newman has seemed of late to speak as if one religion was for the

English and another for Catholics on the Continent." "How can you say so?" said Henry; "the Father says he accepts everything in the *Raccolta*." Then I said: "Were you, Monsignor, when you became a Catholic, ready to say all that is said in Grignon de Montfort's book? And for Popery proper, who has spread it as much as I have with the *Raccolta*. They are reprinting the 5th thousand and as many have been sold in America." He seemed in all this like a man whose eyes were beginning to open. Mind I am not trusting him. I know he is under Manning's thumb. But, if appearances go for anything, he is clumsily repenting. Henry is sanguine we have done a great deal, not speaking of Talbot but generally, with the Pope and Barnabo. I don't know what I think. Everybody I have seen speaks of you most kindly.

'*Nine o'clock.*

'Your letter just come. Well, I suppose you will, with your monkey up, be angry with us for talking to Talbot at all. But what can we do? We must go on when we are in a groove. It has all followed inevitably from going to Barnabo. Pray for us hard that we may make no mistakes.

'Ever yours affectionately,
A. St. John.'

Newman, immediately on receipt of Ambrose St. John's information that the *Rambler* article had been the main cause of suspicion in Rome, forwarded to him the text of his letter to Cardinal Wiseman written in 1860, in which he had offered to make all necessary explanations. He forwarded at the same time the documents relating to the separation between the two Oratories.

He was not dissatisfied with the course of events as described by his friends, but remained, however, far from sharing Father St. John's benevolent impressions as to Cardinal Barnabo's supposed amiable dispositions in regard to himself.

He wrote as follows to Father Ambrose:

'May 7th, 1867.

'I think you have managed very well. I am quite prepared for the Roman people thinking my going to Oxford will encourage mixed education, and the Manning-Ward party thinking it will give me an open door for my theology.

'It seems to me that our going to Oxford is quite at an end.

'I send a copy of the letter which I sent to Cardinal Wiseman, (at the Bishop's suggestion,) about the *Rambler*—and which *the Cardinal never answered.* At the end of six months Manning said to me in conversation: "By the bye, that matter of the *Rambler* is settled"—or he wrote me a line to that effect. I have nothing more to say about it.

'As to Father Faber, I cautiously abstained from claiming any power over the London House when I went to Rome with you. *Barnabo* introduced the subject of the "Deputato" and puzzled us. If I find any notes of the subject I will send them.'

.'Wednesday night, May 8th, 1867.

'I am *not a bit* softened about Barnabo. He has not at all explained the "blanda et suavis revocatio" which was to be *concealed* from me *till* I attempted to go to Oxford—*not at all.* And to plead the Bishop's cause before him is an indignity both *in* you and *to* the Bishop. But I don't see how it can be helped,—I have allowed your defence of the Bishop and do allow it. There is nothing else that *can* be done, Neve and Palmer wishing it, but the judge is the culprit.

'I doubt not Barnabo and Capalti call you and me "pover' uomo" behind our backs, as they do the Bishop. The idea of a Diocesan Bishop having toiled . . . as he has, to be so treated! As for me, I am not a Bishop, and I have not aimed at pleasing them except as a duty to God, —at least for many years.

'As I am writing I recapitulate the *Rambler* affair. I won't write a *defence* of the passage in the *Rambler* till I know more clearly what I am accused of, either in Catholic doctrine injured, or sentences and phrases used by me. But *you* can write to Barnabo the *facts*—viz. that the Bishop told me that Barnabo was hurt at the passage, and (I *suppose* getting it translated!) showed it the Pope and said to the Bishop that the *Pope* too was hurt, but that *neither you nor I at the time could make out with what.* That at the Bishop's wish I wrote to Cardinal Wiseman, *then in Rome*, the letter I sent you yesterday, to say that I would make any statement *they wished* and explain my passage *according* to it, if they would but tell me what they wanted—that both the Bishop and I expected an answer to that letter, that no answer ever came; that, at the end of six months or so, Manning said or wrote to me to say: "By the bye that matter of the *Rambler* is all at an end,"—which I thought, and think now, came from Cardinal Wiseman and was meant to convey to me that I need do no more in the matter. I think I have said all this yesterday, but as I wrote quickly to save the post, lest I should have omitted anything, I repeat it here. Don't offer for me that I *now* will make explanations, *unless* they wish to revive an old matter.'[1]

Dr. Ullathorne at Newman's request wrote an account of the interview with Cardinal Barnabo at which the Cardinal had communicated to him the original charges against the article by Bishop Brown, and of the events which followed. This document, which was also sent to St. John, ran as follows:

'Birmingham: May 9, 1867.

'Cardinal Barnabo asked me if I would do nothing to help them through their difficulty. I asked what he wished me to do? He said, that he wished me to bring the matter home to you. He produced the Bishop's [Dr. Brown's] letters, addressed in English to the Secretary, Monsignor Badini. I asked for the passages. He exhibited them marked in pencil; and pointing to them with his pen he said: "Ce n'est pas Sanscrit," whereby I understood him to mean that he perfectly understood the passages he was talking about; he added—"Le Pape est beaucoup peiné." I then at his earnest request undertook to bring the matter before your attention.

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[1] The letter to Cardinal Wiseman which Newman enclosed ran as follows:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: January 19th, 1860.

'My dear Lord Cardinal,—Our Bishop tells me that my name has been mentioned at Rome in connection with an article in the *Rambler*, which has by an English Bishop been formerly brought before Propaganda as containing unsound doctrine. And our Bishop says that your Eminence has spoken so kindly about me as to encourage me to write to you on the subject.

'I have not yet been asked from Propaganda whether I am the author of the article, or otherwise responsible for it; and, though I am ready to answer the question when it is put to me I do not consider it a duty to volunteer the information till your Eminence advises it.

'However, I am ready, with the question being asked of me, to explain the article as if it were mine.

'I will request then of your Eminence's kindness three things :—

'1. The passages of the article on which the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda desires an explanation.

'2. A copy of the translations in which his Eminence has read them.

'3. The dogmatic propositions which they have been represented as infringing or otherwise impairing.

'If your Eminence does this for me, I will engage, with the blessing of God, in the course of a month from the receipt of the information :

'1. To accept and profess *ex animo* in their fulness and integrity the dogmatic propositions implicated.

'2. To explain the animus and argument of the writer of the article in strict accordance with those propositions.

'3. To show that the English text and context of the article itself are absolutely consistent with them. . . .

'Kissing your sacred purple, I am, my dear Lord Cardinal,
'Your faithful & affectionate servant in Christ,
'JOHN H. NEWMAN
of the Oratory.'

'Cardinal Wiseman was then at the English College at Rome. I told him all that had passed, and spoke to him gravely about the annoyances to which from time to time you had been subjected. . . . Also [I went] into the question about your treatment in the question of the Bible translation, &c. At last the Cardinal burst into tears, and said "Tell Newman I will do anything I can for him."

'So soon as I returned to Birmingham I wrote to you and asked you if you could call on me, as I had a communication for you from Propaganda of some gravity. Father St. John came in your stead, and told me you were ill in bed. I communicated the case to him, and no sooner had you heard it than you got out of bed and came up to me in a cab. You proposed, as I had repeated to Father St. John what Cardinal Wiseman had said of his readiness to serve you, that you would write to him, and put your readiness to comply with the requirements of Propaganda into his hands. You asked if this course would satisfy me. I said, perfectly. I then wrote to Cardinal Barnabo, and mentioned all that had passed, describing how you had got out of your sick bed and come up to me as soon as you heard the case and commission with which I was charged.

'It is not correct that Cardinal Barnabo wrote to me. But it is correct that I wrote to him and mentioned every detail of your conduct above stated. And I concluded with the statement that the case had now passed into the hands of Cardinal Wiseman, who would represent you, I presumed, with Propaganda after he had received your letter.'

That the Wiseman and Ullathorne letters and the documents relating to the process concerning Father Faber and the London Oratory at once produced the best effect, both in reassuring Newman's friends as to the strength of his position and in propitiating the Roman authorities themselves, is clear from the following letters:

FATHER HENRY BITTLESTON TO DR. NEWMAN.

'Rome: May 11th, 1867.

'My dear Father,—Your telegram came last night at bed time. This morning your letter enclosing important documents.

'How very strange that neither Ambrose nor I should have remembered your letter to the late Cardinal (Wiseman). Palmer's document, which Ambrose asked in the telegram, he has ready in Italian, and he is now putting your letter to Cardinal Wiseman, and also the "supplica" into Italian, and intends taking them to Cardinal Barnabo this evening at the Ave, the best time to see him. We must finish all our business, and all our sight seeing very soon if we are to be home for St. Philip's Day. . . . On the other hand Neve (and I think Sir John Acton) have said that we ought not to go without getting a decision—and Palmer thinks certainly it would be much better not to go without entirely disabusing the mind (or minds) of Propaganda, as to your orthodoxy, and *obtaining a statement of authority*, to be published, clearing you after they have passed the Essay assailed, either with or without an explanation from you.

'Father Ambrose is also preparing a "supplica" embodying your proposition about the school. . . .

'Ambrose says there is only just time to catch the post.

'HENRY BITTLESTON.

'P.S.—We both think your letter to the Cardinal (Wiseman) a complete success—in fact, a stunner.'

THE SAME TO DR. NEWMAN.

'Rome: May 12th, 1867.

'Last night [Ambrose] took the three documents to Cardinal Barnabo, who was very kind and friendly. Ambrose is beginning to be almost won by him. He knows that he has treated you badly in some things, but he thinks he has been abused and that he is white in comparison of some who ought to know better. Your letter to the late Cardinal Wiseman quite thunderstruck him. "Why," he said, "Cardinal Wiseman was in Propaganda, and we never heard of this." He said it quite cleared you (morally, I suppose), but for Cardinal Wiseman he seemed not to know what to say; all he could say was: "Well, he is dead now,—*requiescat in pace*." He said Ambrose must take it to the Pope. He must go and show it to Monsignor Talbot and get another audience. He seemed equally flabbergasted by your statement on the Faber matter, and his having called you "Deputato Apostolico," &c., but Ambrose must give you a more full account of the interview. Ambrose left with his Eminence the three papers (Palmer's statement, your letter to Cardinal Wiseman, the document with the three propositions about our school). This morning he went to Cardinal de Luca, from whom I think he got nothing new,—and to Monsignor Talbot who confessed to having seen the letter to the late Cardinal Wiseman, and who was against taking it to the Pope. Of course, he said, he would show it to His Holiness if he wished, but he would not advise it. He said that the Pope had forgotten all about it. This must do till to-morrow. Ambrose is gone to dine with Monsignor Nardi, a bore which he could not escape.'

It transpired, however, soon afterwards that the accusations against the *Rambler* article had been put in definite theological form by no less eminent a person than Franzelin, the great Jesuit theologian, afterwards a Cardinal, in a lecture at the Roman College. Father Bittleston urged the importance of a reply.

'It seems to us,' he wrote, 'that the only thing to do and that very important, is for you to be preparing an explanation of those passages in the *Rambler* article, and I think it might be very useful to give an historical account of your connection with the *Rambler*. We both think that our coming here has been of the greatest use in bringing out this rankling sore. I don't think you would have any difficulty in explaining quite satisfactorily, and we really think there is no unwillingness on the part of authorities to be satisfied. Perhaps we can hear what Father Perrone thinks.'

Perrone, whom Father Ambrose consulted, held that Newman should take occasion, in writing of something else, to explain fully the passages to which exception had been taken. He added that he was prepared to say to objectors that he guaranteed the soundness of Newman's doctrine on the matter in question. Newman adopted his suggestion, and answered Franzelin's points one by one in his next edition of the 'Arians.'

Father Cardella, so Father St. John now discovered, had already replied to Franzelin, and strongly upheld the orthodoxy of the incriminated passages. Father Perrone spoke of them with more reserve, as admitting a true sense and a false. There was every disposition to be satisfied with any explanation which Newman might give, and in fact no more was heard of the matter, so far as I can learn, after this year.

Cardinal de Luca was especially warm in his language concerning Newman. He urged that on the Oxford question Newman must come to an understanding with Manning, as the Holy See could not oppose the Archbishop and the English episcopate. And now Monsignor Talbot came forward and expressed an earnest wish to resume friendly relations with Newman.

FATHER ST. JOHN TO DR. NEWMAN.

'Albergo della Minerva, Rome: May 16th, 1867.

'. . . Here is a turn up. At half past seven o'clock last night down comes Monsignor Talbot. He seemed very nervous. Asked for a private interview,—would not have anybody with me. He was hard upon two hours in my room, it is impossible to remember all that passed. But the upshot was he was excessively sorry for the estrangement,—he desired your friendship very much,—could be of the greatest service to you in letting you know how things were felt at Rome. He had shown his friendship in the Achilli matter. He had kept the witnesses at his own expense, got the Pope to do things he had never done before, &c. He had had nothing to do with the Faber row. Nor with the Cardinal's treatment of you in the first Oxford circular matter, nor with Dr. Brown's accusation of your doctrine in the first instance. "What had he done?" When he found you were under a cloud he had come out of his way to find you—he had asked you to come and preach in the best intentions. You had written the coldest letter in reply. Could nothing be done to set matters right, &c. "Monsignor," I said, "you have been frank with me, and I will be frank with you. You said he had preached a sermon in favour of Garibaldi; nay, had even subscribed to Garibaldi (this last he emphatically denied) and there were various other hostile sayings of yours reported in England. Father Newman thought that it was taking a liberty with him to say: 'Come and whitewash yourself by preaching.' How did he know but he would (with this cloud which, as you say, was hanging over his head) do himself more harm than good. Besides (I said), you ought not to have asked him. See (I said) what I find when I come here now; everybody lays the information of Martin's letter to you." "It is a great shame," he said; "I never saw the man for a year,—I don't like him. I never saw him but twice in my life." "Well, but," I said, "he got his information from Propaganda, and knew what we in England did not know." "Well, he (Talbot) knew nothing of this, but people laid everything to him." "Well, then," I said, "you told a person of high consideration in Rome you were sorry he was a Newmanite." This was taking a line giving effect to what he had said to me about Father Newman's doctrine. "Well," he said, "Dr. Brown had only just now again attacked your doctrine in the old *Rambler*, and do you know what Doctor Brown says of Newman's treatment of him?" "Well, no, but of late he (Brown) has acted like a friend." Talbot then said there were always parties; he had only meant that he had not agreed with you in your late way of going on; I forget exactly what he said. He spoke against Manning's sermons, said he had said many queer things, it was not only you who had stated one wrong proposition, &c. Then he asked in a very friendly way if you would come to Rome next year and preach, you would do so much good. Why, even Manning had done a great deal. I said you had an illness which gave me little hope of your being able to come. He said he had felt so much your being treated so badly by Dr. Cullen about the Bishopric. . . . Then he said, (now don't laugh, Father): "Did I think you would let yourself be made a Protonotary Apostolic,—you would have nothing to do but wear purple if you came to Rome?" "Well," I said, "Father Newman would accept whatever came from the Holy See with the greatest respect, but I really cannot say what he would do now." Then he asked me with hesitation to dine with him. As you will see, I weakly accepted at first, and Henry acquiesced. Then this morning we talked with Palmer, and after he went I wrote the enclosed letter [declining to dine with him]. Palmer wanted us to go under a protest. I thought that a half measure. This is all. Oh! I am so tired of writing and jabbering. I hope I have made no mistake.'

On receiving this letter Dr. Newman wrote as follows to Monsignor Talbot:

'St. Philip's Day, 1867 (May 26th).

'Dear Monsignor Talbot,—I have received with much satisfaction the report which Father St. John has given me of your conversations with him.

'I know you have a good heart; and I know you did me good service in the Achilli matter,—and you got me a relic of St. Athanasius from Venice, which I account a great treasure; and for these reasons I have been the more bewildered at your having of late years taken so strong a part against me, without (I may say) any real ground whatever; or rather, I *should* have been bewildered were it not that, for now as many as thirty-four years, it has been my lot to be misrepresented and opposed without any intermission by one set of persons or another. Certainly, I have desiderated in you, as in many others, that charity which thinketh no evil, and have looked in vain for that considerateness and sympathy which is due to a man who has passed his life in attempting to subserve the cause and interests of religion, and who, for the very reason that he has written so much, must, from the frailty of our common nature, have said things which had better not have been said, or left out complements and explanations of what he *has* said, which had better have been added.

'I am now an old man, perhaps within a few years of my death, and you can now neither do me good nor harm. I have never been otherwise than well-disposed towards you. When you first entered the Holy Father's immediate service, I used to say Mass for you the first day of every month, that you might be prospered at your important post; and now I shall say Mass for you seven times, beginning with this week, when we are keeping the Feast of St. Philip, begging him at the same time to gain for you a more equitable judgment of us and a kinder feeling towards us on the part of our friends, than we have of late years experienced.

'I am, dear Monsignor Talbot,
Yours very sincerely in Christ,
JOHN H. NEWMAN
of the Oratory.'

Monsignor Talbot's reply ran as follows:

'My dear Father Newman,—Many thanks for your kind letter, dated on the Feast of St. Philip. Many thanks also for your promise to say seven Masses for me, as in my delicate position near the sacred person of the Holy Father, I need as many prayers as I can get.

'I hope that now we may resume a correspondence which has been intermitted for so long a period of time.

'Nevertheless, I must say that you have been misinformed if you have been told that I have "of late years taken so strong a part against you without any real ground whatever."

'I do not know who may have been your informants, but there are certain mischief-makers in the world, whose chief occupation seems to be to make feuds amongst friends, by reporting to one what the other may have said of him.

'I do not deny that certain expressions in your later writings have not pleased me, and that I could not approve of certain acts of yours which had the appearance of being opposed to the wishes of the Holy See.

'Besides, a certain school in England have done you much harm by making many believe that you sympathized with their detestable views. You have also been more injured by your friends than your enemies. When I was in England three years ago, I heard some of them quoting your name in opposition to the Authority of the Holy See. I remarked that there was a party forming of what are called "Liberal Catholics," who wished to place you at their head, in preference of professing a filial devotion to the Vicar of Christ, and a due veneration for the Chair of St. Peter.

'There is a saying: "God defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies."

'Such is your case. For twenty years I was your warm admirer and defender, and should be delighted to be so still, but when I found that there was a dangerous party rising in England, who quoted your name, I was obliged to modify my views, and stand up for Ecclesiastical Authority in preference of worshipping great intellectual gifts.

'As for yourself personally, my love and affection has never varied. I may have lately criticised some of your public acts, as I have done those of many others of my friends, but this is no reason why any coldness should exist between priests who are all working for the same great end, the greater glory of God, and salvation of souls.

'Believe me,
Sincerely yours in Christ,
GEO. TALBOT.'

Ambrose St. John, before leaving Rome, wrote a last word about the *Rambler* article, and described his farewell interviews with Cardinals Barnabo and Reisach.

FATHER AMBROSE ST. JOHN TO DR. NEWMAN.

'May, 1867.

'Dearest Father,—Your letter of the 7th is just come, and also your telegram No. 2.

'I have *persisted* about the *Rambler*,—because our friends (Palmer especially) say it must be the result of our coming to Rome,—that they have quite given up your disobedience (the Pope saying "Newman has been 'tutto ubbediente'") so now they must give up your heterodoxy. Here you have Franzelin's article. What you eventually do about this cannot be determined while we are here. Your most happy letter to the Cardinal enables me to say positively that "so far from appealing *ad misericordiam* (as Talbot said to me), you courted examination." To my amazement yesterday Talbot told me coolly, he had seen *the letter;* yet he forgot or ignored *that*, and has declared to me: "Poor Newman, when he was asked for an explanation only begged off being called to Rome"; it was quite consistent with this that he should advise me not to show your letter to Cardinal Wiseman to the Pope. Perrone and Cardella say: "show it." Palmer says: "show it"; so I am going to Barnabo, (who as Henry told you also said "show it") to ask for a letter for an audience. De Luca, to whom I showed it, was cautious as he is the Head of the Index, said I must get the passages of the *Rambler* which were marked and their translation into Italian. He was very friendly but more cautious than on the first meeting. Barnabo was very warm, downright hearty, said he loved you; that you were a saint, saints were persecuted, like Palotti, people made use of your name, and pretended to have your protection—this was because you had such a charitable heart. Poor old man, he is really a very good-hearted man. He said to me: "I know both men,—Manning and Newman. I know Manning best, but I love Newman." He did not say, but the contrast led me to think he liked your unassuming way in keeping to yourself and doing your work. I know this is rather in contradiction with what he said on our first meeting, but you must recollect he has only heard one side before. I asked as it has chanced apropos of your to-day's letter, I suppose nothing said about Father Newman's too great influence at Oxford affects the Oratory at Oxford. No, he said, *the leave is granted* for the Oratory. Only Father Newman is not to *change his residence;* if he went for a month this or that time it would not be making his residence there of course. He spoke this cautiously, but I can answer for his words; and I am sure with you we must on no account give up what we have got. I presented the "supplica" with the three propositions and left it with him, and the memorial about the Bishop. I said I hoped he would not treat our school exceptionally. How could I think so? Of course not. I said we had felt as if it had been treated as dangerous. He would not allow this. . . . The truth is those who have the gift of the gab (just as now) get their way for a time. I have gabbed now so much with everybody that I am getting confused. The general impression of friends is that I have gabbed to some effect for the present. I called on Cardinal Reisach to-day—very bland and courteous—apologized for not calling on you—talked of Oxford, said it was different from German Universities where men lived in Catholic families, e.g. Bonn. He wanted a high school of studies as they have at Stonyhurst. He is no good to us, and I left him gladly; but we must be on good terms with him—he spoke highly of you. I dined with Nardi yesterday and talked a great deal very freely. He blames the Civiltà [1] for puffing Manning. I hope we shall get off by Monday, next,—this day week. . . .

'A. St. John.'

It now became clear that all was gained that could be hoped for from the visit to Rome. The disposition to speak well of Newman was universal. It was desirable that a full statement in writing should be handed in to Propaganda on the Oxford question. It would be well also if Newman took some opportunity of explaining the *Rambler* article. It was quite certain that the explanation would be received as satisfactory. A full statement on the Oxford episode was drawn up by Mr. Palmer and handed in on May 16.[1] The *Rambler* matter had of course to wait until Newman found or made his own opportunity for an explanation; and St. John and his companion were therefore free to depart. They reached the Oratory in time for St. Philip's feast on May 26.

Newman, after talking things over with Ambrose St. John, soon came to the conclusion that he must be satisfied with completely clearing his reputation for orthodoxy in Rome. His own reply to Franzelin's strictures on the *Rambler* article must be careful and thorough. As to the Oxford scheme, his original impression, formed after the appearance of Mr. Martin's letter, returned—that it must be dropped; but this step was not finally resolved upon until August, much correspondence taking place with Hope-Scott in the interval. This view was clearly the Bishop's. Bishop Ullathorne discussed the matter fully with Propaganda in the course of a visit to

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[1] The text of Mr. Palmer's statement is given at p. 549.

Rome in June. Newman saw him for the first time after his return on August 1, and learned that in Rome they considered the Oxford matter at an end. The Bishop, however, did not actually say what he evidently meant, that the entire Oxford Oratory plan had better be abandoned. Dr. Newman's conversation with Bishop Ullathorne is recorded in the following memorandum:

'August 1st, 1867.

'I have just come from calling on the Bishop. It is the first conversation I have had with him since his return from Rome.

'I began by talking about his examination before the Parliamentary Commission on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill,—nothing else.

'But after a time he got loose from it, and said that both at Rome and since his return Dr. Manning had wished to make it up with me. I said that I was just now in correspondence with Oakeley on the subject, and told the Bishop what I had said:

'He then talked of Cardinal Luca, [who had] said that the Church (or the Archbishop, I forget which) must embrace all opinions in the one faith, stretching out his arms.

'And Cardinal Barnabo had recommended the Bishops through him to put out some declaration against controversy, especially by laymen and in periodicals.

'He had freely spoken to Cardinal Reisach on his not having taken any notice of me in England last year.

'He said Monsignor Capalti, Secretary of Propaganda, was very strong about my going to Rome—implored me—the Bishop in speaking to me evidently acquiesced, perhaps he had suggested it to Capalti. He said I ought to stay a whole season there—i.e. what he said came to this.

'Then he said abruptly, very grave, and looking straight at me: "I find that at Rome they consider the Oxford matter quite at an end." I answered: "I suppose they mean they have said their last word." He answered, apparently not seeing the drift of my question: "Yes." What I meant was that we had got leave to extend our Birmingham Oratory into Oxford, provided I did not change my residence.

'As to educating for Oxford, he said that the Bishops' Declaration had not yet returned from Rome. He could not quite tell what it would be. As sent to Rome, it said, apropos of a priest having in the confessional said to a penitent that there was no sin in a father sending his son to Oxford, that such a father acted against the will of the Bishops and of the Holy See.

'J. H. N.'

For a few days the future remained still uncertain, as is evident from some words in a letter of August 13 from Newman to Hope-Scott. In the course of this letter we find the following reference to Manning:

'Manning has written to me wishing that we should meet and give him an opportunity of explanation. Of course I seem to put myself in the wrong by declining—but I seriously think it would do more harm than good. I do not trust him, and his new words would be the cause of fresh distrust. This, as far as I could do delicately, I have suggested to him. I have said that the whole world thought him difficult to understand, that I should be glad to think it was my own fault that I had not been prepared by his general bearing and talk for his acts; that friendly acts would be the best preparation for a friendly meeting—and that I should hail that day, when the past had been so far reversed, that explanations would be natural and effectual. At present I should not in my heart accept his explanations.'[1]

In point of fact Manning had been urging Propaganda to renew in a yet stronger form than hitherto the dissuasion to English Catholic parents from sending their sons to Oxford. And a fresh rescript arrived in this very month. Newman had in the meantime written to Cardinal Barnabo protesting against his action, which has been already alluded to in reference to Edgbaston School. The text of this correspondence I have been unable to find. But from a note by Newman it is clear that it became angry, and that Newman declared that he left his cause with God, using the words 'viderit Deus.' In view of this state of things the Oratory at Oxford was finally abandoned. It would mean a false position, and one which was not likely to be made tenable by any special sympathy in high quarters.

Newman communicated his views to Hope-Scott:

'August 16th, 1867.

'My dear Hope-Scott,—The Rescript has just come from Propaganda to the Bishops, *from which* they will draw up their Pastoral Letters to Priests and People on the subject of University Education.

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[1] These words refer to the correspondence in the *Life of Cardinal Manning*, pp. 327–42.

'I suppose this Rescript will not be brought forward; and the *immediate* authority will be the Pastoral. . . .

'In the printed Documents (*re* Bishop's Pamphlet) which I sent you the other day, I have said two things:

'1. That I go to Oxford *solely* because there are Catholic Undergraduates there. . . .

'2. That my going there *must* tend to *bring* Catholics there.

'And now those two avowals are confronted by the declaration from Propaganda: "A youth can scarcely, or not scarcely even, go to Oxford without throwing himself into a proximate occasion of mortal sin."

'Does it not follow as an inevitable sequence in logic, that if I go there I contemplate youths (or their parents) throwing themselves into such proximate occasions and moreover distinctly disobeying their Bishops who warn them against it, and secondly that I *co-operate* in their act by encouraging it?

'All along I have professed and felt indifference, reluctance, to go to Oxford. If I do go still after the Bishop's Pastoral, shall I not fairly be considered to have made a profession which I did not feel or mean to carry out?

'It seems to me that I am simply in a false position if I consent to go on with the Oxford undertaking after the Rescript.

'The question is *what* I must do, and *when*, to bring the matter to an end.

'I do not see any difficulty in waiting till the Bishop speaks to me, for the reasons which I shall give for my decision, he has already heard, and they are quite independent of those which arise out of the Rescript. The simple reason of my not going on with the business is, that to my surprise I found I was not allowed free liberty to go to Oxford. This was *the* reason assigned in the letter which I wrote to him on receipt of the news, and, though I was prevented by our Fathers from sending that letter, I showed it him a week or two after.

'I would rather give this reason than make it seem that I withdrew in consequence of the Rescript. In the one case I shall be withdrawing because I have been unfairly treated; in the other, because I have been detected in an animus and foiled by a distinct message from Rome.

'The two grounds are so distinct that if I bring out my own ground strongly in my letter, it will not matter whether or not in matter of fact it is given to the public *after* the expected Pastoral Letter. Is not this so? . . .

'Ever yours affly,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Acting on this opinion, in which Hope-Scott concurred, Newman wrote as follows to the Bishop:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: August 18th, 1867.

'My dear Lord,—I do not think you will feel any surprise if I at length act on the resolve which I formed on the very day that I heard of the restriction placed on my presence in Oxford, which I have cherished ever since, and only not carried out because of the dissuasion of friends here and elsewhere.

'That dissuasion has now ceased; and, accordingly, I now ask your permission to withdraw from my engagement to undertake the Mission of Oxford, on the ground that I am not allowed by Propaganda the freedom to discharge its duties with effect.

'Thanking you for all your kindness, and with much regret for the trouble I have caused you,

'I am, &c., &c.
J. H. N.'

Bishop Ullathorne's reply was as follows:

'Birmingham: Aug. 19th, 1867.

'My dear Dr. Newman,—Your letter reached me this morning from Stone. I am not at all surprised that you have renounced the project of the Oxford Mission. Were I in the same position, I should do the same. And yet I receive the announcement of your decision with a sense of pain both acute and deep.

'I have no hesitation in saying it, as my complete conviction, that you have been shamefully misrepresented at Rome, and that by countrymen of our own.

'When I went thither I had some hope of being able to put this affair more straight. But when I got there I plainly saw that the time had not come for an impartial hearing. Preoccupations in the quarters where alone representation is effectual were still too strong, and minds were too much occupied with the vast multitude of affairs brought to Rome by so many Bishops there assembled.

'On the other hand, the closing sentence of your letter to Cardinal Barnabo, which, the moment I read it, I felt would be interpreted in a much stronger sense than you would have intended, made so unpleasant an impression that I believe that sentence stood as a considerable obstacle in the way of those explanations which were proffered by your own representatives.[1] Indeed, I have good evidence that it was so, from those who took your part with cordiality. You will quite understand that I am not making a reflection, but pointing out a fact.

'I still trust that the time will come when the facts of the case will be better understood at Rome, and when justice will be done to you.

'Wishing you every blessing,
I remain, my dear Dr. Newman,
Your faithful & affectionate servant in Christ,
W. B. Ullathorne.'

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[1] This is probably the letter referred to at page 182. Newman's own view of the whole episode is naturally that which I have set forth in the text. But here, as in the Irish University Question, the attitude of the ecclesiastical authorities will be very intelligible to the careful reader. The 'secret instruction' which made so painful an impression on Newman, coming to his knowledge as it did coupled with Mr. Martin's unfriendly interpretation of its real import, was, as has been explained at p. 139, not (as Newman thought it) in intention unfriendly to him. Cardinal Barnabo (see p. 160) considered that it ought to have been communicated to Newman when the danger was apparent that he might collect money from those who, when subscribing, considered that he was free to reside at Oxford. The leave for an Oxford Oratory had, as we have seen, been granted by Propaganda on the strength of Dr. Ullathorne's explanation that Newman did not mean actually to reside there (p. 179). Propaganda held that such residence would militate against Pius IX.'s policy of opposition to 'mixed' education and therefore could not sanction it. But Dr. Ullathorne had been afraid of communicating to Newman this condition lest he should misunderstand its true significance, and had not informed him that he (the Bishop) had received instructions to make sure that the condition was observed. The true facts eventually came to Newman's knowledge together with an extremely painful and untrue suggestion as to the reason for the *proviso* in question. And Newman's correspondence with Cardinal Barnabo had afterwards assumed a tone so unfavourable to the successful negotiation of a difficult matter, that the whole scheme was necessarily dropped. This appears to be the outcome of the whole story.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE DEADLOCK IN HIGHER EDUCATION (1867)

THE final relinquishment of the Oxford scheme left the extreme party triumphant; but it left the practical problem of higher education for English Catholics unsolved. The Catholic University in Ireland had originally been designed to solve it, but it had failed. Catholics were now authoritatively warned against Oxford and Cambridge; but where else were they to go for University training? It was part of what Newman afterwards called the policy of 'Nihilism' pursued by the authorities.[1] Actual difficulties were not faced; practicable remedies were not found. It had been the same with his work for Christian thought in the *Rambler*. Defects had been censured; the work was crushed and not carried out on lines free from objection.

Newman could not but feel that to persevere now in an endeavour of which the utility was so little appreciated was but to waste his time. An opportunity would soon be found for the *coup de grâce* if he did not now of his own accord retire. It only remained to resign himself to uselessness in a matter in which his antecedents seemed to mark him out as so supremely useful, and to do faithfully his duty to all concerned—the Pope, the Bishops, and the Catholic parents.

His feeling at the time of finally abandoning the scheme, is given in a letter—very grave, very measured, very sad—to Father Coleridge:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: August 30th, 1867.

'My dear Father Coleridge,—Thank you for your affectionate letter. There are a hundred reasons why I was bound to bring the Oxford matter to an end.

'For three years complete it has involved me in endless correspondence, conversation, controversy, and bother, taking up my time and thoughts. I felt it was *wrong* thus to fritter away any longer such remaining time as God gives me. It has been my Cross for years and years that I have gone on "operose nihil agendo."

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[1] See p. 486.

'There was the *Rambler* matter. The Cardinal and our Bishop urged me to interfere with the conductors—and thanked me when I consented. It involved me in endless trouble and work. The correspondence is a huge heap. I have been obliged to arrange and complete it with notes and collateral papers, that I may ultimately be shown to have acted a good part. This was the work of four or five years, and what came of it?

'I seem to be similarly circumstanced as regards the Dublin University matters from 1852 to 1858. Letters and papers without end and about nothing—and those not yet sorted and arranged.

'I do believe my first thought has ever been "what does God wish me to do?" so I can't really be sorry or repine—but I have very few persons on earth to thank—and I have felt no call, after so many rebuffs, to go on with this Oxford undertaking, and I am come to the conclusion that, if Propaganda wants me for any purpose, it must be so good as to ask me—and I shall wait to be asked—i.e. (as I anticipate) "ad Graecas calendas."

'See what a time it has taken to tell you reason one. I will mention only one other, which is abundantly clear, (if it ever were doubtful) from the answers I have had to my late circular. The money was given to *me* personally—the subscribers wanted to see *me* in Oxford (I am talking of the majority of them)—they would not give their money for an Oxford mission merely. When the Propaganda decided that I was not personally to be there, it would have been a misappropriation of their money to spend it merely on an Oxford Church. . . . Yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Newman's letters during the remainder of this year show constantly his great anxiety both to clear completely his reputation for orthodoxy and loyalty at Rome and to act in strict conformity with his duty towards the Bishops. Hope-Scott had put down his solicitude as to Roman opinion to undue sensitiveness. Early in the year he had ascribed to the same cause Newman's fears lest the suspicions of his orthodoxy on the part of such men as Mr. Martin, and certain rumours on the same subject which had found currency in the *Chronicle*, might do him further harm. When the existence of the 'secret instruction' became known Newman had written to him claiming that his suspicions were justified.

DR. NEWMAN TO MR. HOPE-SCOTT.

'April 13, 1867.

'I think it is now proved that what you called my "sensitiveness" was not timidity, or particularity, or touchiness, but a true instinct of the state of the ecclesiastical atmosphere—nor is it wonderful that I should know more than you of what threatened and what did not, as you (I suspect) would know more than I could know about the temper of Parliamentary committees, and Gladstone more than myself about political parties. That neophyte, Mr. Martin, is an index of the state of the weather at Rome, as the insects swarming near the earth is a sign of rain;—and rash sayings in the *Chronicle* may be of as much danger indirectly to my influence in England, as an open window may avail to give me a cold. . . . No one but myself knows how intensely anxious I have been, since I have been a Catholic, never to say anything without good theological authority for saying it, and, though of course with the greatest care the *humana incuria* is at fault, yet I have no reason to suppose that my mistakes are more than those which all writers incur;—yet there is no doubt that I am looked at with suspicion at Rome, because I will not go the whole hog in all the extravagancies of the school of the day, and I cannot move my finger without giving offence.'

The report brought by Ambrose St. John from Rome in May had done something towards allaying Newman's fears as to Roman suspicions of his orthodoxy. And the more favourable impression was confirmed by a visit in August from Monsignor Nardi, which is recorded with a good deal of dry humour in a memorandum written by Newman at the time. That Italian prelate's words went to show that it was in England, rather than in Rome, that he had active enemies who impugned the soundness of his theology.

'August 24, 1867.

'Monsignor Nardi came here for an hour or two yesterday. I will set down some of the things he said in a long conversation.

'I was a great man—no denying it—a great writer—good style—good strong logic—my style went very easily into Italian—it was a classical style. Of course I had my enemies—they are in England or Englishmen—but all Catholics, to speak as a whole, were my friends. He did not speak from flattery—no—he always spoke his mind, even to the Pope. He was one of the consultors of the Index. There were things in what I had written which he did not like—that about original sin (here I set him right, and he *seemed* to give in—he had forgotten "deprivation and the *consequences of deprivation*"—he could hardly believe I had made this addition) and that about a people's religion being a corrupt religion.[1] But perhaps the vehemence of writing could not be helped. I had very good friends. Father St. John was a good friend of mine, very—and a great gentleman. Cardinal Cullen was a good friend, yes—a very good friend. I understood him to mean by "good friends" persons who had been a real service to me. I ought to send persons from time to time to explain things and keep authorities at Rome *au courant*. I ought to go to Rome myself. It would rejoice the Holy Father—I ought to be a Bishop, Archbishop—yes yes—I ought, I ought,—yes, a very good Bishop—it *is* your line, it *is*, it *is*—it was no good my saying it was not.

'I ought to take the part of the Pope. "We have *very* few friends," he said—"very few"—he spoke in a very grave earnest mournful tone—no one could tell what was to take place in Rome, the next, not year but, month. All through Italy the upper class was infidel—and the lower was getting profane and blasphemous. This was for want of education—the fault of Austria. Infidels were put over its education—the churches turned into granaries and stables. The next generation would be infidels, far worse than the present. There was no chance of a reaction. All this was no fault of the Priests—perhaps there were 1,000 Priests in Italy who had turned out bad—but what were they out of *160,000?*

'What we wanted in England for Catholics was education—how could youths whose education ended at 17 or 18 compete with those whose education went on to 22? There was no chance of a Catholic University. He seemed to agree with me that London was as bad as Oxford—worse, he had been in the neighbourhood of (I think) Charing Cross lately in the evening, no priest could walk there—no—he was obliged to call a cab.

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[1] In his Letter to Pusey he had written as follows: 'A people's religion is ever a corrupt religion in spite of the provisions of Holy Church.'—*Difficulties of Anglicans*, ii. 81.

'He wanted to see Father Ryder's pamphlet—William gave him a copy—he wanted my photograph. I gave him two.'

Although, however, both Ambrose St. John's report and the visit of the Roman Monsignor had somewhat encouraged Newman as to the friendliness of Rome, his anxiety was by no means at an end. The Oratory School was still gossiped about as preparing boys for Oxford against the wishes of the Holy See. His interchange of letters with Cardinal Barnabo showed that that prelate looked at the school with suspicion. With the memory still green of his two crushing rebuffs in the Oxford matter, it is not surprising that he became anxious lest some pretext might be found for bringing to an end the Oratory School. These fears he communicated to Hope-Scott on September 9:

'It seems to me certain, that, if we go on just as we are going on now, our school will be stopped. We shall have endless trouble, correspondence, inquiries, false reports, explanations, letters to Propaganda, journeys to Rome, ending, after some years and a languishing concern, in an order from Rome, or a recommendation from our Bishop, to wind up.

'The simplest way of all is to stop now, and on the ground of [Cardinal Barnabo's] letter, stating how we practically interpret it, and the result which it foreshadows;—but then, 1. I doubt whether we should carry our friends with us; friends and enemies would say it was "sensitiveness" in me, and enemies would have the double pleasure of blaming me and rejoicing in my act. 2. It would be a loss of perhaps as much as 50*l*. a year, the interest of the money which the Oratory or individual Fathers have lent to the school. 3. Better times may come; if we once stop the school, we cannot recommence it; it is gone for ever. 4. We are doing the Birmingham Oratory a great service in rooting it in the minds and affections of the next generation by setting up an educational system such as ours, and indirectly by our action in other Catholic schools.

'But then, on the other hand, look at this last reason. In proportion as we are doing good, we are offending the Catholic school interest throughout the country, and Ushaw and Stonyhurst neither like a new establishment to take their boys from them nor to put them on their mettle. That we are something new tells with great force at Rome, where the defects of English Catholic secular education are not understood. I think there is a determination not to let *me* have anything to do with education. W. G. Ward openly confesses this; Manning does not, but then four years ago, in an enumeration in the *Dublin Review* of the English Catholic Schools, he pointedly left ours out; and about the same time his head Oblate at Bayswater, writing to me on another matter, let drop in the course of his letter that our school was only a temporary concern.

'What is the good of spending an additional penny on our school? is it not flinging away good money after bad?

'Suppose we limited our boys to the age of fourteen or sixteen, which is in principle what we originally intended;—and to this day no other school can boast, as we can, of our care of young boys. We could in our Prospectus and Advertisement enlarge on this. Or again, without committing ourselves to a limit, suppose we in our own minds prepared for it, made up our minds to it as a result of Cardinal Barnabo's letter to me. Suppose we left everything alone, but this, viz. to add to our Prospectus and Advertisement: "In consequence of special instructions received from the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda, and to carry out the wishes of our Bishops, as expressed in their united letter, Father Newman wishes it to be known (to his friends) that no boy is received at the Oratory School, who is intended by his parents for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and that he hopes for their friendly aid to enable him to observe *bona fide* this rule."

'You will let me have your thoughts on the whole subject. Ambrose is going to consult Bishop Clifford.'

While Newman was deliberating as to his best course with a view to preserving the school, he felt that his only safe plan when conversing with the parents of boys was to avoid the question of Oxford altogether. He definitely declined to speak of it in letters to parents who consulted him as to the future of their boys.

The Bishop of Birmingham issued a Pastoral in October discouraging Catholics from going to Oxford. Newman hastened to intimate his obedience. He at once inserted the following passage in the Oratory School prospectus:

'In accordance with the instructions contained in the Pastoral of the Bishop of Birmingham of October 13th, 1867, there is no preparation provided for the examinations at Oxford and Cambridge.'

Newman's anxious conscientiousness did not go without its reward. Dr. Ullathorne and other friends were instant and indignant in their representations at Rome both as to his whole-hearted loyalty and his orthodoxy. On the other hand, the party which accused his writings of being unsound were active in making their views known at headquarters. In the end their busy gossip defeated its object. Pius IX., who had ever shown for Newman both regard and consideration, determined to bring matters to a head, and applied to Dr. Cullen, as a responsible authority who knew Newman's writings well, for an opinion as to their orthodoxy. The result was so entirely favourable that Newman was, with the Pope's approval, invited later on both to help in preparing matter for the Vatican Council and to assist at the Council itself as one of the official theologians.

Dr. Cullen's report was made known to Newman in the autumn of 1867 at the Pope's express desire. The news was a ray of sunshine in gloomy weather.

'I consider,' Newman writes in a note dated 1872, 'that the Pope having sent to Dr. Cullen to ask about the character and drift of my writings, and Dr. Cullen having reported to him most favourably, and he (the Pope) having wished this distinctly to be told me, and then two years after having invited me as a theologian to the Ecumenical Council, altogether wipes off Mr. Martin, Zulueta, &c., &c.'

It was perhaps the fresh courage which the good news from Rome gave which made him ready now to speak his mind more openly as to the Oxford question. A very full letter to a friend reviews the situation with great care:

'The Oratory, Novr. 10, 1867.

'My dear Lady Simeon,—Your letter came yesterday. I answer at once to the best of my ability, it being my matter as well as it is yours, and perhaps a greater difficulty to me than to you.

'Let me begin by saying plainly that after the Propaganda Rescript, only under very peculiar, extraordinary circumstances could I make myself responsible for a youth's going to Oxford. If he turned out ill, it would not satisfy my mind to say "There are greater dangers in periodical literature than in Oxford, he would have gone wrong wheresoever he was." I should have before me a result which I had directly caused, not an hypothesis.

'Having said this at starting, let me now state the case as it really lies.

'1. I say with Cardinal Bellarmine whether the Pope be infallible or not in any pronouncement, anyhow he is to be obeyed. No good can come from disobedience. His facts and his warnings may be all wrong; his deliberations may have been biassed. He may have been misled. Imperiousness and craft, tyranny and cruelty, may be patent in the conduct of his advisers and instruments. But when he speaks formally and authoritatively he speaks as our Lord would have him speak, and all those imperfections and sins of individuals are overruled for that result which our Lord intends (just as the action of the wicked and of enemies to the Church are overruled) and therefore the Pope's word stands, and a blessing goes with obedience to it, and no blessing with disobedience.

'2. But next, I say, there is no command, no prohibition in the Propaganda Rescript which is the subject of your letter: And this, on purpose. The Pope might have prohibited youth from going to Oxford had he been so minded, but he has not done so. For three years past it has been declared by the Bishops in England, that there should be no prohibition. At the Episcopal meeting in December 1864 two, and two only, of the Bishops were for a prohibition. In the spring Cardinal Barnabo told Father St. John that there would be no prohibition. He said "We shall do as we did in Ireland twenty years ago. Archbishop McHale wished a prohibition but we only dissuaded. This we shall do now."

'3. What then is the message if *not* a prohibition? It is the greatest of dissuasions. It throws all the responsibility of the act upon those who send a youth to Oxford. It is an authoritative solemn warning.

'4. Is not this equivalent to a prohibition? No. A prohibition must be obeyed implicitly—but when the Pope condescends not to command, but to reason, he puts the case as it were into our hands and makes us the ultimate judge, he taking the place of a witness of preponderating authority.

'5. What follows from this? That all the responsibility falls on the parent who sends his son to Oxford, that he must in his own conscience make out a case strong enough to overcome in his particular case the general dissuasion of the Vicar of Christ. Every rule has its exceptions. He has to prove to the satisfaction of his conscience on his death-bed, to the satisfaction of the priest who hears his confession, that the case of his own boy is an exceptional one.

'6. And such exceptions there are. Let me illustrate what I mean. *We* must take care of the young one by one, as a mother does, and as an Archbishop does not. *We* know our own, one by one (if we are priests with the pastoral charge) as our ecclesiastical rulers cannot know them. It were well indeed if some high prelates recollected more than they seem to do the words of the Apostle: "Fathers provoke not your children to anger lest they become pusillanimous," depressed, disgusted, disappointed, unsettled, reckless. Youth is the time of generous and enthusiastic impulses; young men are imprudent, and get into scrapes. Perhaps they fall in love imprudently. To carry out an engagement on which they have set their hearts may seem to their parents a madness; most truly, yet it may be a greater madness to prohibit it. All of us must recollect instances when to suffer what is bad in itself is the lesser of great evils, as the event has shown. When there has been a successful prohibition it has resulted in a life-long ruin to the person who is so dear to us, for whose welfare we have been mistakenly zealous. It does not do to beat the life out of a youth—the life of aspirations, excitement and enthusiasm. Older men live by reason, habit and self-control, but the young live by visions. I can fancy cases in which Oxford would be the salvation of a youth; when he would be far more likely to rise up against authority, murmur against his superiors, and (more) to become an unbeliever, if he is kept from Oxford than if he is sent there.

'7. Now as to —— I am far from making such dreadful vaticinations about him. I will but say that he, being a boy, must be treated with the greatest care. It is certain that the prospect of going to Oxford roused him into an activity which he had not before. Also I am told that he was considerably excited on hearing in Church our Bishop's Pastoral read.

'8. This then is what I recommend, viz.: He is only seventeen. Youths do not go to Oxford till they are nineteen. Do nothing at present. His name is already down at ——. Wait for a year and a half; many things may turn up in that time. For instance there is a talk of Oxford Examinations and degrees being opened to those who have not resided, and Father Weld said the other day to me that he should prefer such an opening for his students to their taking their degrees at the London University. This is one outlet from the difficulty, others may show themselves. Therefore I recommend waiting and temporizing.

'9. I don't see there is any call upon you to *initiate* anything, though you are bound to speak when questions are asked for. But this is a matter for your confessor. One thing I am strong upon;—boys are ticklish animals and I think you had better not write to ——.

'Excuse, my dear Lady Simeon, the freedom of this letter and believe me, &c., &c.

'J. H. N.'

Although there was no positive and universal prohibition from Rome on the Oxford question, it was clear that the Catholic young men as a body would now keep away from the Universities. There was naturally a strong feeling among the laity that their sons were left with no provision for their education. And many thought the objection to Oxford quite ungrounded. 'The only foundation,' wrote Newman himself, 'for the statement that Catholics at Oxford have made shipwreck of the faith that the Bishop and we could make out was that Weld Blundell ducked a Puseyite in Mercury, and Redington has been talking loosely about the Temporal Power in Rome.' The Jesuits and Archbishop Manning now discussed the formation of a Catholic University College, and Father Weld, a Jesuit father, sought Newman's co-operation. Newman felt, however, that such a scheme had little chance of success. It was not likely to be in the hands of a really representative committee, but rather in those of Manning's friends. The laity would not be fairly represented. And he had come, after his Irish experience, to think a Catholic University not practicable. There is little heart or hope in his letter to Hope-Scott on the subject:

TO MR. HOPE-SCOTT.

'Rednal: Sept. 25, 1867.

'My dear Hope-Scott,—The Archbishop is going to set up a House of higher studies—report says it is to be near Reading and that he has got large sums of money. I suppose he has been urged on by the Pope, or by Propaganda —for I don't think he will like this additional and most anxious work on his hands. I know it from Father Weld, who has sent me word that he is going to call on me about it.

'This concerns both you and me, for your influence as a layman cannot be overlooked; and I wish to act with you, though our lines are separate; for they will come to *you* with the desire of finding means; and as to me I don't suppose they want my advice or co-operation, but only my name.

'Now suppose he comes to say that there is to be a Committee, and the Archbishop wishes me to be on it; what shall I answer? Are there laymen on it? "Yes. As to Hope-Scott he is so full of work, we could not hope to get him; as to Monsell he is Irish"—and so "our laymen are W. G. Ward, Allies, H. Wilberforce, Lord Petre, Lewis, and Sir G. Bowyer," &c. . . . Is not the upshot, that I must know who constitute the Committee, and what they are going definitely to do, before I say anything to the proposal?

'As to the plan itself, I cannot of course object to it, except on the ground of its impracticability, for I have written several volumes in support of it, as Father Weld indirectly reminded me. Nor are you likely to object to it, for it is not so long since you talked of our setting up a House of Higher Studies—that is, about four years ago, before the Oxford projects came up. If you thought it practicable *then*, why should you not think so *now?* If then you have difficulties, it must be in the particular scheme put forward.

'I have been trying to recollect our Dublin difficulties, in order to profit by my experience. As far as I can recollect, they were these: 1. division among the Bishops, which is not likely to be the case in England. 2. the want of power to give degrees. 3. the exclusion of laymen from influence in the management, not only of the University, but even of the accounts. For this reason, I think even to this day, More O'Ferrall is not a subscriber to it. Of these the second is the best in argument, and as good as any. It seems to me almost fatal. If it be said, "We will affiliate ourselves to London," should not I answer, "Why not to Oxford?" which they will be able to do shortly, I believe—*but they won't.*

'As to the third reason, it concerns you. I should add to it the prospective difficulty of securing the appointment of *lay* Professors. . . . Father Weld being sent to me seems to show that some at least of the Professors are to be Jesuits. I won't say anything to offend them, but this at least I am resolved on, I think, that I will have nothing to do with the plan, unless the Professors are lay. But if so, and if they are not to be lay, had not I better have nothing to do with the scheme from the first?

'I have written as my thoughts came, that you may have something to think about, and when you have anything to say, let me hear from you.

'J. H. N.'

When the plan was made known to Newman in detail by Father Weld, it did not prove to be in the direction of the kind of University College in which he was disposed to feel any confidence.

'Rednal: Oct. 10, 1867.

'My dear Hope-Scott,—Father Weld called on me on Monday. He was making a round, apparently, of the Catholic Schools. He went from us to Oscott.

'His plan is simply a Jesuit one, as you said. He proposes to transplant the philosophy and theology classes from Stonyhurst and St. Beuno's to some place on the banks of the Thames. This will give it sixty youths as a nucleus. Then he will invite lay youths generally to join them, having a good array of Professors from the two Colleges I have named.

'He had not a *doubt*, but he made a question, whether it would do to put Jesuit Novices and lay youths together; *but* he said he thought it would succeed, *for* their novices were too well cared for to be hurt by the contact of lay youths,—though students for the secular priesthood *might* in such a case suffer. I ventured to say that I thought the difficulty would lie on the other side, in the prospect of getting parents to send their sons to a sort of Jesuit Noviceship; and, if they did, of getting the youths themselves to acquiesce in it. I am not sure he entered into my meaning, for he passed the difficulty over.

'When I mentioned it to Father St. John, he reminded me that good Father Bresciani S.J. at Propaganda, twenty years ago, detailed to us with what great success they had pursued this plan in Piedmont—and how pious the young laymen were in consequence. I wonder whether Cavour, Minghetti, &c., &c., were in the number of these lay youths.

'Then he said he thought it would be a great thing to indoctrinate the lay youths in *Philosophy*, as an antidote to Mill and Bain. I tried myself to fancy some of our late scholars, . . . sitting down steadily to Dmouski, Liberatore, &c. &c.

'I said, that, if I had the opportunity, I certainly would do my part in sending him youths, though I did not expect I should be able to do much. And I sincerely wish him all success—for it is fair he should have his innings.

'It will amuse you to hear that I contemplate publishing in one volume my verses; and still more that I think of dedicating them to Badeley. Yours affectly.,

'J. H. N.'

The proposed Catholic University found such small support that it could not at this time even be brought into existence. A few years later it was attempted in the Catholic University College founded by Cardinal Manning at Kensington: and it proved a ludicrous failure.[1] Newman's views received the sad justification of experience both in Ireland and in England—that to act on ideal principles with little or no attempt to forecast accurately what was practicable, was to court failure.

In view of this state of things it would not have been surprising if Newman had allowed all who applied to him for his opinion to know how keenly he felt on the whole subject. It is well therefore to place here on record the chivalrous loyalty with which he did his best to defend to outsiders the action of Propaganda and the Bishops which he deplored. He wrote thus on the subject to Canon Jenkins of Lyminge:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Dec. 12, 1867.

'My dear Mr. Jenkins,—Thank you for your kind letter. The Oxford Scheme has been at an end since April last when I ceased to collect contributions for it.

'The cause is very intelligible. It was most natural for authorities at Rome to take the advice of Oxford converts as to whether youths should be allowed to go to Oxford. Accordingly the late Cardinal applied to various among the Oxford men. Every one of name who was applied to, dissuaded Propaganda from allowing Catholic youths that liberty. Among these were Dr. Manning, Mr. Ward,

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[1] So unwilling, however, was Manning to own to failure that the name 'Catholic University College' was for years retained, when the only corresponding reality was a group of three or four boys taught by that very able Professor and man of science, the late Dr. R. F. Clarke, at St. Charles' College, Bayswater.

Dr. Northcote, Mr. Coffin, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Dalgairns; and Cambridge men, such as Mr. Knox, and Mr. Marshall, supported them. It is not wonderful, then, that, deferring to the opinion of such men, Propaganda has resolved on putting strong obstacles in the way of youths going to the Universities. And if it did this, it could not help hindering my going to Oxford—for many parents would consider that the presence of any Priest who knew Oxford well, was a pledge that their children would be protected against the scepticism and infidelity which too notoriously prevail there just now.

'Yours very sincerely,
J. H. NEWMAN.'

CHAPTER XXVII

PAPAL INFALLIBILITY

(1867–1868)

The abandonment of the Oxford scheme was, in Newman's eyes, the final relinquishment of all hope of further active work before his death. He was sixty-six years old; and though his health was good, this was not an age for vigorous initiation. He was deeply pained at the action of the authorities in the Oxford matter. The powerful party headed by Manning had prevailed, without any opportunity being given to those who thought differently from them for stating their views. Cardinal Reisach had reported to Rome on the subject without even hearing Newman's case. Cardinal Barnabo was responsible for the 'secret instruction' and for the slur cast on the Oratory School by exceptional treatment. An entry in the journal on October 30, 1867, recalls the famous letter of St. Thomas à Becket to Cardinal Albert, in which he protests against the action of the Roman courts. To this protest Newman expressly refers in one of his letters. And, like St. Thomas, he appeals for the vindication of his own loyalty to the Church from the judgment of ecclesiastical superiors to that of God.[1]

'What I have written in the foregoing pages has been written as a sort of relief to my mind; if that were the only reason for writing, I should not write now, for I have no trouble within me to be relieved of. I will put myself under the image of the Patriarch Job, without intending to liken myself to him. He first strenuously resisted the charges of his friends, then he made a long protest of his innocence, and then we read: "The words of Job are ended." Mine are ended too—I have said to Cardinal Barnabo: "Viderit Deus." I have lodged my cause with Him—and, while I hope ever by His grace to be obedient, I have now as little desire as I have hope to gain the praise of such as him in anything I shall do henceforth. A. B. and others have been too much for me. They have too deeply impressed the minds of authorities at Rome against me to let the truth about me have fair play while I live; and when one ceases to hope, one ceases to fear. They have done their worst—and, as Almighty God in 1864 cleared up my conduct in the sight of Protestants at the end of twenty years, so as regards my Catholic course, at length, after I am gone hence, "Deus viderit!"

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[1] *Scripta Rer. Francic.* tom. xvi. pp. 416, 417. Cardinal Cullen's favourable report to the Pope concerning the orthodoxy of Newman's writings was probably not made known to him until after this entry had been written.

'I did not use the words lightly, though they seem to have rested most unfavourably on his mind—nor do I dream of retracting them. For many years I tried to approve myself to such as him, but it is now more than ten years that, from failing to do so, I have been gradually weaned from any such expectation or longing. I have recorded the change in the words of my Dublin Sermon of November 23rd, 1856, though covertly and only to my own consciousness. "There are those who . . . think we mean to spend our devotion upon a human cause, and that we toil for an object of human ambition. They think that we should acknowledge, if cross-examined, that our ultimate purpose was the success of persons and parties, to whom we are bound in honour, or in interest, or in gratitude; and that, &c. . . . They fancy, as the largest concession of their liberality, that we are working *from the desire*, generous but still human, *of the praise of earthly superiors*, and that, after all, we are living on the breath, and basking in the smile, of man," &c., &c.

'And now, alas, I fear that in one sense the iron has entered into my soul. I mean that confidence in any superiors whatever never can blossom again within me. I never shall feel easy with them. I shall, I feel, always think they will be taking some advantage of me,—that at length their way will lie across mine, and that my efforts will be displeasing to them. I shall ever be suspicious that they or theirs have secret unkind thoughts of me, and that they deal with me with some *arrière pensée*. And, as it is my happiness so to be placed as not to have much intercourse with them, therefore, while I hope ever loyally to fulfil their orders, it is my highest gain and most earnest request to them, that they would let me alone—and, since I do not want to initiate any new plan of any kind, that, if they can, they would keep their hands off me. Whether or not they will consent to this is more than I can say, for they seem to wish to ostracise me. But, in saying this, I repeat what I said when I began to write, I am now in a state of quiescence, and fear as little as I hope. And I do not expect this state of mind to be reversed. God forbid I should liken them to the "Scribes and Pharisees"—but still I obey them, as Scribes and Pharisees were to be obeyed, as God's representatives, not from devotion to *them*.

'Nor does anything that has happened to me interfere with, rather these external matters have all wonderfully promoted, my inward happiness. I never was in such simply happy circumstances as now, and I do not know how I can fancy I shall continue without some or other real cross. I am my own master,—I have my time my own—I am surrounded with comforts and conveniences—I am in easy circumstances, I have no cares, I have good health—I have no pain of mind or body. I enjoy life only too well. The weight of years falls on me as snow, gently though surely, but I do not feel it yet. I am surrounded with dear friends—my reputation has been cleared by the "Apologia." What can I want but greater gratitude and love towards the Giver of all these good things? There is no state of life I prefer to my own—I would not change my position for that of anyone I know—I am simply content—there is nothing I desire—I should be puzzled to know what to ask, if I were free to ask. I should say perhaps that I wished the financial matters of the Oratory and School to be in a better state—but for myself I am as covered with blessings and as full of God's gifts, as is conceivable. And I have nothing to ask for but pardon and grace, and a happy death.'

Things were, as this last paragraph intimates, far better with him than in the sad years before the 'Apologia.' His hold on the minds of men was re-established. Yet the next entry shows some misgiving lest he may not be turning his renewed influence to good account. But as to taking further part in the controversies of the day he decided to let well alone.

To go too fast might irritate people. To pause awhile, on the contrary, gave time for principles he had laid down in his writings to take deeper hold on men's minds. To keep his name and influence secure from the onslaughts incidental to controversy might be the best means of enabling others, when the suitable time should come, to use that name in the task of applying and emphasising his views.

On January 29, 1868, he writes thus:

'Our Lord has said: "Vae cum benedixerint vobis homines" (Luc. vi. 26), αλῶς ὑμᾶς εἴπωσι, and I seem to be in this danger as regards the Protestant world. A reaction has set in, nor does one know what will be its limits. Just now, my Verses, which I have collected and published, have both stimulated and manifested it. I feel as if a Nemesis would come, if I am not careful and am reminded of the ring of Polycrates. Friends and well-wishers out of kindness are writing favourable reviews of my small book, and I am obliged to read out of gratitude what they say of me so generously. I have said: "the Protestant world"—but it extends to the great mass of (English speaking) Catholics also; till the "Apologia" I was thought "passé" and forgotten. The controversy which occasioned it, and then the Oxford matter and the "Dream of Gerontius" have brought me out, and now I should be hard indeed to please, and very ungrateful to them, and to God, if I did not duly appreciate this thought of me.

'Then comes the question: what use can I make of these fresh mercies? Not from any supernatural principle, but from mere natural temper, I keep saying, what is the good of all this? what comes of it? "Vanitas Vanitatum," if it is but empty praise. What use can I make of it? for what is it given me? And then, too, on the other hand, when I am well thought of, and the world is in good humour with me, I am led to say to myself: "Let well alone; do not hazard by any fresh act the loss of that, which you have been so long without, and found such difficulty in getting. Enjoy the "otium cum dignitate."

'"Otium cum dignitate" reminds me of "Otium cum in dignitate"; yes, as far as Propaganda goes, and that English party of which Archbishop Manning and Ward are the support, I have been dismissed not simply as "inglorious," but to "dishonoured ease." And this would certainly serve as the ring of Polycrates, did I feel it—but I don't feel it. And, as I had said on some former page, I should be so out of my element if I were without that cold shade on the side of ecclesiastical authority, in which I have dwelt nearly all my life, my eyes would be so dazed, and my limbs so relaxed, were I brought out to bask in the full sun of ecclesiastical favour, that I should not know how to act and should make a fool of myself.

'As my Lord had some purpose in letting me be so long forgotten and calumniated, as He has had some purpose in leaving me, as regards ecclesiastical authorities, under that cloud which He has lately removed from me as regards Catholics and Protestants generally, so now He has some purpose in that late removal—if I could know what it is. Perhaps He wishes me to do nothing new, but He is creating an opportunity for what I have already written to work. Perhaps my duty is, what is only too pleasant, to sit still, do nothing, and enjoy myself. Perhaps my name is to be turned to account as a sanction and outset by which others, who agree with me in opinion, should write and publish instead of me, and thus begin the transmission of views in religious and intellectual matters congenial with my own, to the generation after me.'

Newman gave himself for a time to slighter tasks, which did not need great labour. He coached the Edgbaston boys for Terence's 'Phormio,' which he had arranged for them in 1865, and which was to be performed again in May 1868. He arranged (as we have seen) to publish a complete edition of his verses, which he dedicated to Edward Badeley. The preparation of this volume was congenial labour. He once described his feeling about verse-making in a letter to R. H. Hutton.

'If I had my way,' he wrote, 'I should give myself up to verse-making; it is nearly the only kind of composition which is not a trouble to me, but I have never had time. As to my prose volumes, I have scarcely written any one without an external stimulus; their composition has been to me, in point of pain, a mental childbearing, and I have been accustomed to say to myself: "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children."

'But to return to the verses, I am surprised at the high terms in which you speak of them. I wrote those in the Lyra just before the commencement of the Oxford Movement, while travelling, and during convalescence after fever, and while crossing the Mediterranean home[wards]. I have never had practice enough to have words and metres at my command. And besides, at the time I had a theory, one of the extreme theories of the incipient Movement, that it was not right "agere poetam" but merely "ecclesiasticum agere"; that the one thing called for was to bring out an idea; that the harsher the better, like weaving sackcloth, if only it would serve as an evidence that I was not making an ἀγώνισμα.'

The volume appeared in January, and in its pages the 'Dream of Gerontius' took its place for the first time among his collected poems. The book was received with a chorus of praise, Mr. Hutton leading the way in the *Spectator*. Newman was touched and cheered at its favourable reception. He writes on February 6 to Father Coleridge, who had reviewed the volume in the *Month:*

'. . . I have not written to you since the critique of my Verses in the *Month*. I think I must find some ring of Polycrates to make a sacrifice to fortune, else, some Nemesis will come on me. I am bound to read the various critiques on me, for they are written by kind persons, who wish to do a thing pleasing to me, and whom I should be very ungrateful not to respond to, and they do please me—but I have been so little used to praise in my life, that I feel like the good woman in the song, "O, cried the little woman, sure it is not I." '

A peaceful spring and summer followed: 'four months,' he notes in his diary, 'of beautiful weather'; and in June he resolved to execute a task of love and pain which he had long had in mind—to pay a farewell visit to Littlemore. The visit is chronicled in a letter to Henry Wilberforce, who had written in the same month to urge Newman to pay him a visit at Farnham:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: June 18/68.

'Thank you for your affectionate letter and invitation—but I can't accept it. It is not much more than a week since I refused one from my sister. I have real duties here which make it difficult to get away; I am on a strict régime, which I don't like to omit for a day—and I have an old man's reluctance to move. I have promised R. W. Church a visit for several years, and it must be my first.

'I am gradually knocking off some purposes of the kind. When your letter came, I was at Littlemore: I had always hoped to see it once before I died. Ambrose and I went by the 7 a.m. train to Abingdon, then across to Littlemore—then direct from Littlemore by rail to Birmingham where we arrived by 7—just 12 hours. . . . Littlemore is now *green*.

'Crawley's cottage and garden (upon my 10 acres which I sold him) are beautiful. The Church too is now what they call a gem. And the parsonage is very pretty. I saw various of my people, now getting on in life. It was 40 years the beginning of this year since I became Vicar. Alas, their memory of me was in some cases stronger than my memory of them.

'They have a great affection for my mother and sisters—tho' it is 32 years since they went away. There is a large Lunatic Asylum—separated, however from the Village by the railroad—so it is no annoyance—rather it adds green to the place—nor is the railroad an annoyance, for it is a cutting. It is 22 years since I was there. I left February 22—1846. I do not expect ever to see it again—nor do I wish it.'

Little is said in this letter of the feelings which overcame him at the sight of his old home with its sacred memories. Fortunately there are extant the written impressions of one who accidentally met him there, which help to fill in the picture. I owe them to the kindness of Canon Irvine.

'I was passing by the Church at Littlemore when I observed a man very poorly dressed leaning over the lych gate crying. He was to all appearance in great trouble. He was dressed in an old gray coat with the collar turned up and his hat pulled down over his face as if he wished to hide his features. As he turned towards me I thought it was a face I had seen before. The thought instantly flashed through my mind it was Dr. Newman. I had never seen him, but I remember Mr. Crawley had got a photo of Dr. Newman. I went and told Mr. Crawley I thought Dr. Newman was in the village, but he said I must be mistaken, it could not be. I asked him to let me see the photo, which he did. I then told him I felt sure it was [he]. Mr. Crawley wished me to have another look at him. I went and met him in the churchyard. He was walking with Mr. St. John. I made bold to ask him if he was not an old friend of Mr. Crawley's, because if he was I felt sure Mr. Crawley would be very pleased to see him; as he was a great invalid and not able to get out himself, would he please to go and see Mr. Crawley. He instantly burst out crying and said, "Oh no, oh no!" Mr. St. John begged him to go, but he said, "I cannot." Mr. St. John asked him then to send his name, but he said "Oh no!" At last Mr. St. John said, "You may tell Mr. Crawley Dr. Newman is here." I did so, and Mr. Crawley sent his compliments, begged him to come and see him, which he did and had a long chat with him. After that he went and saw several of the old people in the village.'

Newman returned to the Oratory that night, and resumed the little tasks of daily life. Old friends were now passing away, however, and he had it in his mind to pay some visits which might, he felt, prove visits of farewell to those who were left. In reply to a letter from Henry Wilberforce in which he announced the death of an old Oxford friend, he wrote thus on July 7:

'It rejoices me to think that you are at last in harbour in a quiet home and with a pleasant garden. My time is fully occupied here even with daily matters. Lately I have had all the Sacristy matters on my hands—have had to analyse all the details of the work—apportion it among four or five helps, and write out and post up the duties of each. The School always takes up time—and now the Orphanage is becoming in size a second school. And, during the vacation now coming on us, I must be at home, for everyone else is going away. When I go to R. W. Church, (I say "R. W." for did I say to "Church" it would be like Birnam Wood going to Dunsinane) I hope to take you in my way, if you will receive me.

'When I saw A. B.'s death in the paper I wrote to Rogers for some intelligence about it. He wrote to some person near A. B. From both their letters I could see that they had no very near sympathy with his fortunes—and I really think I lamented him more than any one in his immediate neighbourhood. . . . Alas, alas—perhaps it is that my sympathy is in my being old like him, and in going the way he has gone. "Omnes eodem cogimur," and one's old friends are falling on every side.'

A little later in the same year another old friend, Sir John Harding, passed away after a lingering illness.

'I don't suppose I ought to grieve,' Newman wrote to their common friend, William Froude, 'but I do grieve. Strange to say either last night or this morning I was thinking of him in church—I think I said a "Hail Mary" for him.

'I know it must sadden you, even though it be a relief, and I can't help sending you a line to say how I sympathise with you.

'I recollect thinking in chapel, "He was nearly the only person who was kind to me on my conversion"—(you were another). I met him in the street in London soon after it. He stopped me, shook hands with me, and said to me some very friendly and comforting words. It is the last time I saw him.'

Still, in spite of the sad thoughts which the death of his contemporaries and his own advancing years brought, his own powers were quite unimpaired, and his interest in the subjects which had so long absorbed his mind was as keen as ever. He was conscious that he still had it in him to help to solve the great problem of the hour (as he viewed it)—to promote the influence of Catholic Christianity on modern civilisation. And he felt deeply that the jealous criticisms of his theological opponents tied his hands.

'Are they not doing the Holy See a grave disservice,' he wrote in a memorandum dated August 1867, 'who will not let a zealous man defend it *in his own way*, but insist on his doing it in *their* way or not at all—or rather only at the price of being considered heterodox or disaffected if his opinions do not run in a groove?'

The same thought often reappears in his letters at this time; but he submitted to these inevitable limitations, and he confined himself to work which could, he believed, be done without incurring the risk of censure. In the summer of 1866, while in Switzerland, he had begun systematic notes for the work on Faith and Reason which he had for years been contemplating. Henceforward he made this his chief occupation.

It did not directly touch any burning controversy. And he was satisfied that if he was allowed time and space he could develop his view without running counter to the best scholastic thought on the subject; although a brief treatment must of necessity be open to misrepresentation. Of the work which resulted, the 'Essay in aid of a Grammar of Assent,' which he accounted one of the most important of his life, we must speak in a separate chapter.

His work, however, was destined not to go forward without interruptions, and serious ones. The times were stirring. The destruction of the civil princedom which the Papacy had held in one form or another for a thousand years was going forward with ominous thoroughness. And it was a symbol of the final dethronement of Christian civilisation, so long imminent, but now on the eve of accomplishment. The French Revolution had nearly done the work. But there had been since then the kind of rally in a hopeless case which at times deceives the watchers by a bed of sickness. The Romantic Movement, the Catholic Revival in France and Germany, associated with so many great names, had given Rome new hope. Then, again, the political world had shown a sense of the value of the Papacy as a principle of order—an antidote to constant revolutionary movements, eruptions due to the volcanic element the French Revolution had left behind it. Not only did the Powers restore the Pontifical dominions in 1814, but they did so again in 1849. Now, however, such reactions had ceased. The Papal sovereignty was clearly doomed. Napoleon III., from whose support of the Church so much had once been hoped, was no longer to be relied on. The Powers were, at the present crisis, with the Sardinians, or, at best, too indifferent to interfere again, as in 1849, on the Pope's behalf. Pius IX., the reforming Pope of 1846, became the bitter enemy of the modern movement which meant his overthrow. He continued year after year to protest indignantly against the apostasy of Christendom and to denounce the false principles of modern 'Liberalism.' The militant party represented in France by M. Louis Veuillot, the editor of the *Univers*, claimed that their view had been justified. They had been right in proclaiming war on 'Liberalism.' Montalembert and Lacordaire had proved utterly wrong in believing that the Church could find a *modus vivendi* with it.

The policy of this determined group of neo-Ultramontanes became more and more one of extreme centralisation. It had been opposed from the first by leading French Bishops. In its first phase, when the editor of the *Univers* had been the henchman of Napoleon III., Archbishop Sibour of Paris had written to Montalembert a weighty letter on the grave dangers attending the line that journal was advocating. It was not Ultramontanism in its time-honoured sense, but an ecclesiastico-political movement practically abrogating the normal constitution of Church and State alike.

'When you formerly, like ourselves, M. le Comte,' wrote the Archbishop, 'made loud professions of Ultramontanism you did not understand things thus. We defended the independence of the spiritual power against the pretensions and encroachments of the temporal power, but we respected the constitution of the State and the constitution of the Church. We did not do away with all intermediate power, all hierarchy, all reasonable discussion, all legitimate resistance, all individuality, all spontaneity. The Pope and the Emperor were not the one the whole Church and the other the whole State. Doubtless there are times when the Pope may set himself above all the rules which are only for ordinary times, and when his power is as extensive as the necessities of the Church. The old Ultramontanes kept this in mind, but they did not make of the exception a rule. The new Ultramontanes have pushed everything to extremes, and have abounded in hostile arguments against all liberties—those of the State as well as those of the Church. If such systems were not calculated to compromise the most serious religious interests at the present time, and especially at a future day, one might be content with despising them; but when one has a presentiment of the evils they are preparing for us, it is difficult to be silent and resigned. You have, therefore, done well, M. le Comte, to stigmatise them.'

These were the words of a wise prelate written in 1853. And now the misfortunes of the Papacy and the protests of Pius IX. gave a fresh impetus to the neo-Ultramontane campaign. M. Veuillot and his friends urged that the Infallibility of the Pontiff should be made an article of faith. They seemed to conceive of such a definition as a protest against an apostate world, and a crown of honour for the persecuted Pontiff. This way of looking at things was to be found in England also, and in Germany. Archbishop Manning told the present writer that he and the Bishop of Ratisbon, after assisting at the Pontifical Vespers in St. Peter's Basilica on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul in 1867, as an act of devotion jointly made a vow that they would not rest until they had secured the great definition which was to give new glory to Christ's outraged Vicar. And very many shared such sentiments.

In that very year the Vatican Council was finally determined on. Pius IX. had first spoken of it shortly after the appearance of the Syllabus of 1864. It was designed to discuss and meet the evils of an age of apostasy. Its approach was formally announced on June 26, 1867, to the Bishops who were keeping in Rome the eighteenth centenary of St. Peter's martyrdom. The announcement was a signal for renewed outbursts of militant loyalty. The years 1867, 1868, and 1869 were years of great controversial stress. Such men as Mgr. Darboy, who had succeeded Mgr. Sibour as Archbishop of Paris, and Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, were indignant at M. Veuillot's unceasing attacks on his fellow-Catholics, whom he accused of 'Liberalism,' and on members of the Episcopate. They were conscious of being as loyally devoted to the Holy See as M. Veuillot himself. Veuillot claimed the sanction of Pius IX. for his attitude. But the Bishops denied his contention. He had made the same claim in 1863 for his denunciations of Montalembert's Malines address, and Montalembert's great friend Mr. Monsell had found it to be without foundation. Mr. Monsell had asked Pius IX. himself if the address was condemned, and the Pope with characteristic *bonhomie* had pointed to a copy of the address on his table, and said as he took his pinch of snuff, 'I have not yet read it, so it cannot be condemned. For I am the captain of the ship.'[1] Dupanloup accused Louis Veuillot of representing his own narrow and untheological views on the Papal claims and his own hostility to modern science and all forms of the modern liberties as necessary conditions of orthodoxy. He published an *Avertissement* addressed to Veuillot himself, in which pain and indignation speak audibly. 'The moment has come,' he wrote, 'to defend ourselves against you. I raise then, in my turn, my voice . . . I charge you with usurpations on the Episcopate, with perpetual intrusion in the most delicate matters, I charge you above all with your excesses in doctrine, your deplorable taste for irritating questions, and for violent and dangerous solutions. I charge you with accusing, insulting, and calumniating your brethren in the Faith. None have merited more than you that severe word of the Sacred Books,—"Accusator fratrum." Above all I reproach you with making the Church participate in your violences, by giving as its doctrines, with rare audacity (*par une rare audace*), your most personal ideas.'

M. Veuillot, who was in no sense a trained theologian, had used language in the *Univers* which must be recalled, as it is otherwise quite impossible to understand either the strenuous opposition of men like Archbishop Sibour, Montalembert, Newman, and Dupanloup, or the extraordinary exaggerations still current among men of the world as to the meaning of the dogma of Infallibility. In defiance of the common-place of theology that the protection of the Pope from error in formal definitions is not 'Inspiration,' but only Providential 'assistance,' and that the ordinary means used by the Pope in forming his judgments are, correlatively, the regular scientific processes of theology and consultation with the Episcopate, whether in Council or otherwise, he boldly used the following words in a pamphlet called 'L'illusion Libérale': 'We all know certainly only one thing, that is that no man knows anything except the Man with whom God is for ever, the Man who carries the thought of God. We must . . . unswervingly follow his *inspired* directions' (*ses directions inspirées*). Pursuing this same line the *Univers* laughed at the *Correspondant* for dwelling on the careful and prolonged discussions which were in point of fact so marked a feature in the Vatican Council. 'The *Correspondant* wants them to discuss,' wrote Veuillot, 'and wishes the Holy Ghost to take time in forming an opinion. It has a hundred arguments to prove how much time for reflection is indispensable to the Holy Ghost.'

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[1] This anecdote was related to the present writer by Mr. Monsell himself.

In October 1869 the *Univers* printed in a hymn addressed to Pius IX. words almost identical with those addressed by the Church to the Holy Ghost on Whitsunday:

'Pater pauperum,
Dator munerum,
Lumen cordium,
Emitte coelitus
Lucis tuae radium.'

In the following month came a version of the hymn beginning

'Rerum Deus tenax vigor,'

with the word 'Pius' substituted for 'Deus' (*Univers*, October 21 and 28 and November 8).

W. G. Ward was carrying on in the *Dublin Review* a more carefully reasoned exposition of the new Ultramontanism, maintaining the frequency and wide scope of infallible utterances. While theoretically recognising the theological distinctions which Veuillot neglected, his practical conclusion as to the significance of the constant Briefs, Allocutions, and Encyclicals of the existing Pontificate was (to use his own words) that 'in a figurative sense Pius IX. may be said never to have ceased from one continuous *ex Cathedra* pronouncement.'[1]

W. G. Ward was, moreover, an active talker. 'I should like a new Papal Bull every morning with my *Times* at breakfast,' was one of his sayings which gained currency as literally meant. His articles in the *Dublin* were, as I have already said, republished in a volume in 1866.

Newman followed the utterances of the *Univers* and the *Dublin* alike with profound and ever-deepening distress. His distress was the greater because of the noble elements in the Ultramontane movement, which were, he considered, being disfigured by exaggeration and party spirit. He had himself ever been an Ultramontane in the sense that Mgr. Sibour and Montalembert were Ultramontanes. He had held that the Pontiff's definitions of faith were infallible. But he felt deeply, as did Mgr. Dupanloup, the unchristian animosity displayed by M. Veuillot in the name of Ultramontanism against such admirable Catholics as Montalembert and his friends of the *Correspondant*. From W. G. Ward's writings personal animosity was absent. But his extreme theories touched more closely Newman's own field of action in England. And the blending of what Newman felt to be valuable with what he felt to be impossible to hold, in the face of obvious historical facts and recognised theological principles, was even more marked in the case of the English writer. To follow the lead of Pius IX. with loyalty was one thing. To commit Catholic theologians to an entirely new view (as Newman considered) ascribing infallibility to a Pope's public utterances which were not definitions of faith or morals was quite another matter. The immense value, for the effectiveness of Catholicism as a power in the world, of a hearty union of Catholics under the Pope as their general in the war waged by the new age against the Church, had been impressed upon the Catholics of the nineteenth century by de Maistre in his great work 'Du Pape.' The gradual extinction of Gallicanism was the result of a movement which had in it very valuable elements. It was a simple and inspiring programme to listen to the voice of the reigning Pontiff as ever witnessing to the unerring faith of Peter. No one felt all this in his heart more deeply than did Newman. His whole sympathy was ever with obedience and loyalty. But he could not shut his eyes to the terrible revenges which time would bring on an attempt to identify the Catholic faith with views which ignored patent facts of history, including the human defects of Popes themselves, visible at times even in their official pronouncements. He could not forget such Popes as Liberius and Honorius. The action of these Pontiffs could, no doubt, in his opinion, be defended as consistent with Papal Infallibility, but only by those careful distinctions as to what official utterances were and were not infallible which were now branded as 'Liberalism' by Veuillot, as 'minimism' by W. G. Ward. Had the faithful at large felt bound, under pain of mortal sin or disloyalty to the Church, to be guided by the famous official letter of Pope Honorius to the Patriarch Sergius which encouraged the Monothelite heresy, they would have fallen under the censure of Popes Agatho and Leo II., who anathematised Pope Honorius for that very letter. Had the letter been accepted as the teaching of the Church, had a critical examination of its exact authority been treated as disloyal, the Catholic Communion might have become largely Monothelite. Even as it was, the letter proved, in the words of a distinguished theologian, 'a tower of strength' to heretics until it had, later on, been authoritatively declared by Rome itself to be no embodiment of her Apostolic tradition.[1] Meanwhile the orthodox had resolutely to oppose the Pope's verdict. 'Though a Pope do all that Honorius did,' Newman had to insist in replying to a letter from Dr. Pusey, in which current Ultramontane excesses were treated as Catholic doctrine, 'he is not speaking infallibly.' All this was practically ignored by M. Veuillot.[2]

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[1] *Essays on the Church's Doctrinal Authority*, p. 510.

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[1] *Dublin Review*, No. 280, p. 79.

[2] Mr. Ward dealt with the Honorius question eventually, see p. 237.

Able historians such as Lord Acton, whose attitude towards the Papacy was hostile, noted in triumph the unhistorical impossibilities which were being advanced as indispensable to whole-hearted orthodoxy. Yet the trend of events, the war of modern civilisation on the Church, the iniquitous spoliation of the Holy See, had in fact made loyalty so hot and undiscriminating, as in some quarters to put the interests of intellectual accuracy and candour in these matters almost out of sight. This temper of mind was prevalent within the memory of many of us. To qualify and distinguish as to the claims of the Holy Father's official utterances on our mental allegiance, seemed to many Catholics at that moment to be unworthy and half-hearted.

Newman had, then, the most painful and thankless work before him, of pointing out the dangers of a movement which was inspired largely by devotion to Rome; thus seeming, to those who were blind to the real peril of the situation, to side to some extent with the cold and persecuting world, and with half-hearted Catholics who were really disaffected and disloyal; to be, in his jealous protection of the interests of theological truth, guilty of intellectualism or intellectual pride.

Scrupulously anxious to keep his action within such limits as would secure its being, so far as it went, effectual, Newman took two significant steps—one in 1867, the other in 1868. It was characteristic of him that he carefully confined himself to English controversies—which came in the direct path of his own duty. And in each case, what he ultimately did was less than what he first planned. He had planned, as we have seen, to write in 1866 on Papal Infallibility in answer to W. G. Ward. He ended by encouraging Father Ignatius Ryder to write in 1867, and doing his best to support him by the weight of his name and by his acknowledged sympathy. In 1868 he encouraged Mr. Peter le Page Renouf to write on the Honorius case with a view to showing the difficulties it raised in connection with the doctrine of Papal Infallibility. He proposed to make Renouf's pamphlet an excuse for writing himself on the subject, but in the end only did his best privately to urge the importance of the question being fully ventilated.

In connection with Father Ryder's pamphlet there were two points which he was specially desirous of emphasising. The first (referred to in a letter to Ryder himself) was the degree of freedom which a Catholic might lawfully claim for his internal belief except when that freedom was barred by a definition of faith. He claimed freedom to differ from the generally received view, not universally, but in this or that case where the individual had access to urgent reasons for so doing. The second point was the necessity that the doctrinal effect of each fresh official Papal utterance should be interpreted not by the private judgment of the ordinary reader exercised on the text of the particular utterance alone, but by the gradual sifting of theological experts whose business it is to determine the authority of the fresh utterance and to collate it with other *loci theologici*. He believed that such scientific thoroughness gave far greater liberty of opinion to Catholics than Mr. Ward allowed them. His anxiety seems to have been, in view of possible future discoveries in science and criticism, to make it clear that the road was not finally barred to such reconsideration of some received views as might eventually prove necessary, but at the same time to leave the presumption on the side of what was generally accepted.

This line of thought was expressed in the first instance in the course of a correspondence with Pusey. Pusey treated Newman's repudiation of the excesses of Ward and Faber as an assertion of that principle of 'minimism' which W. G. Ward was constantly denouncing. Newman repudiated the charge. How hearty and thorough was Newman's own obedience to the Papacy, how ungrudging his recognition of the wide sphere of its authority, is apparent in two remarkable letters to Pusey written in response to a request from Bishop Forbes of Brechin for further information.[1]

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[1] It may be pointed out that Newman analyses in these letters, in the field of dogma, a principle which is more popularly recognised in the field of morals—that 'extrinsic' probability, that is the *consensus* of competent theologians as to a particular conclusion, holds the field in the first instance, and claims our allegiance *primâ facie*; yet, in the case of those competent to weigh the *pros* and *cons* in a special case, the 'intrinsic' probability, that is the value of the actual reasons alleged, may lawfully be estimated and acted on by the individual, in opposition to a generally accepted view. The peculiarity of speculative dogmatic theology,

'The Oratory: March 22nd 1867.

'My dear Pusey,—I understand that you and Bishop Forbes (who I hope will allow me to answer him through you) ask simply the question of fact, what is held and must be held by members of our communion about the powers of the Pope.

'Any categorical answer would be unsatisfactory—but if I *must* so speak, I should say that his jurisdiction, (for that I conceive you to mean by "powers") is unlimited and despotic. And I think this is the general opinion among us. I am not a deep theologian,—but, as far as I understand the question, it is my own opinion. There is nothing which any other authority in the Church can do, which he cannot do at once—and he can do things which they cannot do, such as destroy a whole hierarchy, as well as create one. As to the question of property, whether he could simply confiscate the funds of a whole diocese, I do not know—but I suspect he can. Speaking generally, I think he can do anything, but break the divine law.

'If you will have a categorical answer, this is it—and I do not see how I can modify it. But such a jurisdiction is (1) not so much a *practice* as a *doctrine*—and (2) not so much a *doctrine* as a *principle* of our system. Now I will attempt, at the risk of making a very long matter of it, to explain what I mean.

'1. It must not be supposed that the Pope does or can exercise at will or any moment those powers that he has. You know the story of the King of Spain who was scorched to death because the right officer was not at hand to wheel his chair from the fire—and so practically the Pope's jurisdiction requires a great effort to put it into motion. Pius VII. swept away a good part of the French hierarchy, but this is not an act of every day. Two things happened while we

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as distinguished from moral theology, is of course this—that new scientific discoveries or probabilities on its borderland may create a new intrinsic probability, and such scientific probabilities are at first only appreciated by a few. This fact he illustrates by the far-reaching though well-worn facts of the Galileo case, in its bearing on the conclusions of the theologians of the Inquisition who censured his views as heretical. In moral theology the premisses of a received conclusion have no such changing element, for they consist solely in the nature of the case hypothetically stated. In the mixed problems of theology and historical criticism it is otherwise. Their conclusions rest on premisses partly supplied by the ordinary *loci theologici* and partly by the *data* of an advancing science. Moreover, such new *data* not only affect 'intrinsic' probability for those who know them, but destroy extrinsic probability for conclusions drawn before they were known.

were at Rome to illustrate what I mean. The Pope gave us the Oratory of Malta, and this, mind, not by any claim of general jurisdiction over the Oratory and other religious bodies, which are his own creation. We were *talking* of taking possession, (not that we had ever really made up our minds) when an experienced Jesuit at Propaganda said to us: "It is your interest to go to the *Bishop* of Malta. It is all very fine your having the Oratory there as a present from the Pope, but you will find, when you get there, that, in spite of the Pope's act, the Bishop is the greater man of the two." And since then I have always been struck with the great power of Bishops in their respective dioceses, even in England where (as being under Propaganda) they have not the power they possess in Catholic countries. Indeed, one of the great causes of the bad state of things in Italy is (I do believe) because the Pope cannot effect reforms in particular dioceses from the traditional usages and the personal resistance of Bishops and clergy. And again as to Rome, they say the Pope has practically hardly any power at all in his own city. The second instance which came before us when we were in Rome was this:—the Pope told the Jesuit Father that he had appointed Dr. Wiseman Vicar Apostolic of London. It got about Rome, and at length was told by a lady in all simplicity to Cardinal Franzoni, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. He at once drew up and abruptly denied there was an appointment. He said the appointment belonged to Propaganda, to him, and the Pope could not interfere—and the Pope was obliged to give way—and Dr. Walsh was appointed instead. His abstract power is not a practical fact.

'2. And now secondly I observe that it is not so much even an abstract doctrine as it is a principle; by which I mean something far more subtle and intimately connected with our system itself than a doctrine, so as not to be contained in the written law, but to be, like the common law of the land, or rather the principles of the Constitution, contained in the very idea of our being what we are.

'I hope you will let me go a good way back to show this, though I fear you may think me dissertating; but it will lead me to remark on a *previous* question to the one you ask me, and which I really ought to handle, lest in answering your question at all, I lead you to think I am able to follow you in a view of it which I cannot take.

'I must then deliver a sort of Sermon against Minimism and Minimists.

'The words then of Councils, &c., on the subject of the Pope's powers are (to a certain degree) vague, as you say, and indefinite; even for this reason, viz.—from the strong reluctance which has ever been felt, to restrict the liberty of thinking and judging more than was absolutely necessary, as a matter of sacred duty, in order to the maintenance of the revealed *depositum*. It has always been trusted that the received belief of the faithful and the obligations of piety would cover a larger circuit of doctrinal matter than was formally claimed, and secure a more generous faith than was imperative on the conscience. Hence there has never been a wish on the part of the Church to cut clean between doctrine revealed and doctrine not revealed; first indeed, because she actually *cannot* do so at any given moment, but is illuminated from time to time as to what was revealed in the beginning on this or that portion of the whole mass of teaching which is now received; but secondly, because for that very reason she would be misrepresenting the real character of the dispensation, as God has given it, and would be abdicating her function, and misleading her children into the notion that she was something obsolete and *passé*, considered as a divine oracle, and would be transferring their faith from resting on herself as the organ of revelation (and in some sense *impropriè*) as its formal object, simply to a code of certain definite articles or a written creed (or material object) if she authoritatively said that so much, and no more, is "de fide Catholica" and binding on our inward assent. Accordingly, the act of faith, as we consider, must now be partly explicit, partly implicit; viz. "I believe whatever has been and whatever shall be defined as revelation by the Church who is the origin of revelation"; or again, "I believe in the Church's teaching, whether explicit or implicit," i.e. "Ecclesiae docenti et explicite et implicite." This rule applies both to learned and to ignorant; for, as the ignorant, who does not understand theological terms, must say, "I believe the Athanasian Creed in that sense in which the Church puts it forward," or, "I believe that the Church is veracious," so the learned, though they do understand the theological wording of that Creed, and can say intelligently what the ignorant cannot say, viz. "I believe that there are Three *Aeterni*, and one *Aeternus*," still have need to add, "I believe it because the Church has declared it," and, "I believe all that the Church has defined or shall define as revealed," and "I absolutely submit my mind with an inward assent to the Church, as the teacher of the whole faith."

'Accordingly the use of such books as Veron's and Chrissman's (which contain that "Minimum" which Dr. Forbes asks about) is mainly to ascertain the matter of fact, viz. what at present is defined by the Church as "de fide"; and with whatever difference in the way of putting it, they would not deny that it is in the power of the Church to define points hitherto open, and that the faithful are bound to accept these with an inward assent when they are defined.

'But post time has come,—and perhaps I ought to let it bring what I have to say to an end—yet, if you will let me, I should like to run out what I have begun—though it will give you trouble to read. Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

'The Oratory, Birmingham: March 23rd, 1867.

'My dear Pusey,—I do hope you will not think I am preaching—but to answer you, without showing you that the answer is given from a different basis from that on which the question is asked, would be to mislead you and the Bishop—it would in fact be an equivocation—for "Minimism" in my mouth does not mean the same thing as in yours.

'I ended yesterday by saying that such writers as Veron and Chrissman and Denzinger, in laying down what was "de fide," never pretended to exclude the principle that it was "de fide" because the Church taught it as such, and that she could teach other things as "de fide" by the same right as she taught what she now teaches as such. This is our broad principle, held by all of whatever shade of theological opinion. While it would be illogical not to give an inward assent to what she has already declared to be revealed, so it is pious and religious to believe, or at least not to doubt, what, though in fact not defined, still it is *probable* she might define as revealed, or that she *will* define, or seems to *consider* to be revealed.

'To illustrate the difference between simply faith and religiousness:—it is as great a sin against *faith* to deny that there is a Purgatory as to deny that there is the Beatific Vision; but it is a sin against religiousness as well as against faith to deny the latter. And so, as to the Church's teaching about the Holy See, before the Council of Florence, about which you ask (supposing the following point was not already defined, which I do not know) it might be pious to believe, and a defect in piety (in educated men) not to believe that the Pope was "totius Ecclesiae Doctor," because it was clear the Church held it, and probable that she might and would define it; and it is this spirit of piety which holds together the whole Church. We embrace and believe what we find universally received, till a question arises about any particular point. Thus, as to our Lord's perfect knowledge in His Human Nature, we might always have admitted it without a question through *piety* to the general voice—then, when the controversy arose, we might ask ourselves if it *had* been defined, examine the question for ourselves and end the examination by (wrongly but allowably) doubting of it; but then *when* the definition was published in its favour, we should submit our minds to the obedience of faith. So again Galileo, *supposing* he began (I have no reason for implying or thinking he did, but *supposing* he began) with doubting the received doctrine about the centrality of the earth, I think he would have been defective in religiousness; but not defective in faith, (unless indeed by chance he erroneously thought that the centrality had been defined). On the other hand, when he saw good reasons for doubting it, it was very fair to ask, and implied no irreligiousness,—"After all, is it defined?" and then, on inquiry, he would have found his liberty of thought "in possession," and would both by right and with piety doubt of the earth's centrality.

'Applying this principle to the Pope's Infallibility, (N.B. this of course is mine own opinion only, *meo periculo*) a man will find it a religious duty to *believe* it *or* may safely *disbelieve* it, in *proportion* as he thinks it probable or improbable that the Church might or will define it, or does hold it, and that it is the doctrine of the Apostles. For myself, (still to illustrate what I mean, not as arguing) I think that the Church *may* define it (i.e. it possibly may turn out to belong to the original *depositum*), but that she will not ever define it; and again I do not see that she can be said to hold it. She never can simply *act* upon it, (being undefined, as it is) and I believe never has;—moreover, on the other hand, I think there is a good deal of evidence, on the very surface of history and the Fathers in its favour. On the whole then I hold it; but I should account it no sin if, on the grounds of reason, I doubted it.

'I have made this long talk by way of protest against the principle of the "Minimum" which both you and Dr. Forbes stand upon, and which we never can accept as a principle, or as a basis of an Eirenicon. It seems to us false, and we must ever hold, on the contrary, that the object of faith is *not* simply certain articles, A. B. C. D. contained in dumb documents, but the whole word of God, explicit, and implicit, as dispensed by His living Church. On this point I am sure there can be no Eirenicon; for it marks a fundamental, elementary difference between the Anglican view and ours, and every attempt to bridge it over will but be met in the keen and stern temper of Cardinal Patrizzi's letter.[1]

'Nor is the point which is the direct subject of your question much or at all less an elementary difference of principle between us; viz. the Pope's jurisdiction:—it is a difference of principle even more than of doctrine. That that jurisdiction is universal is involved in the very idea of a Pope at all. I can easily understand that it was only partially apprehended in the early ages of the Church, and that, as Judah in the Old Covenant was not duly recognised and obeyed as the ruling tribe except gradually, so St. Cyprian or St. Augustine in Africa (if so) or St. Basil in Asia Minor (if so) may have fretted under the imperiousness of Rome, and not found a means of resignation in their trouble ready at hand in a clear view (which they had not) that Rome was one of the powers that be, which are ordained of God. It required time for Christians to enter into the full truth, so as always on all points to think and act aright; and in saying this, I do not mean to admit the force of Mr. Bright's historical arguments against our view of the matter;—but I admit them for argument's sake, and am appealing to the nature and necessity of the case, and to the common-sense view of the case. For to this day a dormant jurisdiction is far from uncommon among us. Bishops for some reason or other allow priests sometimes to go on their own way, and to act by usage in certain things, as if they (the priests) had power of their own; and then some new Bishop comes perhaps, like a new broom, and pulls them up sharply, and shows that such usage was mere matter of allowance; and the priests for a time resist through ignorance. And parallel interpretations may be given *mutatis mutandis* even to the acts of Councils, taking those acts on our opponents' showing. Putting aside then, as in our feeling it may be put aside, the historical question, our feeling as a *fact* (for so alone I am speaking of it) is this:—that there is no use in a Pope at all, except to bind the whole of Christendom into one polity; and that to ask us to give up his universal jurisdiction is to invite us to commit suicide. To do so is not the act of an Eirenicon. . . . "Dissolutionem facis, pacem appellas!" Whatever be the extent of "State rights," some jurisdiction the President must have over the American Union, as a whole, if he is to be of any use or meaning at all. He cannot be a mere Patriarch of the Yankees, or Exarch of the West country squatters, or "primus inter pares" with the Governors of Kentucky and Vermont. An honorary head, call him primate or premier duke, does not affect the real force or enter into the essence of a political body, and it is not worth contending about. We do not want a man of straw, but a bond of unity.

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[1] On the A.P.U.C.

'This shows that, as a matter of principle, the Pope must have universal jurisdiction; and then comes the question to what extent? Now the Church is a Church Militant, and, as the commander of an army is despotic, so must the visible head of the Church be; and therefore in its idea the Pope's jurisdiction can hardly be limited.

'I am not arguing with antecedent arguments; I am accounting for a fact. It is Whately's "a" not "A." I have proposed to draw out the facts as a matter of principle, not of doctrine. Doctrine is the *voice* of a religious body; its principles are of its *substance*. The principles may be turned into doctrines by being defined; but they live as necessities before definition, and are the less likely to be defined, *because* they are so essential to life.

'I end by again apologising for so long a letter; but I could not answer you in any other way; and perhaps you will say I have not answered you at all.

'Ever yours affectionately,
John H. Newman.'

Having thus unreservedly defended the fullest extent of the Pope's jurisdiction as well as the *pietas fidei*, against the 'minimisers' of whom Pusey would fain have extracted from him some approval or countenance, Newman was in a position with a safe conscience to send him a month later Father Ryder's criticism on W. G. Ward's attempt to make almost equally unrestricted, the binding force of Papal utterances on the thoughts of Catholics as well as on their actions. He enclosed with the pamphlet the following letter:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: May 1st, 1867.

'My dear Pusey,—I send you a pamphlet by this post, not that you will agree with it, but because you may like to know what men of moderate opinion amongst us at this day hold. In substance I agree with it. The *extreme* view (of laxity) is Muratori's.

'The subject is the province of ecclesiastical infallibility.

'With best Easter wishes, I am,

Ever yours affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

To W. G. Ward himself he had written on the previous day:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: April 30th, 1867.

'My dear Ward,—I send you by this post Fr. Ryder's pamphlet in criticism of some theological views of yours. Though I frankly own that in substance I agree with it heartily, it was written simply and entirely on his own idea, without any suggestion (as far as I know) from anyone here or elsewhere, and on his own choice of topics, his own reading, and his own mode of composition.

'I think he is but a specimen of a number of young Catholics who have a right to an opinion on the momentous subject in question, and who feel keenly that you are desirous to rule views of doctrine to be vital which the Church does not call or consider vital. And certainly, without any unkindness towards you, or any thought whatever that you have been at all wanting in kindness to me personally, I rejoice in believing that, now that my own time is drawing to an end, the new generation will not forget the spirit of the old maxim in which I have ever wished to speak and act myself: "In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus charitas."

Yours affectly. in Xt.,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Father Ryder's pamphlet was entitled 'Idealism in Theology.' It was a very brilliant and witty piece of writing. Its motto on the title-page was taken from 'Timon of Athens': 'The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends.' He traces W. G. Ward's extremes on the side of authority to those very extremes on the side of scepticism which were to him the alternative;—to the cast of mind which made him a sympathetic reader of the works of J. S. Mill. The reaction from one extreme led to another. A watertight compartment for faith, sealed by authority, in which all religious beliefs should be safely locked up, was the alternative to scepticism. Falling back upon Ward's 'Ideal of a Christian Church' as the truest representation of his mind and method, Ryder traced his theory of Infallibility to his passion for ideal completeness. He regards it as a theory based on *à priori* needs, and constructed without any adequate regard to the caution of true theology or the facts of history. Moreover, as Papal utterances were now becoming so numerous, to intimate that the Pope could scarcely speak publicly without speaking infallibly was, as Ryder maintains in a witty passage, to ascribe to him a gift 'like that of Midas's touch of gold,' very wonderful, but very inconvenient.

W. G. Ward, so Ryder maintained, imposed as obligatory upon all Catholics, under pain of mortal sin, deductions of his own which were not shared by many theologians of weight.

Ryder further protested against the damaging assumption that the theological moderation which comes of thought and wide reading implies a lower level of loyalty to the Church and Holy See than an unthinking acceptance of extreme claims on their behalf. To flatter the authorities by exaggerating their powers, as Canute's courtiers flattered him, was not to be specially loyal; still less was such an attitude desirable, if it involved assertions which prevented effective reply to the charges of extravagance brought against Catholic doctrine by its critics. Moderation due to a perception of real difficulties was not lukewarmness. Sir Thomas More was at once a hero and a moderate. Moderate Catholics were often stigmatised as 'Gallicans'; but Ryder, in a passage full of dignity, justifies their position as often implying deeper loyalty than that of extremists, although their views may differ from those of the 'Roman party.' And when extremists urged that to accept the prevailing view of the time is the course marked out by 'Catholic instincts,' they needed to be reminded of the changes time had wrought in the views prevailing in different epochs—for instance, de Lugo records the fact that nearly all theologians at one time denied the Immaculate Conception.

Three points noted by Ryder, as instances of excessive claims advanced on behalf of the Papacy by Mr. Ward, were: (1) the claim that the Pope's doctrinal instructions in Encyclicals were infallible; (2) the claim that the Holy See by its philosophical condemnations helps directly in determining philosophical truth as such; and (3) the claim for interior assent on the part of men of science to the decrees of the Roman Congregations admitted not to be infallible.

On the first point, Ryder cites great theologians, as Ballerini, Amort, Capellari (afterwards Gregory XVI.), as to the careful tests which are necessary to determine what a Pope does define *ex cathedra.* He notes also that the doctrinal instructions of Encyclical Letters are never used by classical theologians as decisive. He quotes Father Tanner, the Jesuit, as invoking the general opinion of the faithful and of theologians, in order to determine precisely what *is* authoritatively determined in such documents.

On the second point, Ryder held that censures passed by Rome on philosophical writings merely prove the censured system to have on some point run counter to orthodox theology.[1]

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[1] 'The Church, in her philosophical condemnations,' he writes, 'cares nothing for philosophical truth as such. She represents a higher interest, to which every other must give way. Two rival systems of philosophy are struggling for preeminence. The one that is the truest, the one that bears within it the true germ of all philosophic growth and movement, and which is one day to prevail—from the very fact that it is living, and not mechanical—is the more open to dangerous error, in that portion of the intellectual field which philosophy and theology have in common. Although its chariot wheel does but graze the car upon which the Church sits enthroned; although its theological error is so slight viewed as men view it, and the philosophic truth it carries so great and so important; yet the erring wheel is broken and the chariot overthrown; while the rival system, shallow and safe, glides smoothly on upon the other side, triumphant. What matters it to the Church, that the hopes of philosophy are for the time checked! Her office is to preserve, at any cost, each particle of religious truth entrusted to her. Between her truth and other truth, so far as it is truth, God, in his own good time, will effect reconciliation, giving to each its complement. Even as regards her own theology it has been remarked that the Church has frequently smitten the forerunners and heralds of a new development of dogma or discipline, men of keen minds, with the genius of anticipation, but whose zeal was not according to knowledge; and who, in their impatient worship of the new, forgot their reverence for the old. And some of these have wholly fallen away and become heretics, leaving the work for which they were not worthy to other hands. So cautious ever is the Church, so jealous of the wild intellect of man, which she addresses with blows rather than with words. She will not condescend to argue or to explain; she will not clothe herself with the philosopher's pallium; or, if she does, it straightway becomes a cope broidered with mystic characters, which has a new significance, of which the old was but a type and shadow.

'I am not saying that the philosopher can never gain anything from his condemnations; and that, not merely as a man with a supernatural end identical with that of the Church, but even *qua* philosopher. But he must have nerve enough to set himself to analyse precisely the extent of the Church's condemnation, so as to preserve his original system, to the full extent that the Church will allow him.

Such a warning, however emphatic, could not be said to be tantamount to imparting important positive truth.

'Let me take an example,' Fr. Ryder wrote. 'A boy has a long sum to do; when finished, as he thinks, he takes it up to his master; it is wrong, he receives a tremendous cut across the shoulders, and his slate is thrown at his head. Now would it not be rather hyperbolical—nay, would it not be simply untrue, even if the sum represented the whole of arithmetic—to say that a vast mass of arithmetical truth had been taught?'

Mr. Ward's exhortation to men of science to assent interiorly to the decisions of the Roman Congregations, though he admitted that the further advance of science might eventually prove Rome to have been mistaken, is rejected by Father Ryder in the following words:

'What sort of an internal assent would that be which could co-exist with the feeling, that, though the Church was right, they must really see whether she was not wrong? If, on the other hand, their interior assent was firm, and their doubt purely methodical, imagine the shock to the poor orthodox men of science, when they should find the Church wrong after all; either reason or faith must give way.'[1]

But indeed the fundamental assumption of Mr. Ward's reasoning, that what is desirable for the effective preservation

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If, however, he falls into the mistake of supposing that the Church is teaching philosophy, the danger will be, that, if a good Catholic, he will throw himself into the opposite system, and so embrace a vast mass of tenets which, whilst theologically safe, are, some of them, philosophically false.

'As to the condemnations of Hermes and Gunther by the Congregations of the Inquisition and Index, I have no doubt that they were in all respects true and just. I simply do not know whether they were infallible. Pius IX. in the "Eximiam," does indeed characterize the decree of the Index condemning Gunther as "*Decretum nostra auctoritate sancitum, nostroque jussu vulgatum*"; but the decree of the Index condemning Copernicanism as *contrary to Scripture*, is qualified by Bellarmine, Fromond, and you, as "*a Declaration of His Holiness*," a decree "*examined, ratified, authorized by the Pope*," and, by you at least, as "doctrinal." I would submit, although with great deference, as knowing very little of the subject, whether the *immediate* scope of the decrees of the Roman Congregations is not always rather *disciplinary* than *doctrinal*, and the doctrinal statements are not, however solemn and important, still *technically* preambles and *obiter dicta*. If so, the Pope's identifying himself with the decree would not alter its essential character.'

[1] On the other hand it must not be forgotten that Dr. Ryder, like Newman himself, maintained that the *pietas fidei* should prompt to internal submission beyond the sphere covered by strictly infallible decisions of Rome.

of the Faith is, therefore, true, is attacked by Father Ryder. It is, he holds, this utilitarian method which leads him to conclusions which theologians whose methods are more historical have rejected. In treating this point in his first pamphlet Ryder falls back on the tone of banter to which his unfailing sense of humour constantly tempted him.

'After taunting his opponents with their unwillingness to meet him Mr. Ward proceeds in a masterful and lion-taming manner to pin the reluctant but yielding monsters, as he thinks, in a corner, in this wise,—Has not the Church her gift of infallibility in order to maintain the *depositum?* Yes. Can you deny that certain philosophical tenets logically, and certain others practically, lead to heresy? No. Must not the Church have power to expel such errors from the minds of believers, if she is to maintain the *depositum?* Yes. Can she expel such errors unless she can certainly decide which these are? No. Triumphant conclusion: Then the Church is infallible in all condemnations of such tenets as erroneous and unsound! Howls of baffled rage from the minimizing Catholics. . . .

'I will, with Dr. Ward's leave, substitute for the above, the following:—If the Church cannot expel from the minds of the faithful the tenet that the Pope and many of the Bishops are actuated by ambition and other unworthy motives, which tenet has certainly in many cases led, not logically, God forbid! but practically, to both schism and heresy, she cannot securely guard the *depositum;* but she could only expel such a tenet, by infallibly declaring such a case to be impossible: *therefore*, she may infallibly make such a pronouncement. So much for the elasticity of the *a priori* argument.'

The net result of Father Ryder's argument was to establish only this—that Ward's extreme view of the authority of Papal pronouncements, which was becoming so prevalent, was not the only orthodox one.

Newman's share in the production of Father Ryder's first pamphlet is set forth in the following letter to Canon Walker:

'May 11, 1867. . . .

'You are mistaken,—not indeed in thinking that I substantially approve of and agree with Fr. Ryder's Pamphlet, but in treating it as mine. The idea of writing is solely his

—"Facit indignatio versus." So were the topics, the line of thought, the illustrations, and the tone and temper. I agree with your criticism on it—indeed, I had made the same when I saw it in manuscript. He is ever in deep Devonshire lanes—you never know the lie of the country from him—he never takes his reader up to an eminence, whence he could make a map of it. This is partly my fault—partly his, if it *is* a fault. A fault it certainly is in the *composition*—but it is not strictly a fault in *determining* on committing such a fault of composition. My own share in it is this—that I thought it was good generalship for various reasons directly to attack Ward, not in the first place his opinions. I wanted him to show from Ward's character of mind how untrustworthy he was—also I thought he would enlist the feelings of oppressed and groaning Catholics, if he presented himself in the character of a young, chivalrous rebel. Then on his side, since he was proposing, not primarily to teach his betters theology, but to answer Ward, he felt himself obliged to follow Ward's lead and to take the very points for consideration which Ward's publication suggested.

'As to his professing himself, not in any *true* sense, but in the sense people sometimes injuriously use the word, a Gallican, he *wished* to say what he has said—and I confess *I* have a great impatience at being obliged to trim my language by any conventional rule, to purse up my mouth, and mince my words, because it's the fashion. And as to the *Home and Foreign* I detest the persecuting spirit which has pursued it.'

An acute controversy arose on the appearance of Father Ryder's 'Idealism in Theology.' It raged in the columns of the *Tablet*, and Newman's views were attacked by some of W. G. Ward's supporters. Mr. Wallis, the editor of the *Tablet*, published an article in support of Father Ryder and his great chief. Newman's letter to Mr. Wallis on the occasion shows how deeply he felt on the attempt to stifle the lawful liberty of thought among Catholics:

TO MR. WALLIS.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: April 23/1867.

'My dear Mr. Wallis,— . . . I believe the attack on me on the part of a clique is, not simply against me as me, but, on the part of those who are the springs of action in that clique, it is made on the principle "Fiat experimentum in corpore *sano*." I have a clear conscience that, in the works of mine they profess to criticize, I have said nothing which a Catholic might not say, though I am not of their way of thinking. If then they are strong enough to put down me, simply on the ground of my not succumbing to the clique, no one else has a chance of not being put down, and a reign of terror has begun, a reign of denunciation, secret tribunals, and moral assassination. The latter part of your article was directed against this danger—and it rejoiced me to find you were alive to it. As to the attack on me I shall outlive it, as I have outlived other attacks—but it is not at all easy to break that formidable conspiracy, which is in action against the theological liberty of Catholics.

'J. H. N.'

W. G. Ward's reply to Father Ryder appeared in May. Newman wrote his impressions of the state of the controversy to Canon Walker:

'June 5, 1867.

'I agree in what you say about Ward's answer. He picks out from Fr. Ryder's just what he chooses to answer—says that, as to the rest, part is irrelevant, and part he will answer at his leisure, and then goes to work on two theses, only one of which represents any of the four headings into which Fr. Ryder divided his pamphlet, and he meets him as regards that one, not with theologians or theological arguments, but by an *argumentum ad verecundiam*, drawn from the Pope's words. Fr. Ryder has said "the Pope's words always need interpretation"—and has given authorities in proof of this. Ward answers merely by repeating the Pope's words.

'I thought the end of the *Tablet* review of both pamphlets capital, as appealing to the commonsense of the world. Here is Ward to his "extreme surprise" discovering the very truth after having been for years a Lecturer in theology, and now imposing it on all under pain of mortal sin.

'Ward's superiority lies in his clearness, and his skill in stating what he considers his case.'

The root of the controversy was reached in another letter from Newman to Canon Walker. W. G. Ward was attempting to ascribe to the official letters of the actual reigning Pope an import so clear even to the man in the street, and such decisive authority, as instantly to oblige internal belief. His method made light of or dispensed with technical theological interpretation by the light of pronouncements of other Popes and Councils equally authoritative, which might limit the apparent scope even of what was most weighty. Ward had proposed to clinch the matters in dispute at once, by asking the Pope both as to his meaning and his authority in recent utterances. Newman thus comments on Ward's general view and on this particular proposal:

'June 17, 1867.

'As to your question, the definitions &c. of Popes and Councils are matter of *theology*. Who could ever guess *what* is condemned, what not, in a Thesis Damnata, without such a work as Viva? But *now*, a proposition which the Pope has animadverted on (he does not seem formally to have censured any or many in his time) comes to us from Rome, *not* through Bishops and Theologians, but through the public prints, in the own correspondence of the *Times* (that is where I first saw the Syllabus, and you too.) and *private judgment* is to give the proposition and the Pope's act, its true interpretation. Can anything be more preposterous? and then, if we remonstrate, we are answered, "O the words are too plain for interpretation!" On the same principle we might say when St. Paul says that concupiscence is *sin*, that the words need no interpretation from theologians. Look through the propositions condemned in the Bull Unigenitus, and say, if a common man can understand their *point* better than many in St. Paul.

'Then, as to "writing to know" *whether* the Pope speaks *ex cathedra*, and *what* he says, surely this is like asking a Judge out of court to declare the meaning of his decision. Great authorities cannot be had up again, like witnesses in a jury box, to be further questioned or cross examined. They often *do* speak again, but in their own time and way.'

Newman's most urgent protest was throughout against Ward's contention that his view was of obligation for a Catholic. Such narrowing of the terms of communion appeared to him fatal to all intellectual life within the Church, and seemed to reduce the Church Catholic to the position of a sect. Strongly as he held certain views on intellectual grounds, it was for freedom among Catholics to hold them rather than for their truth that he chiefly fought. W. G. Ward, on the other hand, taking the view that the Pope himself desired a full and not a minimistic interpretation, and looking on a Catholic writer as bound in loyalty to second the Pope's wishes, maintained that if a writer thought it clear that a decree did in the Pope's intention impose a certain obligation, he was right in saying so, even although grave theologians thought otherwise. Thus the ultimate point at which such different lines of policy began to diverge was that Newman said: "Say if you like 'I think this is the true interpretation,' but do not impose it on others as obligatory, if grave theologians think differently"; while Ward replied: "If I think it is infallibly true, and part of the Church's teaching, I think it is obligatory; and I say so as the Pope wishes me to. I do not impose it on my own *ipse dixit*, or assuming any authority, but I give the reasons which convince me."

Two letters at this time—one to W. G. Ward himself, and one to Henry Wilberforce—express with some fulness Newman's state of mind:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: 9th May, 1867.

'My dear Ward,—Father Ryder has shown me your letter in which you speak of me, and though I know that to remark on what you say will be as ineffectual now in making you understand me as so many times in the last fifteen years, yet, at least as a protest *in memoriam*, I will, on occasion of this letter and of your letter to myself, make a fresh attempt to explain myself. Let me observe then that in former years, *and now*, I have considered the theological differences between us as unimportant in themselves; that is, such as to be simply compatible with a reception both by you and by me of the whole theological teaching of the Church in the widest sense of the word teaching; and again now, and in former years too, I have considered one phenomenon in you to be "momentous," nay, portentous, that you will persist in calling the said unimportant, allowable, inevitable differences, which must occur between mind and mind, not unimportant, but of great moment. In this utterly uncatholic, not so much opinion as feeling and sentiment, you have grown in the course of years, whereas I consider that I remain myself in the same temper of forbearance and sobriety which I have ever wished to cultivate. Years ago you wrote me a letter in answer to one of mine, in which you made so much of such natural difference of opinion as exists, that I endorsed it with the words: "See how this man seeketh a quarrel against me." . . .

'Pardon me if I say that you are making a Church within a Church, as the Novatians of old did within the Catholic pale, and as, outside the Catholic pale, the Evangelicals of the Establishment. As they talk of "vital religion" and vital "doctrines," and will not allow that their brethren "know the Gospel," or are Gospel preachers, unless they profess the small shibboleths of their own sect, so you are doing your best to make a party in the Catholic Church, and in St. Paul's words are dividing Christ by exalting your opinions into dogmas. . . . I protest then again, not against your tenets, but against what I must call your schismatical spirit. I disown your intended praise of me, viz. that I hold your theological opinions in "the greatest aversion," and I pray God that I may never denounce, as you do, what the Church has not denounced. Bear with me.

'Yours affectionately in Christ,
J. H. NEWMAN.'

To Henry Wilberforce he wrote thus in July:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: July 21st, 1867.

'My dear H. W.,—In all times the debates in the Schools have been furious, and it is in this way, of the collision of flint and steel, that the light of truth has been struck and elicited. Controversialists have ever accused each other of heresy—and at times Popes have interfered, and put forth Bulls to the effect that, if anyone called another a heretic out of his own head, he should lie under the censure of the Church.

'All this is ordinary—what is extraordinary is that the battle should pass from the Schools (which, alas, are not) to Newspapers and Reviews, and to lay combatants, with an appeal to the private judgment of all readers. This is a deplorable evil—and from all I have heard Ward has hindered various people from becoming Catholics by his extreme views, and I believe is unsettling the minds of I can't tell how many Catholics. He is free to have his own opinion, but, when he makes it part of the faith, when he stigmatises those who do not follow him as bad Catholics, when he saves them only on the plea of invincible ignorance, when he declines to meet those Catholics who differ from him and prefers the company of infidels to theirs, when he withdraws promised subscriptions from missions on the plea that the new missioner to whom the money has to be paid has not correct views of doctrine, when the spontaneous instinct of his mind is rather that Protestants should not be converted than converted by certain Catholics who differ from him, what is he (as I have told him) but a Novatian, making a Church within a Church, or an Evangelical preacher, deciding that the Gospel is preached here, and is not there?

'Why, it destroys our very argument with Anglicans: "There is nothing but confusion," we say, "in your Church, you don't know what to believe,—but with us all is clear and there is no difference of view about the Faith." Now he is overturning this aboriginal, unanswerable note in favour of Catholicism,—and its consequences, were others to follow him, would be tremendous. I say: "Were others to follow him," because he is almost alone in such miserable exclusiveness. The Jesuits, who agree with him, do not insist on their view as the only allowable view in the Catholic Church. They say it is the right view—of course they do—everyone thinks his own view right—but they do not dream of calling everyone who differ from them material heretics. The only parallel I can find, like it in its *effects*, I do not say in its controversial circumstances, is the rise of Arianism. How it must have perplexed converts when they saw the fury of the heretical party, and the persistent opposition of the Catholic believers, the eloquent plausibility of the one, the silence and perplexity of the other! how must it have unsettled those who sought the Church for peace and strength amid secular commotions like Constantine, or for truth and eternal life as the young Basil! It is a comfort to us under our present sad trial, to be able to believe that, though a novel phenomenon in its present shape, still it is not altogether strange in the history of the Church.

'For myself I have never taken any great interest in the question of the limits and seat of infallibility. I was converted simply because the Church was to last to the end, and that no communion answered to the Church of the first ages but the Roman Communion, both in substantial likeness and in actual descent. And as to faith, my great principle was: "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*" So I say now—and in all these questions of detail I say to myself, I believe whatever the Church teaches as the voice of God—and this or that particular inclusively, *if* she teaches this—it is this *fides implicita* which is our comfort in these irritating times. And I cannot go beyond this—I see arguments here, arguments there—I incline one way to-day another to-morrow—on the whole I more than incline in one direction—but I do not dogmatise—and I detest any dogmatism where the

Church has not clearly spoken. And if I am told: "The Church has spoken," then I ask when? and if, instead of having anything plain shown me, I am put off with a string of arguments, or some strong words of the Pope himself, I consider this a sophistical evasion, I have only an opinion at best (not faith) that the Pope *is* infallible, and a string of arguments can only end in an opinion—and I comfort myself with the principle: "Lex dubia non obligat"—what is not taught universally, what is not believed universally, has no claim on me—and, if it be true after all and divine, my faith in it is included in the *implicita fides* which I have in the Church.'

In 1869 Mr. Ward withdrew a portion of his previous theory —which had claimed infallibility for all the pronouncements from which the Syllabus drew its list of condemned errors. 'I freely confess,' he wrote, 'that when I set forth this thesis in some of my writings I extended it too far.'[1] And he cites the opinion of grave theologians as his reason for retracting. But this change only confirmed Newman in his objection to Ward's course in branding at the outset as guilty of 'minimism' and of mortal sin, those who held a view with which he himself ultimately concurred.

It was in October 1867 that Mr. Peter le Page Renouf consulted Newman as to the advisability of writing on the Honorius case. Newman's counsel was in the affirmative, and he did not keep his opinion secret. He wrote of it to Mr. Walker. He wrote of it also to Father Harper, the Jesuit. His object was to gain that free discussion of its bearing on the proposed definition which he felt to be so necessary.

'A friend of mine tells me,' he wrote to Father Harper, 'that he got up the case of Honorius years ago, and that he believes it to be inconsistent with the Pope's infallibility— and he is not unlikely to publish on the subject. I cannot be sorry he should do so, for it is right that all the facts should be brought together. I believe they will turn out *not* inconsistent with his infallibility—but I don't profess to have made a study of Honorius.'

A letter to Mr. Renouf himself, after the publication of the pamphlet, indicates the line of thought on which Newman afterwards laid so much stress in the 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk,' that an individual utterance of an individual Pope must be interpreted in harmony with universally accepted Catholic theology, and so interpreted as not to run counter to its received principles.

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[1] *Doctrinal Authority*, p. 462.

'I read your pamphlet yesterday,' he writes on June 21 1868, 'and found it to have the completeness and force which I had expected in it.

'It is very powerful as an argument and complete as a composition. I certainly did not know how strong a case could be made out against Pope Honorius. But with all its power, I do not find that it seriously interferes with my own view of Papal Infallibility: and its completeness is in part due to your narrowing the compass of your thesis and is in part compromised by your devious attacks on writers who differ from you. . . .

'I will tell you why you do not touch, or very slightly touch, my own view of the subject; and I suppose what I hold is in fact what many others hold also.

'I hold the Pope's Infallibility, not as a dogma, but as theological opinion; that is, not as a certainty, but as a probability. You have brought out a grave difficulty in the way of the doctrine; that is, you have diminished its probability; but you have only diminished it. To my mind the balance of probabilities is still in favour of it. There are vast difficulties, taking facts as they are, in the way of denying it. In a question which is anyhow surrounded with difficulties, it is the least of difficulties to maintain that, if we knew *all about* Honorius's case, something would be found to turn up to make it compatible with the doctrine. I recollect Dr. Johnson's saying, "there are unanswerable objections to a plenum, and unanswerable objections to a vacuum, yet one or the other must be true." . . .

'Anyhow the doctrine of Papal Infallibility must be fenced round and limited by *conditions*. . . .

'Mgr. Sarra in his book on Indulgences, which Fr. St. John has lately translated, asserts in like manner that, when the Pope in certain forms of Indulgence distinctly declares that he remits guilt, he really does not mean to do so, for such doctrine would be against the Catholic Faith. This then is one large condition, which all Ultramontanes acquiesce in and exercise, whether they will or no, viz. that, when the Pope uses words which, taken in their obvious meaning, are uncatholic, he either must not be intending to speak *ex cathedra* or must not mean what he seems to mean.'

W. G. Ward was far too frank and honest a controversialist not to face the facts of the Honorius case when they were brought before him by Mr. Renouf's pamphlet. But it was significant that he had formulated his theory without expressly allowing for them. He now wrote in the *Dublin Review* dealing with the case fully, and maintaining that though Honorius did teach, and teach officially in his letter to Sergius, and though his teaching did undoubtedly countenance heresy, he was speaking not *ex cathedra* as Universal doctor, but only as the official Doctrinal ruler (*Gubernator Doctrinalis*). This admission, however, raised the question, How can it be at once determined in which of these two capacities a Pope's official pronouncement on doctrinal matters is made? Here was a matter which called for very careful investigation on the part of theologians.

It was easy to decide after the event that an official letter from a Pope purporting to give doctrinal guidance, which was condemned by at least three subsequent Popes in Council as countenancing heresy, could not have been a decision *ex cathedra*. But how about its determination by those who lived at the time? How would Mr. Ward's advocacy of an uncritical following of the Pope's guidance have operated? As it was, one of the ablest defenders of Honorius has left it on record that 'the continual resistance to the true doctrine had been built on the authority of Honorius,' and that 'without his important letters in all probability no Monothelite troubles would have disturbed the pages of history.'[1] Pope Agatho distinguished the indefectible faith of Peter from the erroneous teaching which had been countenanced by the reigning Pope Honorius. Unless theologians vigilantly kept guard on this distinction, what absolute guarantee was there against a repetition of the prevalence of false doctrine under Pontifical guidance? How was it consistent to brand as 'minimising' Catholics those who held that the Papal letter of 1863 to the Archbishop of Munich was sent by the Pope as doctrinal ruler, and not as an infallible utterance, when in the case of the letter to the Patriarch Sergius such a verdict had been passed by the Roman See itself?

The events and controversies of the succeeding years—

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[1] Dom Chapman, O.S.B., in the *Dublin Review*, No. 280, p. 69.

from 1867 to 1870—showed more and more clearly that the root question at issue between Father Ryder and Mr. Ward was not the 'extent of infallibility'—the initial subject of the discussion—but rather the functions of active theological thought in appraising precisely what was infallibly determined.

The differences between the school of Newman, Ryder, and Dupanloup, and the school represented by the *Dublin Review* and the *Univers*, had been manifest at the time of the appearance of the Syllabus two years earlier. They were also apparent later on when the opportuneness of the definition of Papal Infallibility was debated.

Newman had already in the 'Apologia' forestalled a good many of the questions which W. G. Ward discussed in the *Dublin Review*. There, as also in the letter to Mr. Ornsby on the same subject, already cited, he had pointed out that, in the palmy days of the Church's theology, the difficult intellectual problems which arose, as the University professors attempted to reconcile the truths of Revelation with the claims of newly emerging speculations or conclusions of the reason, had been thoroughly and exhaustively debated in the schools; and that when the Holy See in the end perhaps intervened it was to ratify as orthodox the conclusion already reached by reason. The Holy See was using the 'means supplied by Providence,' of which the Vatican Decree *Pastor Aeternus* did eventually speak, to assist it in making its decisions accurate, and in so expressing them as to accord with the many existing theological authorities and past decisions of Councils and Popes. Some such means of ascertaining the truth was, of course, necessary for the Holy See in the absence of direct inspiration. The third alternative was that very arbitrariness and absolutism in its decisions, with which Protestants charge the Papacy, and which Catholics have ever repudiated as inconsistent with the traditions of the Church. What Newman evidently dreaded was, lest the destruction of the theological schools, which he constantly deplored, coupled with the spread of Ward's theory which made light of even the theological *auxilia* which were still available, might lead to decisions of authority not at all adequate to the complexity and difficulty of the questions raised, nor taking full account of the already existing theological decisions and authoritative *dicta* bearing on the same subjects. He remembered that even in infallible decisions, while immunity from error was guaranteed by Providence, their adequacy and luminousness was held by theologians to vary according to the quality of the minds engaged in their preparation.[1] Then there were in addition weighty decisions of Popes or Roman Congregations in which there was not held to be any guarantee of immunity from error. If the 'political and ultra-devotional party' of Louis Veuillot and his friends were reinforced by theologians like Ward and Father Schrader, and if Rome, even without formally sanctioning their theory, so far gave ear to its promoters as to issue decisions without adequate theological preparation, disastrous consequences would ensue. Authority might be identified in the public mind with the 'violent ultra party which exalts opinions into dogmas and has at heart principally the destruction of every school of thought but its own.'[2] The absence of sufficient regard for intellectual interests—not unnatural in measures instigated by men like M. Veuillot, for whom these interests had practically no existence—might make faith and loyalty excessively difficult for thinking minds. Really effective apologetic might become almost impossible. The ablest Catholics ndeed would make privately the necessary qualifications. But to express them publicly might be to incur charges of unorthodoxy from the *Univers* from which they might naturally shrink. All this would, no doubt, be entirely outside the intention of the Holy See, but nevertheless the forces at work might bring about these unfortunate consequences. The destruction of the theological schools had diminished the normal influence of intellectual interest in the Church. The 'political and ultra-devotional party' was unduly powerful. This party had won its influence by loyalty to the Holy See—devoted as well as militant—yet that nfluence might be most unfortunate in matters whose nature and importance its members failed to understand. Newman's great fear, in the years 1866–70, during which the proposed definition was canvassed, seems to have been that by its erms it might appear to the world at large to sanction such excesses as those of M. Louis Veuillot, novelties which were at variance with traditional Catholic theology.

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[1] See *Letter to Duke of Norfolk*, p. 307.

[2] *Apologia*, p. 260.

He wrote to Canon Walker urging him, as a hereditary Catholic, to testify publicly to the theology he had learnt in his boyhood, as contrasted with the innovations of M. Veuillot and Father Schrader:

'November 10, 1867.

'Thank you for your letters, which I was very glad to receive. I will tell you what they brought home to my mind, what indeed I have once or twice thought of before—that you should really write a pamphlet *bearing witness* to the views taught to Catholics when you were young. No one can do it but one who can speak as an authoritative witness, and such you would be. There are very few who could do it but you,—and it is really most necessary. Here is the Archbishop in a Pastoral or Pamphlet putting out extreme views—getting it read to the Pope, and circulating that the Pope approved of it—all with a view of anticipating and practising upon the judgments of the Bishops, when they meet for a General Council. Of course what the General Council speaks is the word of God—but still we may well feel indignant at the intrigue, trickery, and imperiousness which is the human side of its history—and it seems a dereliction of duty not to do one's part to meet them. You are one of the few persons who can give an effective testimony, and I hope you will. And now having "liberated my mind," and feeling relieved by having done so, I have nothing to do but to subscribe myself Very sincerely yours,

'J. H. N.'

However, while these anxieties weighed heavily and increasingly on Newman until after the Vatican Council, he had in 1868, as we have already seen, a great encouragement in two things. First, the Pope, after having his works examined and approved, had directed that he should be asked to help in preparing the material for the Council. This was a vindication of his orthodoxy, and it gave him a clear *locus standi* in writing his opinion freely as to the difficulties attaching to some of the proposed canons and definitions. Secondly, he had at this time constant and widespread testimony to his influence, which he now felt to be such that it might greatly help in the objects he had at heart. The entry in his journal in November 1868 opens with a note almost of triumph:

'Nov. 30th, 1868.

'*Hæc mutatio dextræ Excelsi.* I am too old to feel much pleasure or at least to realise that I do—but certainly I have abundant cause to bless and praise God for the wonderful change that has taken place in men's estimation of me, that is, if I can make that change subservient to any good purpose. An Anglican correspondent writes to me "You occupy a very unique position in England. There is no other man whose mere word would be more readily taken without the necessity of having it confirmed by any other testimony. I do not know any revolution of public feeling so complete as this."

'As far as this is a correct statement, I think the fact arises from the feeling in the public mind that for many, for 20 years, I have been unfairly dealt with. It is a generous feeling desirous of making amends. Thus I account for the great considerateness which the *Spectator*, the *Saturday Review*, nay the *Pall Mall*, and the Anglican *Guardian* and other Anglican newspapers show me. But it is showing itself still more in facts—Copeland has lately heard from Rivingtons that the first volume of the new Edition of my Parochial Sermons, published in May, has already, in half a year, sold to the number of 3500 copies—and that this number includes an "*extensive* sale" among Dissenters.—Another remarkable fact is that Sir F. Doyle, Poetry Professor at Oxford, is paying me the extraordinary compliment of giving a Public Lecture on my "Dream of Gerontius."

'Then on the other hand, whereas the Pope directed that I should be asked to go to Rome to take part in preparing matters for the Council, the Catholic papers, which have not hitherto spoken well of me, say that it has been a special invitation, the first and hitherto only one made to any Priest in England, Scotland, or Ireland &c. &c.

'*Per contra*—I shall be selling out my newly acquired stock of credit in these Catholic circles, if I publish this letter on Renouf's pamphlet upon Honorius, as I am thinking of doing.

'I have nothing particular to remark on the above—but record it, as I would the risings and fallings of the weather glass. I am too old not to feel keenly that unless I can do something for God by means of the good words which men give me, such praise is mere chaff, and will be whirled away by the wind some fine morning, leaving nothing behind it.

'Another very encouraging fact is, that, in spite of opposition and criticism, Ignatius's pamphlets certainly have done a work, and have thrown back the ὕβρις ὀρθίων κνωδάλων, the arrogant *ipse dixits* of various persons who would crush every opinion in theology which is not theirs.'

CHAPTER XXVIII

'THE GRAMMAR OF ASSENT' (1870)

DURING the period we have been reviewing, from 1866 to 1868, in which the contest on the Infallibility of the Papacy was so keen, Newman was engaged in writing his 'Essay in aid of a Grammar of Assent.' For years, as we have seen, he had been urged by W. G. Ward to write on Faith and Reason—a work which should be in some sense a sequel to the Oxford University Sermons 'On the Theory of Religious Belief.' He had again and again taken notes for it; and the subject was to have been dealt with in the 'Prolegomena' to the ill-fated translation of the Scriptures. His keen realisation of the sceptical standpoint, and of the fallacy of Catholic faith in the eyes of the sceptic, is vividly presented in the following memorandum of 1860 on 'The Fluctuations of Human Opinion':

'(1) We cannot get beyond a judgment such that it denies itself soon and melts away into another—nothing fixed and stable.

'(2) Hence what does Catholicism do but arbitrarily fix what is not fixed, and perpetuate by an unnatural and strained force what else would be transitory. It assumes and wills that this or that should be true which is not true to the mind except for a time or more than something else.

'(3) We cannot get beyond a certain degree of probability about anything, but Catholicism enforces a certainty greater than Mathematics,

'(4) and making it a sin to doubt, artificially prolongs an opinion. It is but an opinion that the Church is infallible, but we commit a man to it and make it a sin to doubt it. If he argued himself into it, why may he not argue himself out of it? If it is a conclusion from premisses at first why not always?

'(5) How can there be a revelation; for the certainty of it must depend on uncertain premisses? Such seems the state of human nature. In this state of things what does Catholicism do but unnaturally prolong a particular state of opinion and pretend to a certainty which is impossible?'

This plausible view of the inherent uncertainty of religious opinions had been considered by him both at Oxford (in the University Sermons) and at Dublin in a lecture already cited in these pages.[1] But he felt that he had more to say on the subject, and had several times turned his mind to it.

After the abandonment of the 'Prolegomena' he had again contemplated a book on the same theme, but on somewhat different lines—more distinctly as an account of the basis on which minds unacquainted with scientific theology or philosophy could and did rest their religious belief. This particular plan had been mentioned in 1860 in a letter to Dr. Meynell, Professor of Philosophy at Oscott. Dr. Meynell had read Newman's University Sermons and referred in a letter to his keen appreciation of their value. Newman thus replied to him:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Jan. 23rd, '60.

'My dear Dr. Meynell,—Your letter has given me most exceeding pleasure. First, because you really have taken the trouble to read my book through, when I could not have fancied you would have done more than read parts. Next, because you corroborate my own impression, that what Mr. Mansel has said I have said before him. And thirdly because you think I have avoided many of his errors.

'Since I sent it you I have had some correspondence with a dear old Protestant friend, who wished me to write a book, on what would really be the same subject expanded—so now I am more inclined to do something or other on the subject, but less certain whether or not to re-issue the Sermons. If I wrote a new work, it would be on "the popular, practical, and personal evidence of Christianity"—i.e. as contrasted to the scientific, and its object would be to show that a given individual, high or low, has as much right (has as real rational grounds) to be certain, as a learned theologian who knows the scientific evidence.

'Your opinion of my sermons is the second favourable judgment that I have had—some years ago some priests in France translated nine of them into French.

'Yours very sincerely JOHN H. NEWMAN,
of the Oratory.'

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[1] See Vol. I., p. 393.

Let it be remembered that the ordinary reply in the current school treatises to the question, 'How can the uneducated man have sufficient reason for belief in Christianity?' was that such a one has reasons sufficient to satisfy his own limited intellect. This clearly left a difficulty unsolved. For a fallacious argument might satisfy an uncritical and uneducated mind. In the University Sermon on 'Wisdom as contrasted with Faith and Bigotry' Newman had met the difficulty by the suggestion that the Faith of the simple involved a semi-conscious share in the Wisdom of the Church as a whole. The single-hearted love of truth secured some participation in a deeper intellectual and philosophical system and process of proof than the individual mind could explicitly formulate or appreciate. In the 'Essay on Assent' he developed a part only of this line of thought. He analysed the large part played in the formation of convictions by 'implicit'—or 'subconscious' reasoning, as it afterwards came to be called. An uneducated man 'with a heart and an eye for truth' might reason well—though the process could not be formally and consciously analysed by him. He would come to a right conclusion, though his expressed arguments might be inadequate or faulty. There were, moreover, grounds of conviction too personal to be adequately expressed. These played a large part in the religious convictions of educated and uneducated alike. Yet from their nature they could not be fully set forth in formal treatises. This line of thought had been already sketched in the University Sermon, 'Explicit and Implicit Reason.' The 'Essay on Assent' in the end did not, then, confine itself to an examination of the grounds for faith accessible to the uneducated. It dealt rather with those personal grounds of belief which the educated and uneducated may have in common—grounds largely independent of technical studies and arguments which could be appreciated only by the learned few. And it dwelt on the depth and importance of these informal and personal proofs.

Newman found a difficulty in some quarters in making the necessity of his work—or its very object—understood. Even among educated Catholics there were many who learnt more or less mechanically the recognised credentials of the Church as well as its doctrines. They did not really weigh the adequacy of the proofs, which they accepted on the word of that Church whose authority the proofs themselves professed to establish. To reflect on the vicious circle which this involved was in their eyes to admit a doubt against Faith. This was an attitude quite at variance with the teaching of the best theologians, but in fact it was widely prevalent. And W. G. Ward and Newman, who were on this subject in close sympathy, had found even so able a man as Cardinal Wiseman not wholly free from the confusion of thought which it involved. This became apparent in a conversation between the three men in 1859, and Newman clinched the matter and somewhat staggered the Cardinal with the question, 'Then pray, your Eminence, what is the difference between Faith and Prejudice?'

As Catholics came to be more and more in contact with the modern world and with able men who did not accept Christianity, and learnt thus to realise the force of objections to their belief, such a way of looking at the matter must clearly afford a very insecure basis for its defence.

While the subject had, as we have seen, been in Newman's mind for years, the decisive influence leading him to write on the lines finally chosen came with dramatic suddenness, and is described in a letter to Mr. Aubrey de Vere, written in August 1870, immediately after the publication of his 'Essay':

> 'As to my Essay on Assent,' he wrote, 'it is on a subject which has teazed me for these twenty or thirty years. I felt I had something to say upon it, yet, whenever I attempted, the sight I saw vanished, plunged into a thicket, curled itself up like a hedgehog, or changed colours like a chameleon. I have a succession of commencements, perhaps a dozen, each different from the other, and in a different year, which came to nothing. At last, four years ago, when I was up at Glion over the Lake of Geneva, a thought came into my head as the clue, the "Open Sesame," of the whole subject, and I at once wrote it down, and I pursued it about the Lake of Lucerne. Then when I came home I began in earnest, and have slowly got through it.'

The thought that came to him at Glion was, as he says in a 'Memorandum' to be cited shortly, that Certitude is a form of Assent, and that to treat of the psychology of Assent as distinguished from inference was the key to his book. The exposition of this view of the case proved to be an important part of his work, but perhaps not the most important. Assent is treated in his book as being in its nature unconditional. The act of assent to a new conclusion is a definite step taken by the mind in response to many rational influences, latent as well as conscious, and not as the mere mechanical or passive recognition then and there of an inference from premisses. This is perhaps his newest and subtlest contribution to the problem. But it was not probably that which was most helpful to the average reader. The doctrine of the 'illative sense' has become by general consent the most characteristic lesson taught by the 'Essay.' This doctrine it was that met one special philosophical difficulty which prompted him to write.

I have said above that one avowed object of the 'Essay on Assent' was to show that simple and uneducated minds could have rational grounds for belief in Christianity without knowledge of its scientific evidences. But the other *lacuna* in Christian apologetic, to fill which the book was written, was that expressed in the letter to Mr. Capes already cited.[1] He desired to view the unbeliever's attitude truly. He treated it as being due to the assumption of false first principles. This account did not get rid of the unbeliever's responsibility, but it left intact his sincerity. Both his own cast of mind and his familiar intimacy with such earnest doubters as William Froude, made him feel how little cogent for the age to come, when believer and doubter must be in daily intercourse, was a line of apologetic which implied that there must be conscious insincerity in the doubter or Agnostic.

The supposition that the case for Christianity could be drawn up with the completeness of a barrister's brief, and that as so stated it was in itself conclusive to any honest mind, was false to obvious facts. Unbelievers were not as a rule *hic et nunc* dishonest men whose bad dispositions held them back from recognising a clearly convincing proof of Christianity. And one reason why this fact was not adequately recognised among Catholic theologians was that believer and unbeliever lived very largely apart and the unbeliever's mind was not familiarly known by the believer. The position maintained by Christian apologists stamped them in the eyes of the mass of strenuous and able thinkers on religion as sectarian and bigoted. While not disputing the recognised teaching in the Catholic schools that the reasons ascertainable on behalf of the Christian revelation were such as should lead 'a prudent man' to believe, and to exclude a 'prudent' doubt, Newman set himself to examine the nature of the evidence and the conditions for its apprehension: and unbelief appears in his pages not as due to conscious dishonesty, but as resulting from an attitude which precludes full knowledge of the evidence. His work included an analysis of the mind of believer and unbeliever and of the differences between them. He drew attention to the subtle personal appreciation on the part of the religious mind, which made it find so much more evidence for Christianity in the acknowledged facts of its history than the irreligious mind could see. The general outcome of this portion of the book was to show the important place held by antecedent conditions among the reasons convincing the believer. And among these conditions were the experiences and action of the individual mind. The religious mind instinctively and by degrees accumulated evidences of which the irreligious mind—reasoning on different principles—remained wholly or partially unaware. The action of the will and of moral dispositions was gradual. Moral defect must in the long run lead the mind to miss the deepest grounds of belief. But this was something very different from insincerity. To quote a sentence written by Newman on the subject to the present writer, 'The religious mind sees much which is invisible to the irreligious mind. They have not the same evidence before them.'

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[1] See Vol. I. pp. 244, 247.

Newman did not deny that one reasoned rightly, the other wrongly. He did not deny that there might be responsibility for the false principles which led to unbelief—for the failure of the unbeliever to recognise the deeper principles which a Christian thinker adopts (as he phrased it a little later) 'under the happy guidance of the moral sense.' But he did away with the old contrast, to which Protestants as well as Catholics had long been accustomed, between believer and unbeliever as two men looking at and apprehending precisely the same evidence, which was so obviously cogent that only a man whose will was here and now perverse could disbelieve. He substituted a far subtler analysis in which circumstances and education played their part in the power of mental vision on the particular subject; in which the appreciation of reasons was personal, and gradual; religious earnestness and true principles being necessary not only to the acceptance of the reasoning for Christianity, but to its adequate apprehension.

The book was actually begun amid the hills of Switzerland, where he was travelling with Ambrose St. John in August 1866.

The negotiations concerning Oxford interrupted his work. But it was resumed in the summer of 1867. In the summer of 1868 the first draft was nearly finished. Henry Wilberforce at this time consulted him on a controversy between two of his acquaintance, a Catholic and a Freethinker, on the grounds of religious belief. This led Newman, who was full of his subject, to write at length to his friend upon his forthcoming work:

'As to what I have done, I cannot tell if it is a Truism, a Paradox, or a Mare's nest. Since it certainly *may* be any one of the three, the chance of its being anything better is not encouraging. I consider there is no such thing as a perfect logical demonstration; there is always a margin of objection even in Mathematics, except in the case of short proofs, as the propositions of Euclid. Yet on the other hand it is a paradox to say there is not such a state of mind as certitude. It is as well ascertained a state of mind, as doubt—to say that such a phenomenon in the human mind is a mere extravagance or weakness is a monstrous assertion which I cannot swallow. Of course there may be abuses and mistakes in particular cases of certitude, but that is another matter. *It is a law of our nature*, then, that we are certain on premisses which do not reach demonstration. This seems to me undeniable. Then what is the faculty (since it is not the logical *Dictum de omni et nullo*) which enables us to be certain, to have the state of mind called certitude, though the syllogism before us is not according to the strict rules of Barbara? I think it is φρόνησις which tells when to discard the logical imperfection and to assent to the conclusion which ought to be drawn in order to demonstration but is not *quite*. No syllogism can prove to me that Nature is uniform—but the argument is so strong, though not demonstrative, that I should not be φρόνιμος but a fool, to doubt. Now the φρόνησις may be easily biassed by our wishes, by our will. This is even the case in Mathematics and Physico-mathematics; as the Dominican opposition even to this day to the Copernican system may be taken to illustrate. So again in history &c. a cumulative argument, though not demonstrative, may claim of us, i.e. by the law of our nature, by our duty to our nature, i.e. by our duty to God, an act of certitude. Paper logic, syllogisms, and states of mind are incommensurables. It is obvious what room there is for the interference of the will here. None are so deaf as those who won't hear.

'Now I know that to say all this and no more, is to open the door to endless disputes. The only thing to be done is to rest the whole on certain first principles, and to say if you can't take my first principles, I can't help it. But to find the first principles is the difficulty.

'St. John says "he that believeth in the Son hath life—and he that believeth not the Son hath not life." *I* say I see no difficulty here, *another* says the idea is absurd. What are we to do when we thus differ in first principles? "Qui vult salvus esse, ita de Trinitate sentiat." No *man*, certainly, has a right to say this—but why may not God say it? And if my φρόνησις assures me that there is such evidence for God having said it (evidence *qualis et quanta*) that I am *bound in duty* to believe it, why must I not believe both the doctrine and the fearful sanction of it? If a person tells me that his φρόνησις does *not see* the existence of such evidence, as is sufficient, that is another matter; but I am arguing against the *principle* that φρόνησις is a higher sort of logic—whereas even mathematical conclusions, i.e. the issues of *extended calculations*, require to be believed in by the action of φρόνησις; for how can I be sure, I tease myself by saying again and again—how can I be sure, that here or there my logical vigilance has not failed me? I have not got every step in every course of mathematical reasoning necessary for the conclusion, clearly before my eyes at once. And we know what command nervous persons are obliged to exert over themselves lest they should doubt whether even they see or feel; or whether they know anything at all. Should not I be an ass if I did not believe in the existence of India?

Yet are there not scores of persons who have had evidence of a quality and quantity indefinitely higher than mine? for I have not been there and they have. I should think myself a fool, if I said "I have some doubt about the existence of India," or "I am not certain about it," or "I *reserve* the point." I *am* certain; YOU, my good Sir, are certain too—you confuse two things quite distinct from each other—want of completeness in Barbara &c., which is a scientific rule of the game, and a habit of mind;—a calculating machine and a prerogative of human nature. An objection is not a doubt—ten thousand objections as little make one doubt, as ten thousand ponies make one horse; though of course a *certain amount* of objection *ought*, as my φρόνησις tells me, to weigh upon my decision, and to affect my existing belief. A great deal of confusion arises from the *double* sense of a lot of cognate words—e.g. "conclusion" means both the proposition drawn from two premisses, and the state of mind in which I find myself after reviewing the argument, the relation of my mind to a thing expressed in a certain proposition; and this *helps* the real intellectual mistake made by sceptical thinkers.

'The key, however, of the position, in the controversy which is before us, is this—and to gain that on either side is the victory—whether you may or may not rationally keep your mind *open* to change on a point on which your φρόνησις has already told you to decide one way. Here I say there is a difference between science and religion, between religion of nature and the Catholic religion—but it would take too long a time to explain and indeed I have not yet fully worked the whole matter out in my *mind* to my satisfaction. I should ask, does not nature, duty and affection teach us that a difference is to be made between things and persons? Ought I to be as open to listen to objections brought to me against the honour, fidelity, love towards me of a friend, as against the received belief that the earth is 95 million miles from the Sun? Again there is a truth which no natural reason can gain, *revealed*. God may put His own *conditions* on the development of that truth—and, (though at first sight paradoxical) He may make one of those conditions [thus foreseen] to be a slowness to receive more truth—(I don't mean of course a slowness to be taught, but a slowness to see that He is teaching). This condition may be necessary on conservative reasons, from the extreme difficulty to human nature of retaining what is supernatural, so that, if we took in new truths too quickly, we might lose the old. Thus it might have been injurious to the thorough reception, the accurate complete mapping out of the doctrine of the Incarnation, if the Immaculate Conception B.V.M. and her other prerogatives had been too readily received—or again the doctrine of Man's free will and responsibility, one of the characteristic doctrines of Christianity, might never have made its way against the fatalism and recklessness of heathen times, if St. Austin's doctrines of Grace and original sin had been taught too early. And thus I resign myself to many things said and done by good men, which, though they have in them the leaven of prejudice and uncharitableness, are based on a wish to keep simply to what they have received. However this is one of those subjects which in the beginning of this letter I said were too large for a letter. One thing I must add, as having omitted. When I am asked why I *cautiously and promptly* exclude doubts, I answer I do so because they *are* doubts; I don't see the need of excluding objections. The mind is very likely to be carried away to doubt *without* a basis of objections sufficient in the judgment of the φρόνησις to justify it. The imagination, not the reason, is appealed to. How could God exist without beginning? In reason this is no objection, for reason tells us that *something* must have been without beginning. But to the imagination it is an overpowering difficulty. To a half educated man I should say, strangle the doubt—don't read the book which so affects you. This is not bidding him not to listen to reasons, but to insufficient reasons, to false reasons, which are a temptation to him. The rule "strangle doubts" is a rule of the Confessional, not a point of dogmatic theology. . . . And as to prayer, *usum non tollit abusus*. God has given His friends a privilege—that of gaining favours from Him—A father says to his child going to school, "Now mind you write to me once a week." And he rewards him in various ways, if he is obedient in this respect—We are God's children—we are not grown men—Saints would worship God solely because He is God—We all love Him for Himself, but, considering what we are, it is merciful that He has made hope as well as faith and love, a theological virtue. But this is but a poor and scanty exposure of a wonderful paradox.

'As there are things in this letter, which I have not till now put on paper, please keep it. I am sure I don't know what others will think of it. I only know, it is only plain common sense to me. If you have anything to say upon it, write.'

While thus full of his subject, Newman showed his first draft to some friends familiar with the theology of the schools, and was, as often before, discouraged to find how little they appreciated the urgency of the difficulty he was endeavouring to meet, and how ready they were to find matter for censure in those modes of expression which gave individuality and originality to his work. Here was a sadly sufficient answer to the remonstrance made by Wilberforce himself for the comparatively small amount he had published of late years:

'The Oratory: Aug. 12th, 1868.

'My dear H. W.,—Thank you for the trouble you have taken in copying my letter, and for the encouragement you give me, which I sorely need. I know any how, that, however honest are my thoughts, & earnest my endeavours to keep rigidly within the lines of Catholic doctrine, every word I publish will be malevolently scrutinized, and every expression which can possibly be perverted sent straight to Rome—that I shall be fighting *under the lash*, which does not tend to produce vigorous efforts in the battle, or to inspire either courage or presence of mind. And if from those who ought to be friends, I cannot look for sympathy—if, did I do my work ever so well, they will take no interest in it, or see the use of it, where can I look for that moral aid which carries one through difficulties? where for any token that Providence means me to go on with my work?

'I don't think my various occupations here are the cause of my doing so little. I was full of household work when I wrote my Anglican difficulties and Catholicism in England —but I was not encompassed then by a host of ill wishers, and I was younger. Now it tires me to be a long time at one matter, and from fatigue I cannot write things *off*. Also my present subject is one which can only gradually be thought out.

'As to my engagements here, a Superior must have them. We are very few Fathers, and each has his work—one has the jail—another the orphanage—two have the school—another has the parish—another the Poor Schools. The great *domestic* works, the care of the Library, the Sacristy, the Accounts, necessarily in great measure fall to me, at least at intervals. Now I am at the Library. The Oxford matter, correspondence & accounts, took up an untold mass of time, —and tired me, so that they wasted more. And now that I am getting so old, I wanted to go through all my correspondence &c. &c. which will be close employment for some years.

'Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

He persevered with his work, but somewhat sadly. He writes of it on September 3 to Ambrose St. John:

'I am getting on with my Opus (Essay of Assent) but ungratefully. I have got downhearted about it, as if "cui bono?" Wallis has been looking at it, and though he is complimentary, what he really thinks I cannot tell. I have not touched the violin since I saw you except last Sunday, when I drew such doleful sounds from it, that I at once left off.'

Newman's haunting fear—as we see in subsequent letters—was of the men who knew much and understood little; who could bring to bear a large array of expressions stamped 'orthodox' against him, yet had not such perception of the real problems in question as to enable them to distinguish between contradictions mainly or merely verbal, and fundamental contrarieties. His unceasing protest, moreover, was against the 'nihilism' of condemning able works of apologetic on technical grounds, without appreciating the urgent difficulties which made them necessary, and without supplying anything in their place to meet those difficulties. The work of a writer who has true insight into the sources of contemporary unbelief may be indispensable, even though it may contain incidental error. Some words in a Dublin lecture expressed a feeling on this subject which was habitual with him. 'Perhaps the errors of an author are those which are inseparable accidents of his system or of his mind, and are spontaneously evolved, not pertinaciously defended. Every human system, every human writer is open to just criticism. Make him shut up his portfolio, good! and then perhaps you lose what, on the whole and in spite of incidental mistakes, would have been one of the ablest defences of Revealed Truth ever given to the world.'[1]

Newman was far too uncertain of his own work to place it confidently in the category named in this passage. But it represented the thoughts of a whole life. Such thoughts had been invaluable to him, and they might help others. They should be given their full chance. And he feared lest on the contrary they might be censured by those who neither understood them nor needed them, simply because his phrases did not run in the accustomed groove. His fears were to some extent fulfilled when he showed his work in proof to a theological friend, as we see from the following letter to Henry Wilberforce:

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[1] See *Idea of a University*, p. 477.

'August 20, 1869.

'It is sad to hear anyone speak as if his work was done, and he was but waiting to go—not sad—as if it were not *good to go;* but [it is] not good to be in the world still, with one's work done—for what does one live for except to work? And then my thoughts glanced off from you and came down on myself with dismal effect—for what am I doing, what have I been doing for years, but nothing at all? I have wished earnestly to do some good work, and continually asked myself whether I am one of those who are "fruges consumere nati"—and have, to the best of my lights, taken what I thought God would have me do—but again and again, plan after plan has crumbled under my hands and come to nought. As to the Oxford matter my heart sank under the greatness of the task and I think it would have shortened my life, still it was work and service—and, when it was shut up, though I felt for the moment a great relief, yet it came upon me sorrowfully as a fresh balk and failure. Upon its settlement, I took up to write a book upon some questions of the day, (you know the sort of questions, about faith &c.) and now (in confidence) I think this will be stopped after my infinite pains about it. Our theological philosophers are like the old nurses who wrap the unhappy infant in swaddling bands or boards—put a lot of blankets over him—and shut the windows that not a breath of fresh air may come to his skin as if he were not healthy enough to bear wind and water in due measure. They move in a groove, and will not tolerate anyone who does not move in the same. So it breaks upon me, that I shall be doing more harm than good in publishing. What influence should I have with Protestants and Infidels, if a pack of Catholic critics opened at my back fiercely, saying that this remark was illogical, that unheard of, a third realistic, a fourth idealistic, a fifth sceptical, and a sixth temerarious, or shocking to pious ears? This is the prospect which I begin to fear lies before me—and thus I am but fulfilling on trial what I said in my "Apologia" had hitherto kept me from writing, viz. the risk of "complicating matters further." There was a caricature in *Punch* some years ago so good that I cut it out and kept it. An artist is showing to a friend his great picture just going to the Exhibition—the friend says "Very good, but could you not make the Duke sitting and the Duchess standing, whereas the Duchess sits and the Duke stands?" I cannot make a table stand on two or three legs—I cannot cut off one of the wings of my butterfly or moth (whatever its value) and keep it from buzzing round itself. One thing is not another thing. My one thing may be worth nothing at the best—but at least it is not made worth something by being cut in half.

'You must not for an instant suppose that I am alluding to the acts of anyone whose *opinion* I have wished to have upon what I have written—but *through* a kind friend I come more to see than I did, what an *irritabile genus* Catholic philosophers are—they think they do the free Church of God service, by subjecting it to an etiquette as grievous as that which led to the King of Spain being burned to cinders.'

Dr. Meynell—the friend above alluded to in Newman's letter to Mr. Wilberforce—had, as we have seen, expressed great admiration of the Oxford University Sermons on Faith and Reason, and he was at the same time a trained scholastic philosopher and theologian. To him, then, Newman appealed to read the proof sheets of his work, sending the first instalment on July 2, 1869. The text of Dr. Meynell's criticisms I have not found, but Newman's own part of the correspondence, though not wholly intelligible without the criticisms to which his letters refer, is characteristic. We see in his letters his general desire to avoid even forms of expression which have been for good reasons discouraged by high theological authority. One noteworthy point of debate is Newman's use of the word 'instinct,' which is so generally associated with impulses below the rational nature that Dr. Meynell naturally demurred to it as applied to rational knowledge. But in Newman's own use of the term it includes the spontaneous inferences of the 'illative sense'—processes of subconscious reasoning—as well as the lower instincts; and he suggested that to express the instinct of brutes which has no rational character some other phrase ought to be devised. Newman's work was primarily psychological, and the distinction between the spontaneous act of the mind and the mind's subsequent reflection on its own spontaneous act, was so important a psychological fact that he desired to make no change of expression which would obscure it.

Where, however, a change of words will not obscure his meaning he readily consents to it. He shows in this correspondence, as in many other cases, a strong consciousness of his own want of familiarity with the literature of metaphysics, and at the same time a keen confidence in his own thoughts, as distinguished from the wisdom of his expressions. The latter must, he recognises, be affected by the use of phrases both in the history of philosophy and in the Catholic Schools. He is quite prepared to correct expressions, and to think out his view again with such an object. But it if should prove that he could not bring out his thought without showing 'an irreconcilable difference' between 'its conditions and what the Church teaches or has sanctioned' he feels that he must drop his work altogether. There were some bad half-hours, when he feared that he must give over his work—as the letters to Wilberforce have already shown. But in the end the correspondence makes it clear that Dr. Meynell, though he regarded Newman's book as treading often on new and unfamiliar ground, passed it entirely on the score of orthodoxy.

'Your experienced eye,' Newman writes in sending the proofs, 'will see if I have run into any language which offends against doctrinal propriety or common sense. I am not certain that you will not suddenly light on a wasp-nest, though I have no suspicion of it—but when a matter has not been one's study it is difficult to have confidence in oneself.'

Dr. Meynell's criticisms arrived before the end of the month, and I make some extracts from Newman's share in the correspondence which ensued.

'July 25th.

'I thank you very much for your criticisms which will be very useful to me. . . .

'However the next sheet will be my great difficulty—and I shall not wonder if it was decisive one way or the other. You will find I there consider that the dictate of conscience is particular—not general—and that from the multiplication of particulars I infer the general—so that the moral sense, as a knowledge generally of the moral law, is a deduction from particulars.

'Next, that this dictate of conscience, which is natural and the voice of God, is a moral instinct, and its own evidence—as the belief in an external world is an instinct on the apprehension of sensible phenomena.

'That to deny these instincts is an absurdity, because they are the voice of nature.

'That it is a duty to trust or rather to use our nature—and not to do so is an absurdity.

'That to recognize our nature is really to recognize God.

'Hence those instincts come from God—and as the moral law is an inference or generalisation from those instincts, the moral law is ultimately taught us from God, whose nature it is.

'Now if this is a wasp-nest tell me. If the Church has said otherwise, I give it all up—but somehow it is so mixed up with my whole book, that, if it is not safe, I shall not go on.'

'July 27.

'I am extremely obliged to you for the trouble you are taking with me—and I hope my shying, as I do, will not keep you from speaking out. Pray bring out always what you have to say. I am quite conscious that metaphysics is a subject on which one cannot hope to agree with those with whom in other matters one agrees most heartily, from the extreme subtlety—but I am also deeply conscious of my own ignorance on the whole matter, and it sometimes amazes me that I have ventured to write on a subject which is even accidentally connected with it. And this makes me so very fearful lest I should be saying anything temerarious or dangerous—the ultimate angles being so small from which lines diverge to truth and error.

'Be sure I should never hastily give over what I am doing, because I should have trouble in correcting or thinking out again what I have said—but if I found some irreconcilable difference, running through my view, between its conditions and what the Church teaches or has sanctioned, of course I should have no hesitation of stopping at once.

'So please to bear with me if I start or plunge.'

'Aug. 12.

'I send you with much trepidation my Asses' Bridge. Not that I have not many skeleton bridges to pass and pontoons to construct in what is to come, but, if I get over the present, I shall despair of nothing. Recollect, all your kindness and considerateness cannot alter facts; if I am wrong, I'm wrong—if I am rash, I'm rash,—yet certainly I do wish to get at King Theodore over the tops of the mountains if I can.'

'Aug. 17.

'I only do hope I am not spoiling your holiday. You are doing me great service.

'To bring matters to a point, I propose to send you my chapter on the apprehension and assent to the doctrine of a Supreme Being. If you find principles in that chapter, which cannot be allowed, *res finita est*. As to your remarks on the printed slips, let me trouble you with the following questions.

'1. You mean that it is dangerous to hold that we believe in matter as a conclusion from our sensations—for our belief in matter is in consequence of our consciousness of resistance, which is not a sensation. Will it mend matters to observe that I don't use the word "sensations"—but experiences? and surely resistance is an experience—but if we infer matter from resistance, therefore we infer it from experience.

'2. By instinct I mean a realization of a *particular;* by intuition, of a *general* fact—in both cases without *assignable* or *recognizable* media of realization. Is there any word I could use instead of instinct to denote the realization of particulars? Still, I do not see how you solve my difficulty of instinct leading brutes to the realization of something external to themselves? Perhaps it ought not to be called instinct in brutes—but by some other name.

'3. Am I right in thinking that you wish me to infer matter as a *cause* from phenomena as an *effect*, from *my own view of* cause and effect. But in *my own view* cause is *Will;* how can matter be Will?

'4. "*Hypothetical realism*," yes—if conclusions are necessarily conditional. But I consider Ratiocination far higher, more subtle, wider, more certain than logical Inference—and its principle of action is the "Illative Sense," which I treat of towards the end of the volume. If I say that Ratiocination leads to absolute truth, am I still an hypothetical realist?'

'Aug. 18, 1869.

'I send you by this post the MSS. which I spoke of in my last.

'On second thoughts I don't see how I can change the word "instinct"—I have not indeed any where used it for the *perception of God* from our experiences, but in later chapters I speak of Catholic instincts,—Mother Margaret's instincts, the instinct of calculating boys, in all cases using the word "instinct" to mean a spontaneous impulse, physical or intelligent, in the individual, leading to a result without assignable or recognisable intellectual media.

'Would it do, if I kept the passage and put a note to this effect,—"I speak thus under correction, and withdraw it prospectively, if it is contrary to the teaching of the theological Schola"?'

'Aug. 20, 1869.

'Pray forgive me if unknown to myself and unintentionally I have led you to think, quite contrary to *my* thoughts, that you wrote dogmatically. Just the contrary, and you are doing me a great service in letting me see *how* matters stand in the philosophical school.

'Forgive too the treacherousness of my memory, though by "composition" I meant the composition of my matter, the drawing out of my argument, etc.

'Nothing can be clearer than your remarks. Now let me say I had no intention at all of saying that I know, e.g. that I have a sheet of paper before me, by an *argument* from the impression on my senses—"that impression *must* have a cause—" but it is a *perception* (that is, a kind of instinct). I have used the word "perception" again and again; that perception comes to me *through* my senses—therefore I cannot call it *immediate*. If it were not for my senses, nothing would excite me to perceive—but as soon as I see the white paper, I perceive by instinct (as I call it) without *argumentative* media, *through* my senses, but not logically *by* my senses, that there is a *thing*, of which the white paper is the outward token. Then, when I have this experience again and again, I go on from the one, two, three etc. accompanying perceptions of one, two, three etc. external objects, to make an induction "There is a vast external world." This induction leads to a conclusion much larger than the particular perceptions—because it includes in it that the earth has an inside, and that the moon has a further side, though I don't see it.

'Therefore I hold that we do not *prove* external individual objects, but *perceive* them—I cannot say that we *immediately* perceive them, because it is through the *experience* as an instrument that we are led to them—and though we do not prove the particular, we *do* prove the *general*, i.e. by induction from the particular. I am sanguine in thinking this is in substance what you say yourself.'

The office of informal censor did not prove entirely easy. Considering the intellectual eminence of the writer and the rigid principles of scholastic philosophy, to sanction or to check the new and subtle arguments submitted for censorship was a difficult alternative; and in August Dr. Meynell spoke of giving up his task. This was a great blow to Newman:

'The Oratory: Aug. 21st, 1869.

'My dear Dr. Meynell,—Your intention to give up has shocked and dismayed me more than I can say—*shocked* me because I fear I must have said something or other in writing which has scared you, and *dismayed* me, for what am I to do?

'I quite understand that you must feel it a *most* unpleasant responsibility (though, of course, I shall not tell anyone) and an endless work, for when will it be finished? It is enough to spoil your holiday, and to bother your professional work, and I really have not a word to say besides thanking you for what you have already done for me, and begging you to forgive me if, like a camel when they are loading it, I have uttered dismal cries.

'Well, now I am in a most forlorn condition, and, like Adam, I feel "the world is all before me." Whom am I to ask to do the work which you have so kindly begun? I shall not get anyone so patient as you, and, alas, alas, what is to come is, for what I know, more ticklish even than what you have seen.

'I have availed myself of all your remarks in some way or other, though I have not always taken them pure and simple.

'Thank you for saying you will say Mass for me. It is a great kindness. Ever yours most sincerely,

John H. Newman.'

'P.S. I have not said what I feel most sadly, your language about your own littleness. If you are little, I must be less, because you are *really* teaching me. I should be a fool if I did not avail myself most thankfully of your remarks.

'You know, anyhow, you have promised me some remarks on the MS.'

Dr. Meynell, however, in the end resumed his work, and all went peacefully thenceforward. One interesting point was raised in connection with the 'illative sense.' Dr. Meynell apparently desired to treat as really identical the spontaneous judgments of the mind and their subsequent reasoned analysis. Newman's candid psychology made him demur to this.

'You are ten times more likely to be right on such a point than I am,' he wrote; 'however, at present I don't follow you, though I will think about it. My reason is this, that consciousness or reflection on one's acts is an act different in kind from those acts themselves. Its *object* is distinct. If I walk, my eyes may watch my walking. If I sing, my ears listen to my voice and tell me if I am in tune. These are acts of reflection on my walking and singing, are they not? but the original act is bodily, and the reflex act is mental. I assure you I most deeply feel that I may be out of my depth. . . . I am not sure, from what you said, whether you read the enclosed bits of theology. Please to cast your eye over them. I must have a theological eye upon them, and one of your eyes is theological though the other is philosophical.'

'I am quite ashamed to think what I have cost you in paper, pens, ink, stamps and time,' Newman writes to his censor as the revision approaches completion.

When the book was published its author wrote his formal thanks.

'The Oratory: Feb. 20/70.

'My dear Dr. Meynell,—I ought before now to have written you a letter both of congratulation and thanks on the termination of the long and teasing task which you have so valiantly performed in my behalf. All I can say is that whatever be the amount of trouble you have had from your charitable undertaking, my amount of gain from it has been greater. What the positive value of my volume is I do not know; but this I do know, that, many as are its imperfections and faults, they would have been many more and much worse but for you.

'Now I want you to accept some keepsake in token of my gratitude and as a memorial for after years. I don't care what it is, so that it is something you would like. This is why I don't send you something without asking, for it might be as unwelcome to you, when it came, as the elephant in Leech's picture. But give me two or three sets of books to choose out of, or picture-books, or astronomical instruments, or images or what you please.

'Believe me, my dear Dr. Meynell,
Most sincerely yours in Xt.,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Newman wrote of the book shortly before its completion to his friend Mr. Serjeant Bellasis, to whom it was to be dedicated:

'Tell me your style and title "Edward Bellasis Esqr, Serjeant-at-Law"? You will still let me put your name, won't you, to the beginning of my book? I suppose it will be my last. I have not finished it. I have written in all (good and bad) 5 constructive books. My Prophetical Office (which has come to pieces)—Essay on Justification—Development of Doctrine—University Lectures (Dublin) and this. Each took me a great deal of time and tried me very much. This, I think, has tried me most of all. I have written and rewritten it more times than I can count. I have now got up to my highest point—I mean, I could not do better, did I spend a century on it, but then, it may be "bad is the best."'

Newman chose for the full title of his book, 'An Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent,' as if to disclaim as emphatically as possible any pretension to a final treatment of his subject. His aim was simply to rouse in men's minds certain perceptions as to their mental processes, rooted in the experience of mankind, but dormant, or apt to be dormant, because their practical importance is not directly obvious. And he trusted that these perceptions, once properly roused, would account for and justify important beliefs which could not adequately be proved by explicit logical arguments. The method of the book is predominantly empirical, not theoretical. Its author does not begin by laying down the law as to how people ought to think, but studies rather to show them how they do think. The greater part of the work consists in an elaborate study of the mental operations which we find underlying the processes of Apprehension, Inference (whether Formal or Informal), Assent, and Certitude; and here, besides the contrast already noticed between Inference and Assent, appears another, equally new and striking, between 'Real' and 'Notional' Apprehension or Assent. All this is illustrated by numberless examples, touched with a force and poetic beauty, or sometimes a pungent humour, which is scarcely paralleled in any of Newman's other works, and which make the book well worth reading for its literary merit alone. To give any adequate idea of the beauty of the work by extracts, in this place, would be quite impossible.

The philosophical value of the 'Essay on Assent' does not at all depend on its being regarded as completely meeting the difficulty it contemplates. Nor does it depend on

Newman's general theory being accepted in its entirety. Its reasoning and illustrations have a value for students of psychology far beyond its definite conclusions, which are to some extent tentative. To the power of spontaneous action in the human reason, whereby it draws its conclusions from premisses of which it is only in part explicitly conscious, and judges those conclusions to be warranted, he gives the name of 'illative sense.' The mind is, he says, 'unequal to a complete analysis of the motives which carry it on to a particular conclusion, and is swayed and determined by a body of proof which it recognises only as a body and not in its constituent parts.' He instances the reasons possessed by most of us for believing that England is an island. We have learnt the belief among the other indubitable facts of geography. But if anyone attempts to state his reasons for regarding the facts as certain, whether he will in the end justify it successfully or not, the very effort will at least show that his existing belief has been as a fact determined by a body of proof recognised in the mass as amply sufficient, but not hitherto put into logical form. A few plausible reasons for the belief at once occur to the mind, but falling far short of demonstration. And similarly, religious belief actually rests for most men, he holds, not on scientific demonstrations, but on arguments which are in their more obvious statement and when reduced to formal propositions only probable arguments, the reasons being informal in character, and the verbal arguments only symbols of those subtler grounds which make belief as deep as it is, and justify its depth.

'I am suspicious then of scientific demonstrations in a question of concrete fact, in a discussion between fallible men. However let those demonstrate who have the gift; "unus quisque in suo sensu abundet." For me, it is more congenial to my own judgment to attempt to prove Christianity in the same informal way in which I can prove for certain that I have been born into this world, and that I shall die out of it. It is pleasant to my own feelings to follow a theological writer, such as Amort, who has dedicated to the great Pope, Benedict XIV., what he calls "a new, modest, and easy way of demonstrating the Catholic religion." In this work he adopts the argument merely of the *greater* probability; I prefer to rely on that of an *accumulation* of various probabilities; but we both hold (that is, I hold with him), that from probabilities we may construct legitimate proof, sufficient for certitude. I follow him in holding, that, since a good Providence watches over us, He blesses such means of argument as it has pleased Him to give us, in the nature of man and of the world, if we use them duly for those ends for which He has given them; and that, as in mathematics we are justified by the dictate of nature in withholding our assent from a conclusion of which we have not yet a strict logical demonstration, so by a like dictate we are not justified, in the case of concrete reasoning and especially of religious inquiry, in waiting till such logical demonstration is ours, but on the contrary are bound in conscience to seek truth and to look for certainty by modes of proof, which, when reduced to the shape of formal propositions, fail to satisfy the severe requisitions of science.

'Here then at once is one momentous doctrine or principle, which enters into my own reasoning, and which another ignores, viz. the providence and intention of God; and of course there are other principles, explicit or implicit, which are in like circumstances. It is not wonderful then, that, while I can prove Christianity divine to my own satisfaction, I shall not be able to force it upon anyone else. Multitudes indeed I ought to succeed in persuading of its truth without any force at all, because they and I start from the same principles, and what is a proof to me is a proof to them; but if anyone starts from any other principles but ours, I have not the power to change his principles, or the conclusion which he draws from them, any more than I can make a crooked man straight. Whether his mind will ever grow straight, whether I can do anything towards its becoming straight, whether he is not responsible, responsible to his Maker, for being mentally crooked, is another matter; still the fact remains, that, in any inquiry about things in the concrete, men differ from each other, not so much in the soundness of their reasoning as in the principles which govern its exercise, that those principles are of a personal character, that where there is no common measure of minds, there is no common measure of arguments, and that the validity of proof is determined, not by any scientific test, but by the illative sense.'

Newman applies his theory to Natural Religion as well as to Revealed. In the case of Natural Religion, while accepting the argument from 'Order' as having a valid place in the constructive proof of Theism, he lays far more stress on the argument from Conscience. Few pages in the book are more characteristic than the following, which describes the functions of Conscience in impressing on the imagination our personal relations with the living God:

'Conscience too, considered as a moral sense, an intellectual sentiment, is a sense of admiration and disgust, of approbation and blame: but it is something more than a moral sense; it is always, what the sense of the beautiful is in certain cases; it is always emotional. No wonder then that it always implies what that sense only sometimes implies; that it always involves the recognition of a living object, towards which it is directed. Inanimate things cannot stir our affections; these are correlative with persons. If, as is the case, we feel responsibility, are ashamed, are frightened, at transgressing the voice of conscience, this implies that there is One to whom we are responsible, before whom we are ashamed, whose claims upon us we fear. If, on doing wrong, we feel the same tearful, broken-hearted sorrow which overwhelms us on hurting a mother; if, on doing right, we enjoy the same sunny serenity of mind, the same soothing, satisfactory delight which follows on our receiving praise from a father, we certainly have within us the image of some person, to whom our love and veneration look, in whose smile we find our happiness, for whom we yearn, towards whom we direct our pleadings, in whose anger we are troubled and waste away. These feelings in us are such as require for their exciting cause an intelligent being: we are not affectionate towards a stone, nor do we feel shame before a horse or a dog; we have no remorse or compunction in breaking mere human law: yet, so it is, conscience excites all these painful emotions, confusion, foreboding, self-condemnation; and on the other hand it sheds upon us a deep peace, a sense of security, a resignation, and a hope, which there is no sensible, no earthly object to elicit. "The wicked flees, when no one pursueth"; then why does he flee? whence his terror? Who is it that he sees in solitude, in darkness, in the hidden chambers of his heart? If the cause of these emotions does not belong to this visible world, the Object to which his perception is directed must be Supernatural and Divine.'

Let it be noted that in several letters Newman distinctly intimates his opinion that portions of his theory need revision.

He believed he had hit on an important line of thought. To ventilate it some one must take the first step—and was not likely to break fresh ground without saying what might need some modification in its expression. Moreover its style was popular rather than scientific.

'As to my book,' he wrote to the Jesuit Father Walford, 'it is always most difficult to be exact in one's language, nor is it necessary to be exactissimus in a work which is a conversational essay, not a didactic treatise. It is like a military reconnaissance, or a party in undress, or a house in Committee; it is in English, not in Latin; it is a preliminary opening of the ground, which must be done at one's ease, if it is done at all.'

Newman's feelings when he had finished his last chapter are given in a letter to Sister Imelda Poole:

'In fest. SS. Nominis Jesu.

'My dear Rev. Mother,—I said Mass this morning for all your intentions.

'I have just written the last sentence of my book. A good day to finish it on, especially considering the subject of the last few pages.

'But I have not *finished* it really: I have but brought it to an end. I have to correct, re-write, retranscribe, sixty or seventy pages of (what will be) print. It will be a month or six weeks before it is out.

'Oh! what a toil it has been to me—for three years—how many times I have written it—but so I have most of the books I have published, and since last April I have been at work almost incessantly. I wonder what it will turn out to be; for I never was so ignorant before, of the practical good and use of anything I have written. Its use will be a matter of fact which can only be ascertained by experience.

'I have at times been quite frightened lest the labour of thought might inflict on me some terrible retribution at my age. It is my last work. I say work because "work" implies effort—and there are many things I can do without an effort. This is the fifth constructive work which I have done—two as a Protestant, three as a Catholic.

'Pray for me and believe me
Yours most sincerely in Xt.,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

It soon became known that the book was practically ready, and friends became eager to learn the day of publication. But the work of final correction was anxious and laborious. He writes to Hope-Scott on January 2, 1870:

'I am engaged, as Bellasis knows, in cutting across the isthmus of Suez; though I have got so far as to let the water in to the canal, there is an awkward rock in mid channel near the mouth which takes a deal of picking and blasting. And no man of war will be able to pass through, till I get rid of it. Thus I can't name a day for the opening.'

The book was ready in February; it was dedicated to Mr. Serjeant Bellasis 'in memory of a long, equable, and sunny friendship.'[1] Newman received the specimen bound copy on February 21st—his sixty-ninth birthday. On the following day he wrote to Henry Wilberforce:

'The Oratory: Feb. 22nd, 1870.

'My dear Henry,—Thank you for your affectionate letter. I am now in my 70th year; wonderful!

'I shall say Mass for you all on the 24th. It is singular how many deaths of friends group round the 21st. On the 21st is Miss Roberts', Johnson's and Bowden's aunt, whom I knew from 1818. On the 22nd Henry Bowden's first wife, and my great friend Mr. Mayers. On the 23rd Archdeacon Froude, and on the 24th dear John. Besides on the 28th are Hurrell Froude and Manuel Johnson, and on the 13th Father Joseph Gordon. Then on the 3rd is Robert.

'I sent up the last corrections of my book on the evening of the 20th, and a specimen of it bound came down on the 21st. So I date it the 21st.

'Agnes shall have it, as soon as it is out. It has run to 100 pages more than it ought. I hoped it would be 380—it is 487—and a fat book. People will say, much cry and little wool—so, all this labour has issued in this dry, humdrum concern. Tell Agnes she is bound not to begin at the end, not to skip, but to get it up from the first page on. And she will have a profitable Lent exercise of mortification.

'Ever yours affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

To Miss Holmes he wrote on March 2:

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[1] The story runs that Newman nearly passed the final proof of the dedication without noticing that the printer had put 'funny' for 'sunny.' I believe this to be true; but a further story was also circulated (which is fabulous) that the words ran in the proof 'in memory of a long squabble and funny friendship.'

'You will be disappointed with my Grammar, and so will every one be. It is what it is, and it is not what it isn't—and what it isn't most people will expect that it is. It won't be out for 10 days or a fortnight yet. It is my last work—I say "work," for though I may fiddle-faddle henceforth, a real piece of labour will be beyond me. This is what old men cannot do—and when they attempt it, they kill themselves. An old horse, or an old piece of furniture, will last a long time, if you take care of it,—so will the brain—but if you forget that it is old, it soon reminds you of the fact by ceasing to be.'

To Father Coleridge he wrote after the publication of his book:

'The Oratory: March 13, 1870.

' . . . I have tried to be as exact as I possibly can theologically in what I have written, and hope I have observed all the landmarks which theologians have laid down, but I know, even if I succeed in having the consciousness of this so far, still the main question is, whether I have added anything to the difficult subject of which I have treated, or have left it more confused than I found it.

'However, anyhow I have got a great burden off my mind —for 20 or 30 years I have felt it a sort of duty to write upon it, and I have begun again and again but never could get on, and again and again I have in consequence stopped. Now, whether I have done it well or ill, still I have done it. I have no further call on me. I have done my best, and given my all, and I leave it to Him to prosper or not, as He thinks fit, for Whom I have done it. I say the incubus is off my mind and it is hardly too much to say that I look forward to death more happily, as if I had less to keep me here. I suppose it will be my last work—meaning by "work" anxiety and toil. Myself, I don't think it my worst—but then I recollect it is often said that an author thinks his worst work his best.'

The book did not pass without criticism, and the criticisms led to interesting letters. Mr. Leslie Stephen and Mr. Fitz-James Stephen both attacked it in *Fraser's Magazine*. Others criticised it from the scholastic standpoint. It was of course contrary to scholastic precedent to dwell almost exclusively as he had done on Conscience as the argument for the existence of God. Mr. Brownlow wrote to him as though he had recognised no argument for Theism from the visible creation; but Newman pointed out that this was an exaggeration. It is interesting that he had been suspicious of Paley's argument from 'Design,' even before the evolution theory suggested a weak point in it. But the argument from 'Order' was recognised in the 'Grammar of Assent.' He writes thus to Mr. Brownlow[1] on the subject:

'The Oratory: April 13th, 1870.

'My dear Brownlow,—It is very pleasant to me to hear what you say about my new book—which has given me great anxiety. I *have* spoken of the argument for the being of a God from the visible Creation at page 70 paragraph 1. "Order implies purpose" &c. I have not insisted on the argument from *design*, because I am writing for the 19th Century, by which, as represented by its philosophers, design is not admitted as proved. And to tell the truth, though I should not wish to preach on the subject, for 40 years I have been unable to see the logical force of the argument myself. I believe in design because I believe in God; not in a God because I see design. You will say that the 19th Century does not believe in conscience either—true—but then it does not believe in a God at all. Something I must assume, and in assuming conscience I assume what is least to assume, and what most will admit. Half the world knows nothing of the argument from design—and, when you have got it, you do not prove by it the moral attributes of God—except very faintly. Design teaches me power, skill, and goodness, not sanctity, not mercy, not a future judgment, which three are of the essence of religion.'

Before the end of the year Father Harper, the Jesuit, had written an elaborate attack on the book from the standpoint of a thoroughgoing scholastic.

Of this criticism, which appeared in successive articles in the *Month*, Newman wrote thus to Father Coleridge:

'The Oratory: Febry. 5, 1871.

'My dear Fr. Coleridge,—I began to read Fr. Harper's papers, but they were (to my ignorance of theology and philosophy) so obscure, and (to my own knowledge of my real meaning) so hopelessly misrepresentations of the book, that I soon gave it over. As to my answering, I think I never answered any critique on any writing of mine, in my life. My "Essay on Development" was assailed by Dr. Brownson on one side, and Mr. Archer Butler on the other, at great length. Brownson, I believe, thought me a Pantheist

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[1] Afterwards Bishop of Clifton.

—and sent me his work to Rome, by some American Bishop. Mr. Butler has been lauded by his people as having smashed me. Now at the end of twenty years, I am told from Rome that I am guilty of the late Definition by my work on Development, so orthodox has it been found in principle, and on the other side Bampton Lectures have been preached, I believe, allowing that principle. The *Guardian* acknowledges the principle as necessary, and the Scotch Editors of Dorner's great work on our Lord's Person, cautioning of course the world against *me*, admit that development of doctrine is an historical fact. I shall not live another 20 years, but, as I waited patiently, as regards my former work, for "Time to be the Father of Truth," so now I leave the judgment between Fr. Harper and me to the sure future.

'Father Mazio said of my "Development," "I do not know how it is, but so it is, that all these startling things, Mr. Newman brings them round at the end to a good conclusion," and so now the *Quarterly* (if I recollect) talks in a kind sense of my surprises, and the *Edinburgh* of my audacity. I do not mean myself to surprise people or to be audacious, but somehow, now at the end of life, I have from experience a confidence in myself, and, (though with little of St. Cyprian's sanctity, but with more of truth, as I trust, in my cause) I am led to take to myself some portion of the praise given him in Keble's line, and to "trust the lore of my own loyal heart." I trust to having some portion of an "inductive sense," founded in right instincts.

'My book is to show that a right moral state of mind germinates or even generates good intellectual principles. This proposition rejoices the *Quarterly*, as if it was a true principle—it shocks the *Edinburgh*, as if Pascal and others were much more philosophical in saying that religion or religiousness is not ultimately based on reason. And the *Guardian* says that whether this view will or will not hold is the problem now before the intellectual world, which coming years is to decide. Let those, who think I ought to be answered, those Catholics, first master the great difficulty, the great problem, and then, if they don't like my way of meeting it find another. Syllogizing won't meet it.

'You see then I have not the very shadow of a reason *against* Fr. Harper's future papers, as I think they will all go ultimately, after I am gone, to the credit of my work.

'While I say this, of course I am sensible it may be full of defects, and certainly characterized by incompleteness and crudeness, but it is something to have started a problem, and mapped in part a country, if I have done nothing more.

'Yours most sincerely,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

It was a fact of great importance at the moment that W. G. Ward, who had opposed Newman so strongly on the question of Papal claims, welcomed the 'Grammar' enthusiastically in an article in the *Dublin Review*. W. G. Ward's reputation for staunch orthodoxy made this fact largely outweigh in the general Catholic mind the opposition to it on the part of Father Harper, the Jesuit, in the *Month*, on the lines of scholastic philosophy.

W. G. Ward helped the immediate acceptance of the book both by intimating his concurrence with its general line of thought, and by pointing out that some of the views set forth by Newman and criticised by such modern scholastics as Father Harper, had been already urged by the best thinkers among the schoolmen. Moreover, Mr. Ward wrote the following statement—vivid if slightly paradoxical—of the general difficulty which Newman's book was designed to answer, a difficulty which its hostile Catholic critics appeared not to apprehend, and to which they certainly did not offer any alternative solution.

'Catholics are taught (so the non-Christian philosopher objects) to regard it as a sacred duty that they shall hold, most firmly and without a shadow of doubt, the truth of certain marvels which are alleged to have taken place nineteen centuries ago. As to examining the *evidence* for those truths, the great mass of Catholics are of course philosophically uncultured and simply incompetent to such a task. But even were they competent thereto, they are prevented from attempting it. Except a select few of them, they are all forbidden to read or knowingly to hear one syllable of argument on the other side. Under such circumstances, *proof* for their creed they can have none; any more than a *judge* can have proof who has only heard witnesses on one side, and them not cross-examined. So far from proportioning their assent to the evidence on which their doctrine rests, the assent claimed from them is the very highest, while the evidence afforded them is less than the least.

'But take even any one of the select few who are permitted to study both sides of the question. He will tell you quite frankly that his belief was as firm before his examination as it is now; nay, and that he regards it as a sin, which unrepented would involve him in eternal misery, if he allowed himself so much as one deliberate doubt on the truth of Catholicity. I place before him some serious difficulty, which tells against the most central facts of his religion: he had never heard of the difficulty before, and he is not now at all sure that he will be able to answer it. I should have expected, were it not for my knowledge of Catholics, that the confidence of his conviction would be *diminished* by this circumstance; for, plainly, an unanswered difficulty is no slight abatement from the body of proof on which his creed reposes. But he says unblushingly that if he were to study for ten years without seeing how to meet the point I have suggested, his belief in his Church, whose claim of authority he recognizes as divinely authorized, would be in no respect or degree affected by the circumstance.

'Nor is it for themselves alone, but for all mankind, that Catholics prescribe this rebellion against reason. They maintain that every human being, to whom their Gospel is preached, is under an obligation of accepting with firmest faith the whole mass of Catholic facts—the miraculous Conception, Resurrection, Ascension, etc.; while it is simply undeniable that 999 out of every 1000 are absolutely incapable of appreciating ever so distantly the evidence on which these facts are alleged to repose.

'Nor, to do them justice, do they show the slightest disposition to conceal or veil their maxims. The Vatican Council itself has openly anathematized all those who shall allege that Catholics may lawfully suspend their judgment on the truth of Catholicity, until they have obtained for themselves scientific proof of its truth.[1]

'I have no general prejudice against Catholics; on the contrary, I think many of them possess some first-rate qualities. But while their avowed intellectual maxims are those above recited, I must regard them as external to the pale of intellectual civilization. I have no more ground on which I can argue with a Catholic than I have ground on which I can argue with a savage.'

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[1] 'Si quis dixerit parem esse conditionem fidelium, etc., ita ut Catholici justam causam habere possint fidem, quam sub Ecclesiae magisterio jam susceperunt, assensu suspenso in dubium vocandi donec demonstrationem scientificam credibilitatis et veritatis fidei suae absolverint, anathema sit.'—*Dei Filius*, c. 3, canon 6.

In private, as well as in public, W. G. Ward expressed his admiration of the work, and spoke of it as forming the basis of a new and important Catholic philosophy. He wrote his congratulations to the author, and Newman replied to him as follows:

'My dear Ward,—It is a very great pleasure to me to receive your letter, both as expressing a favourable opinion of my book and as recording a point of agreement between us on an important subject. It would be strange indeed if I were not quite aware, as I am, that there are portions of my theory which require finishing or revising. I expect it to be my last work, meaning by work labour and toil.

'Yours affectionately in Christ,
John H. Newman.'

To Aubrey de Vere he wrote to much the same effect:

'You must not think that I am sure myself that I have done any great thing—for I have felt very little confidence in it—though words like yours, and you are not the only person who has used such, are a very great encouragement to me—but I could not help feeling that I had something to give out whatever its worth, and I felt haunted with a sort of responsibility, and almost a weight on my conscience, if I did not speak it, and yet I could not. So that it is the greatest possible relief at length to have got it off my mind—as if I heard the words "he has done what he could." And, while I say this, I really am not taking for granted that your favourable criticism is the true one—and I recollect that what a man thinks his best work is often his worst. But then I think, too, that sometimes a man's failures do more good to the world or to his cause than his best successes—and then I feel as if I could die happier now that I have no Essay on Assent to write, and I think I shall never write another work, meaning by work a something which is an anxiety and a labour. "Man goeth forth to his work and to his labours until the evening," and my evening is surely come—though not my night.'

W. G. Ward pursued the subject in the *Dublin Review* in several articles. He owned to certain minor differences with Newman's book. But, as I have said, he insisted not only upon its value, but on the consistency of its most characteristic positions with views held by the greater schoolmen of earlier and more recent times. He chose Father Kleutgen to represent the latter and de Lugo the former. On the knowledge of God through Conscience, and on the quasi-instinctive apprehension by the religious mind 'with a heart and an eye for truth' of the reasons both for Theism and for Christianity his citations were equally effective.[1]

This article in the *Dublin* told strongly in favour of the view that there was nothing in Newman's treatment different in kind from that of the really great Catholic thinkers, scholastic or other; that the opposition to his book came mainly from those who were not thinkers—who judged only by traditional modes of expression which were current in the text-books, without realising the ideas which were involved.

The book had a wide circulation, and was read in the families which specially loved its author, by those who did not understand it as well as by those who did.

'I am glad you like my Grammar of Assent,' Newman writes to a friend, 'and am amused that you should turn it to the purposes of educating Margaret. "Thirty days hath

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[1] Against those who objected to Newman's speaking of our knowledge of God through Conscience as though it were a heterodox doctrine of Divine immanence he could quote with effect the words of Kleutgen that God 'makes Himself felt within us by his moral law as an August Power to which we are subject.' Against those who objected that Newman's 'illative sense' placed reason on a level with irrational instinct he quoted the words of the same writer: 'how many truths there are concerning duty, concerning nature and art, which a man of good judgment knows with perfect accuracy without being distinctly cognisant how he passes in successive judgments from one truth to another.' Kleutgen goes so far as to use the very word 'instinct' of the spontaneous knowledge of God of which Newman had spoken as coming to us through our Conscience. He represents the object of a philosophy of Theism as being to show that the instinct is rational. 'Why,' he writes, 'should not science take as the object of its researches that knowledge of God which we instinctively possess . . . philosophy is able and is bound to show that that method of reasoning from the world's existence to God's to which our intellect is spontaneously impelled, is conformable to the clearly known laws of our thought.'

De Lugo speaks expressly of the illative sense as 'virtus intellectus et voluntatis, ut uno actu brevissimo et subtilissimo attingant compendiose totam illam seriem motivorum,' etc.

W. G. Ward himself goes a step further in Newman's direction, maintaining that even after philosophy has done its best, the still unanalysed motives for belief—its 'implicit grounds' as he calls them—remain the strongest in the evidences for Christianity and Catholicity, as the Conscience presents the strongest argument for Theism.

September" and the Multiplication Table will do no harm. Reading itself is only a trick of artificial memory.'

He had, as we have seen, been especially anxious to help those who, from their own lack of technical knowledge, were tried by the popular arguments of the day against religious belief. He was gratified to find that the chapter on Certitude had had just the effect he desired in the case of his friend Miss Holmes:

> 'It will please me much,' he writes to her on March 26, 'if you say of the last 100 pages what you say for the chapter on certitude—for they were written especially for those who can't go into questions of the inspiration of Scripture, authenticity of books, passages in the Fathers, &c. &c.—especially for such ladies as are bullied by infidels and do not know how to answer them—a misfortune which I fear is not rare in this day. I wanted to show that, keeping to broad facts of history, which everyone knows and no one can doubt, there is evidence and reason enough for an honest inquirer to believe in revelation.'

He sent the book also to those who felt the deficiencies of current apologetic—who desiderated a more candid observation of facts, in dealing with the mixed subjects covered by apologetic and theology. Many Catholic writers seemed to him to apply exclusively the deductive method, belonging to theology proper, to fields in which historical evidence is both weighty and relevant. The appositeness and value of the Baconian method appeared to be ignored by them. The 'Grammar of Assent,' with its minute psychological observations, was a step in the desired direction, and Newman sent it to one who had expressed to him the above criticism. In reply to his enthusiastic letter of thanks Newman wrote as follows:

> 'My dear Sir,—I thank you for the very kind way in which you have received my book.
>
> 'The only drawback to my satisfaction is that you expect much more from it than you will find. You have truly said that we need a *Novum Organum* for theology, and I shall be truly glad if I shall be found to have made any suggestion which will aid the formation of such a *calculus*. But it must be the strong conception and the one work of a great genius,

not the *obiter* attempt of a person like myself who has already attempted many things and is at the end of his days.

'I am, my dear Sir,
Most truly yours,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

The author had opportunities of learning the effect of his book on persons in doubt. One such reader expressed her objections to its line of argument in a letter to Mr. Brownlow, forwarded by him to Newman, who thus replied:

'The Oratory: April 29, 1871.

' . . . As you will see, she confuses the *conclusion* from *evidence*, with the act of *assent* which depends on the *will*. No one on earth can have evidence strictly *sufficient* for an *absolute* conclusion, but I may have evidence so strong that I may see it is my duty to give my absolute assent to it. I have not absolute demonstration that my father was not a murderer, or my intimate friend a sharper, but it would not only be heartless, but irrational, not to disbelieve these hypotheses or possibilities *utterly*—and, anyhow, in matter of fact men generally *do* disbelieve them absolutely—and therefore the Church, as the Minister of God, asks us for nothing more in things supernatural than common sense, than nature asks of us in matters of this world. I believe absolutely that there is a North America—and that the United States is a Republic with a President—why then do I not absolutely believe, though I see it not, that there is a Heaven and that God is there? If you say that there is *more* evidence for the United States than for Heaven, that is intelligible—but it is not a question of more or less; since the *utmost* evidence only leads to probability and *yet* you believe absolutely in the United States, it is no reason against believing in heaven absolutely, though you have not "experience" of it. But you have said all this to her.

'She says there are persons who are *certain* of the Christian religion *because* they have strictly proved it—no one is certain for this reason. Every one believes by an act of will, more or less ruling his intellect (as a matter of duty) to believe absolutely *beyond* the evidence.

'She says "acts of certitude are always made about things of which our senses or our reasons do, or can take cognizance"—our senses do not tell us that there is a "United States" and our reason does not *demonstrate* it, only makes it probable. Try to analyze the reasons *why* one believes in the United States. We not only *do* not, but we *could* not make a demonstration; yet we assent absolutely.

'"How can any human testimony make me *quite certain* that I am hearing a message from God?" None can, but human testimony may be such as to make me see it is my *duty* to be certain. *Action* is distinct [from] a conclusion—yet a conclusion may be such as to make me see that action is a *duty*—and so *belief* is not a conclusion—yet [a conclusion] may be such as to make me see that belief is a duty—And, as I cannot act merely because I ought to act, so I cannot believe merely because I ought to believe.

'I may wish both to act and to believe—though I can do neither—and, as I ask God for grace to enable me to act, so I ask Him for grace to enable me to believe.

'"It is the gift of God—why does He not give it me?" Because you do not perseveringly come to Him for the gift, and do your part by putting aside all those untrue and unreal and superfluous arguings.

'"To see and touch the supernatural with the eye of my soul, with its *own experience*, this is what I want to do." Yes, it is—You wish to "Walk, *not* by faith, *but* by sight." If you had *experience*, how would it be *faith?*

'Of course every one must begin with reason. If your friend cannot bring herself to feel that what I have said above, which is what our theologians say, is so far rational that she is bound to act on it, I do not see what can be said. But I think it plain that she is no fit recipient of the Sacraments, unless she feels that faith is ever *more* than, ever *distinct* from, an inference from premisses, and tries and prays and desires with all her heart to exercise it. But, while she persists in saying that it is irrational, or unreasonable, or unphilosophical, or unjustifiable, because it *is more than* reason, that is, more *than an* inference, while she thinks that in order to be true to the law of her mind, to nature, to herself, she *must not aim* at any belief stronger than the premisses, whereas human nature, human sense, and the laws of the mind, just say the reverse, I don't think she can be absolved.

'I have answered you to the best of my ability, and praying the Giver of all grace to guide you and to disenchant her, for she is like a fly in a spider's web.

'JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Six months after the 'Grammar' was published, Newman wrote as follows in his journal:

'Oct. 30, 1870. How unpleasant it is to read former memoranda—I can't quite tell why. They read affected, unreal, egotistical, petty, fussy. There is much in the above, which I should tear out and burn, if I did as I wished. One writes in particular humours—Perhaps if I looked over it six months hence, I should like what now I don't like. I wonder whether I shall burn it all when I am going to die. Perhaps I shall leave it for what is valuable in it.

'Since I published my Essay on Assent last March, I have meant to make a memorandum on the subject of it. It is the upshot of a very long desire and effort—I don't know the worth of it, but I am happier to have at length done it and got it off my hands. Authors (or at least I) can as little foretell what their books will be before they are written, as fathers can foretell whether their children will be boys or girls, dark or fair, gentle or fiery, clever or stupid. The book itself I have aimed at writing these twenty years;—and now that it is written I do not quite recognise it for what it was meant to be, though I suppose it is such. I have made more attempts at writing it than I can enumerate. . . .

'These attempts, though some of them close upon others, were, I think, all distinct. They were like attempts to get into a labyrinth, or to find the weak point in the defences of a fortified place. I could not get on, and found myself turned back, utterly baffled. Yet I felt I ought to bring out what my mind saw, but could not grasp, whatever it was worth. I don't say it is worth much, now that it has come out, but I felt as if I did not like to die before I had said it. It may suggest something better and truer than it to another, though worth little in itself. Thus I went on year after year. At last, when I was up at Glion over the Lake of Geneva, it struck me: "You are wrong in beginning with certitude—certitude is only a kind of assent—you should begin with contrasting assent and inference." On that hint I spoke, finding it a key to my own ideas.'

CHAPTER XXIX

THE VATICAN COUNCIL (1869–1870)

It is sometimes suggested that Newman's line of action in 1869 and 1870 in connection with the Vatican Council was an episode in his life which showed a certain deficiency in whole-hearted loyalty to the Holy See, and were best forgotten by his admirers. His letters show that he himself took a very different view from this even after all the excitement of controversy had subsided. If ever he acted against his inclinations and from a stern sense of duty it was at this crisis. He had a full consciousness that many good but not far-seeing people, whom he respected, would condemn his attitude. He was opposing what was put forward as being the wish of a Pontiff whom he especially loved and revered for his personal qualities even apart from his sacred office. But throughout he believed himself to be defending the interests of Catholic theology against extremists who were —without realising the effects of their action—setting it aside. Like Archbishop Sibour, he was pleading the cause of the immemorial constitution of the Church against the innovations of advocates of a new absolutism. An Ecumenical Council, according to Catholic theology, involves genuine deliberation. He had been invited by the Pontiff himself to contribute material towards this deliberation. He was constantly consulted by Bishop Ullathorne, Bishop Clifford, Bishop Dupanloup, and other prelates. He had then the call, in his own sphere, to make a real contribution to the process of deliberation—that is to say, to declare what his own judgment was, but with the full intention of submitting to the Church when it had decided the matter. The Pope was constantly approached with representations on behalf of one view of the question: was it not only fair, reasonable, and loyal to bring before him and the Council the full force of another view held by many of the Bishops themselves?

As we have seen, there were men of influence who were speaking as though truth was to be directly revealed by the Holy Spirit to the Council, and scientific theology, and deliberation with a view to exactness of expression, were unimportant. Against this growing tendency he entered his earnest protest by word and by deed. No doubt his protest was regarded by men whose education was not equal to their piety as showing a want of confidence in the Holy Spirit's guidance. So, too, Silas Marner deemed it a want of faith to doubt that the Holy Spirit would interfere by preternatural agencies to guide the decision by lot. And when that decision turned out to be false he lost his faith in God. Such is the Nemesis which follows the identification of God's guidance with the beliefs of the superstitious as to its nature and degree. The very fact that Newman's protest was objected to showed how necessary it was, and how the commonplaces of theology were being practically disregarded. He was but acting on the words he had himself written five years earlier, in the 'Apologia,' on the determining factors in the proceedings of Ecumenical Councils. The Fathers, he wrote, 'have been guided in their decisions by the commanding genius of individuals, sometimes young and of inferior rank. Not,' he added, 'that uninspired intellect overruled the superhuman gift which was committed to the Council, which would be a self-contradictory assertion, but that in that process of enquiry and deliberation which ended in an infallible enunciation individual effort was paramount.' He gave the instances of Malchion, a mere presbyter, at the Council of Antioch; of Athanasius, a deacon, at Nicea; of Salmeron, a priest, at Trent. That he himself, though a mere priest, should, when invited to contribute to the theological deliberations preliminary to the Vatican Council, do his best to make them real—that he should do something very different from merely uncritically acquiescing in the treatment of a definition of doctrine which involved a statement of historical fact, as though it were, in his own words, 'a luxury of devotion'—was, then, to be true to Catholic practice in the past in the face of dangerous innovation.

And, moreover, while the principle of full deliberation was the tradition in possession, it was also more than ever necessary now when historical criticism was so rapidly gaining in accuracy, and so many acute and jealous eyes would test and criticise the proceedings of the Council.

For a moment he had hesitated whether he should not accept the invitation of the Holy Father and Monsignor Dupanloup to attend at Rome in person for the theological conferences in which the *schemata* of the Council were to be prepared. But in the event he had declined.

'Don't be annoyed,' he wrote to Sister Maria Pia on February 10, 1869. 'I am more happy as I am, than in any other way. I can't bear the kind of trouble which I should have, if I were brought forward in any public way. Recollect, I could not be *in* the Council, unless I were a Bishop—and really and truly I am *not* a theologian. A theologian is one who has mastered theology—who can say how many opinions there are on every point, what authors have taken which, and which is the best—who can discriminate exactly between proposition and proposition, argument and argument, who can pronounce which are safe, which allowable, which dangerous—who can trace the history of doctrines in successive centuries, and apply the principles of former times to the conditions of the present. This it is to be a theologian—this and a hundred things besides—which I am not, and never shall be. Like St. Gregory Nazianzen, I like going on my own way, and having my time my own, living without pomp or state, or pressing engagements. Put me into official garb, and I am worth nothing; leave me to myself, and every now and then I shall do something. Dress me up, and you will soon have to make my shroud—leave me alone, and I shall live the appointed time.

'Now do take this in, as a sensible nun.'

However, while declining an official position, such aid as he could give by correspondence with individual Bishops he was ready and anxious to afford.

There were two doctrines of the utmost delicacy which the Council proposed to treat—the Inspiration of Scripture and Papal Infallibility. To treat them with a full knowledge of the facts relevant to their accurate interpretation and exposition, so that the world should see that the definitions were entirely consistent with the historical and physical science of the day, needed full and careful deliberation.

His greatest anxiety, of course, related to the proposed definition of Papal Infallibility. It appeared to him that the untheological school were trying to force a strong definition secretly, without due discussion, without facing the historical facts with which it must be reconciled—seeking mainly to express their devotional beliefs, and in doing so perhaps rendering an effective defence of the doctrine most difficult for Catholics in the future. His cry was in effect 'Stop this post-haste movement and give us time.' He considered that imperiousness and unfairness marked the proceedings of some of the most energetic promoters of the definition. To write at length on so wide a subject would need on his part long and laborious scientific investigation. For this no time was given. He could only cry out, and try and arouse the Bishops to a sense of the danger. He communicated with many of them privately. This was within the clear limit of his *locus standi*, for they asked his opinion. He seems to have hesitated as to the allowableness of writing publicly. But anyhow there was no time to write with any effect.

Before taking in order the events of the months preceding the definition, it may be well to give a few extracts from letters written in their course which illustrate the above account of his habitual feeling. When portions of a letter to Bishop Ullathorne in which he strongly criticised some of the promoters of the definition afterwards found their way into the newspapers, Father Coleridge urged him to write a pamphlet designed for the public. Newman thus replied:

'Of course a pamphlet would have been far better than such a letter, but I was distinctly dissuaded from publishing; and then I asked myself this question—"Can anything I say move a single Bishop? And if not, what is the good of writing?" And this is the great charge which I bring against the immediate authors of this movement, *that they have not given us time*. Why must we be hurried all of a sudden, to write or not to write? Why is a *coup de main* to settle the matter before we know where we are? What could such as I do, *but* cry out, bawl, make violent gestures, as you would do, if you saw a railway engine running over some unhappy workman on the line? What time was there for being scientific? What could you do but collar a Bishop, if you could get up to one? The beginning and end of my thoughts about the Council is: "You are going too fast, you are going too fast."'

The extreme party were, Newman held, playing into the hands of the Church's enemies, who desired a definition which should be a *reductio ad absurdum* of Papal claims. The gradual spread of Catholic doctrines in England, of late years so promising, would, he feared, inevitably be checked if it should be passed. He wrote to Mr. Brownlow, contrasting the circumstances of this impending definition with those of the definition of 1854:

'As to the Immaculate Conception, by contrast there was nothing sudden, or secret, in the proposal of definition in that case. It had been talked about years out of mind—and was approached, every one knowing it, by step after step. This has taken us all by surprise.

'The Protestant and Infidel Press, so far from taking part with Mgr. Dupanloup, have backed up all along the extreme party—and now all through the country are taking an argumentative position against me.

'The existing Ritualists may or may not be put back—but the leavening of the country will be checked.'

'It is very pleasant to me,' he wrote to Canon Walker, 'to find you have hopes of the Council abstaining in a matter on which, I fear, the Pope has set his heart. What I dread is *haste*—if full time is given for the Synodal Fathers to learn and reflect on the state of the case, I have little doubt they will keep clear of the dangerous points.'

To Mrs. F. Ward he wrote thus:

'This is certainly a most anxious time of suspense. . . . Councils have ever been times of great trial—and this seems likely to be no exception. It was always held that the conduct of individuals who composed them was no measure of the authority of their result. We are sure, as in the case of the administration of the Sacraments, that the holiness of actors in them is not a necessary condition of God's working by means of them. Nothing can be worse than the conduct of many in and out of the Council who are taking the side which is likely to prevail.'

Two more extracts bring before us another side of his view. He regarded Archbishop Manning's unceasing advocacy of the definition as a kind of fixed idea, characteristic of his occasionally mystical and apocalyptic way of writing and thinking. Such a manner of looking at things did not inspire Newman with confidence.

'I don't think Dr. Manning has put on any "spectacles,"' he wrote to Canon Jenkins. 'He says what he thinks, and knows what he is about. I cannot help thinking he holds that the world is soon coming to an end—and that he is in consequence careless about the souls of future generations which will never be brought into being. I can fancy a person thinking it a grand termination (I don't mean that he so thinks) to destroy every ecclesiastical power but the Pope and let Protestants shift for themselves.'

On the other hand, while the enforcement of strict views was in such a one as Manning a congenial indulgence, Newman foresaw results of the general policy which was being pursued quite opposite to the intention of those who pursued it. Their object was to bring free-lances into line. Newman held that the general policy of narrowing the terms of communion would have in many cases—and indeed had actually had—just the opposite effect. Acute minds which if allowed a reasonable freedom might be kept within due limits, would run to really unallowable excesses in their angry reaction against what they held to be tyranny. Mr. Ffoulkes was writing indignantly against the Council. Acton and Wetherell were using language in the *North British Review* of which Newman could not approve. People were saying to Newman—'Here are your friends of the *Home and Foreign*—see what they are writing! Were we not indeed justified in checking them and in censuring the Review?' Newman held just the opposite—that excesses were not necessarily the index of an attitude which existed from the first, but embodied a reaction and protest, indefensible but natural, against tyrannous repression. And, while disapproving of the actors in this protest, their excesses had or might prove to have (he seems to have thought) good consequences in bringing home to those in authority the danger of drawing the reins too tight.

'There are those,' he wrote to Mrs. Froude, 'who have been taking matters with a very high hand and with much of silent intrigue for a considerable time, and such ways of going on bring with them their retribution. This does not defend the actors in that retribution. Ffoulkes is behaving very ill—but he is the "Nemesis," as they call it, of a policy, which I cannot admire. Nor do I like the new *North British*—but it too is the retributive consequence of tyranny. All will work for good; and, if we keep quiet, Providence will fight for us, and set things right.'[1]

Early in the year 1869 Newman received some confirmation of his fears that an exaggerated and untheological view of the nature of Papal Infallibility was current in highest quarters. Sir John Simeon forwarded to Newman some notes received from Mr. Odo Russell, at that time British Minister in Rome, of a conversation with Cardinal Antonelli on April 23, in which the Cardinal was represented as taking the exaggerated view in question. Would the Council (Newman asked himself), if it passed the definition, appear to the world to endorse such an extravagant view? Here was a matter for most grave anxiety.

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[1] It is to be observed that in writing to Anglican friends he emphasised the good which the Council was likely to effect. He wrote thus to J. R. Bloxam:

'The Oratory: Feb. 22, 1870.

'My dear Bloxam,—My best thanks for your very affectionate letter. I shall rejoice to find you in this neighbourhood, and I hope it will be when the leaves are out that I may show you our Retreat at Rednal, as you have shown me yours at Beeding. There is but one drawback. I wish you could obliterate it, that at length, at length Birnam Wood would come to Dunsinane.

'As to this Council, about *facts*, I know little more than you do, but as to my expectations, I think untold good will come of it—first, as is obvious, in bringing into personal acquaintance men from the most distant parts. The moral power of the Church (of Rome) will be almost squared by this fact alone—next each part will know the state of things in other parts of Christendom; and the minds of all the Prelates will be enlarged as well as their hearts. They will learn sympathy and reliance on each other. Further, the authorities at Rome will learn a great deal which they did not know of, and since the Italian apprehension is most imaginative and vivid, this will be a wonderful gain. It must have a great influence on the election of the next Pope, when that takes place. Then further the religious influence of so great an occasion, of so rare and wonderful a situation, of such a realization of things unseen, must, through God's mercy, leave a permanent deep impression on the minds of all assembled. Nor can I believe that so awful a visitation, in the supernatural order, as a renewal of the day of Pentecost, when it is granted to them, will not make them all new men for the rest of their lives.

'They have come to Rome with antagonistic feelings, they will depart in the peace of God. I don't think much will come of the movement for Papal Infallibility, though something very mild may be passed.

Ever yours affectionately,
(Signed) JOHN H. NEWMAN.

'P.S. You must not suppose from anything I have said that I do not sympathize with the Bishop of Orleans; for I do.'

Bishop Dupanloup and very many French and German prelates shared Newman's anxiety. Archbishop Manning, on the other hand, issued pastoral after pastoral in favour of the definition, and W. G. Ward in the course of the year published his pamphlet 'De Infallibilitatis Extensione,' which, being in Latin, was widely read by foreign theologians as well as English. Dupanloup, in a letter to his clergy issued in November, attacked both Manning and Ward. Echoing the complaint of the Jesuit Père Daniel in France, and of Father Ryder in England, he deprecated the fact that 'intemperate journalists' insisted on 'opening debates on one of the most delicate subjects and answering beforehand in what sense the Council would decide and should decide.' The public mind thus became filled with an extravagant idea of what Papal Infallibility meant; and the definition was inopportune because it would be misunderstood.

In respect of Mr. Ward's special share in the controversy, the Bishop strongly censured his contention that the Pontiff may speak infallibly in letters addressed, not to the whole Church, but to an individual Bishop.

Again, Ward had ascribed infallibility to a number of documents on the ground that they contained condemnations reproduced by the Syllabus, and he maintained that all Catholics were bound to believe this. Afterwards, in deference to the opinion of Roman theologians, as we have already seen, he retracted this assertion. Dupanloup at once seized on the retractation. If even a theological expert like Ward could make such a mistake, how much more could others! What an argument for leaving so subtle a question to time, and to the safer process of discussion among theologians, whose ultimate decision would have the advantage of the fullest consideration of pros and cons! What a proof that a true view of Papal Infallibility was inseparable from the constitutional methods habitually employed! The Pope was indeed infallible; but the exact knowledge of what he taught infallibly, and when he taught infallibly, came to the faithful, in the cases which his own words might well leave doubtful, not through the rapid private judgment of an individual, however able, or of a single public writer for his readers, but through the gradual operation of the learning and knowledge of the Church as a whole.

Here, then, Dupanloup[1] noted, what Cardinal Newman has so constantly pointed out, the functions of the Church, as represented by the Bishops and the theological school, in determining the force and interpreting the meaning of Papal declarations, as well as in assisting the Pope in the deliberations preparatory to definitions—functions so strangely ignored or minimised by the extreme party. Many of the Infallibilists appeared to be in the same position as some supporters of the majority at the Council of Ephesus. These men, in their zeal against the Nestorians, who denied that Jesus Christ was a Divine Person, fell into the opposite error of denying that He had a human soul and human nature. They became the founders of the Monophysite heresy.

Newman's fears persisted up to the time of the definition itself. The accredited organs of Rome, the *Civiltà Cattolica* at their head, used language which foreshadowed some such definition as could seem called for only to satisfy the extravagant devotional feeling towards the Papacy, of which some exhibitions have been cited above from the columns of the *Univers*. Newman was in frequent correspondence with Bishop Ullathorne, and wrote him a letter in January 1870, in which he expressed fully his feelings of dismay and indignation. The letter ran as follows:

'*Private.* January 28th, 1870.

'My dear Lord,—I thank your Lordship very heartily for your most interesting and seasonable letter. Such letters (if they could be circulated) would do much to re-assure the many minds which are at present disturbed when they look towards Rome. Rome ought to be a name to lighten the heart at all times, and a Council's proper office is, when some great heresy or other evil impends, to inspire the faithful with hope and confidence. But now we have the greatest meeting which has ever been, and that in Rome, infusing into us by the accredited organs of Rome (such as the *Civiltà*, the *Armonia*, the *Univers*, and the *Tablet*) little else than fear and dismay. Where we are all at rest and have no doubts, and, at least practically, not to say doctrinally, hold the Holy Father to be infallible, suddenly there is thunder in the clear sky, and we are told to prepare for something, we know not what, to try our faith, we know not how. No impending danger is to be averted, but a great difficulty is to be created. Is this the proper work for an Ecumenical Council? As to myself personally, please God, I do not expect any trial at all, but I cannot help suffering with the various souls that are suffering. I look with anxiety at the prospect of having to defend decisions which may not be difficult to my private judgment, but may be most difficult to defend logically in the face of historical facts. What have we done to be treated as the Faithful never were treated before? When has definition of doctrine *de fide* been a luxury of devotion and not a stern painful necessity? Why should an aggressive and insolent faction be allowed to make the hearts of the just to mourn whom the Lord hath not made sorrowful? Why can't we be let alone when we have pursued peace and thought no evil? I assure you, my dear Lord, some of the truest minds are driven one way and another, and do not know where to rest their feet; one day determining to give up all theology as a bad job and recklessly to believe henceforth almost that the Pope is impeccable; at another tempted to believe all the worst that a book like Janus says; at another doubting about the capacity possessed by Bishops drawn from all corners of the earth to judge what is fitting for European society, and then again angry with the Holy See for listening to the flattery of a clique of Jesuits, Redemptorists and Converts. Then again think of the score of Pontifical scandals in the history of eighteen centuries which have partly been poured out, and partly are still to come out. What Murphy inflicted upon us in one way, M. Veuillot is indirectly bringing on us in another. And then again the blight which is falling upon the multitude of Anglican ritualists, who themselves perhaps, or at least their leaders, may never become Catholics, but who are leavening the various English parties and denominations (far beyond their own range) with principles and sentiments tending towards their ultimate adoption into the Catholic Church.

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[1] The text of Dupanloup's remarks is given in *W. G. Ward and the Catholic Revival*, pp. 256 *seq.*

'With these thoughts before me, I am continually asking myself whether I ought not to make my feelings public; but all I do is to pray those great early Doctors of the Church, whose intercession would decide the matter,—Augustine and the rest,—to avert so great a calamity. If it is God's Will that the Pope's Infallibility should be defined, then it is His Blessed Will to throw back the times and the moments of that triumph He has destined for His Kingdom; and I shall feel I have but to bow my head to His Adorable Inscrutable Providence. You have not touched on the subject yourself, but I think you will allow me to express to you feelings which for the most part I keep to myself. . . .

'JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

In the course of March, extracts from this letter found their way into the *Standard* newspaper—how they became public is not known. The passage in which the words 'aggressive and insolent faction' occur was printed. Newman wrote to the *Standard* denying that he had used the words, insisting that the letter was a private one, yet not disclaiming its sentiments.

He wrote at the same time to Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry, an active opponent of the definition, in much the same sense as he had written to Dr. Ullathorne:

'The Oratory: March 20th, 1870.

'My dear Lord,—I am continually thinking of you and your cause. I look upon you as the special band of confessors, who are doing God's work at this time in a grave crisis; who, I trust, will succeed in your effort, but who cannot really fail—both because you are at the very least diminishing the nature and weight of the blow which is intended by those whom you oppose, and also because your resistance must bear fruit afterwards, even though it fails at the moment. If it be God's will that some definition in favour of the Pope's infallibility is passed, I then should at once submit—but up to that very moment I shall pray most heartily and earnestly against it. Any how, I cannot bear to think of the tyrannousness and cruelty of its advocates—for tyrannousness and cruelty it will be, though it is successful. . . .

'The *Standard* has been saying that I have written to Bp. of Birmingham at Rome, speaking of the advocates of Papal Infallibility as an "insolent aggressive faction"—this I certainly have not done—though I do in my heart think *some* advocates, e.g. the *Univers*, insolent and aggressive. Certainly I do. Think of the way in which the French Bishops have been treated. I wrote to Dr. Ullathorne last Monday, feeling, that, though I had not used those words, yet the person who wrote the *Standard* word about me certainly had seen my letter to him. *Here* no one knew anything of what I said to the Bishop but Fr. St. John—and both he and I have kept a dead silence about it all along.

'I don't give up hope, till the very end, the bitter end; and am always praying about it to the great doctors of the Church. Anyhow, we shall owe you and others a great debt.

'My dear Lord
Ever yours affecly in Xt,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Sir John Simeon had seen a copy of the letter to Dr. Ullathorne in which the words 'aggressive and insolent faction' did occur, and wrote to Newman at once to say so.

On receiving his letter, Newman again looked at the rough copy of his letter to Dr. Ullathorne, and found that the words in question, which he had overlooked, were really there. He at once wrote to Simeon:

'The Oratory: March 22nd, 1870.

'My dear Sir John,—I kept a copy of my letter to the Bishop.

'Before writing to the *Standard* I referred to it, and could not find the words in question then.

'Since your letter has come, I have referred again to it, and I have found them.

'I can only account for my not having seen them the first time, by the letter being written very badly and interlined.

'Of course I must write to the *Standard*, but I must take care how I pick my way or I shall tumble into the mud.

'Ever yours affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

The following letter from Dr. Newman appeared in the *Standard* of the following day:

'Sir,—In answer to the letter of "The Writer of 'the Progress of the Council,'" I am obliged to say that he is right, and I am wrong as to my using the words "insolent and aggressive faction" in a letter which I wrote to Bishop Ullathorne. I write to make my apologies to him for contradicting him.

'I kept the rough copy of this private letter of mine to the Bishop, and on reading the writer's original statement I referred to it and did not find there the words in question.

'This morning a friend has written to tell me that there are copies of the letter in London, and that the words certainly are in it. On this I have looked at my copy a second time, and I must confess that I have found them.

'I can only account for my not seeing them the first time by my very strong impression that I had not used them in my letter, confidential as it was, and from the circumstance that the rough copy is badly written and interlined.

'I learn this morning from Rome that Dr. Ullathorne was no party to its circulation.

'I will only add that when I spoke of a faction I neither meant that great body of Bishops who are said to be in favour of the definition of the doctrine nor any ecclesiastical order or society external to the Council. As to the Jesuits, I wish distinctly to state that I have all along separated them in my mind, as a body, from the movement which I so much deplore. What I meant by a faction, as the letter itself shows, was a collection of persons drawn together from various ranks and conditions in the Church.

'I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

'March 22nd.'

The following letter to Sir John Simeon shows that Newman was on the whole glad that his sentiments had been made public without any responsibility on his own part for the fact:

'The Oratory: March 27th, 1870.

'My dear Sir John,—As my confidential letter to the Bishop shows, I have been anxious for some time that an opportunity of speaking out, which I could not make myself, should be made for me.

'I could not make it myself, for, as I said to you before, I am bound to act in my own place as a priest under authority, and there was no call for my going out of it.

'One thing I could do without impropriety—*liberare animam meam*—to my Bishop, and that I did. I did so with great deliberation in one of the most private and confidential letters I ever wrote in my life.

'I am glad I have done it, and moreover, I am not sorry that, without any responsibility of my own, which I could not lawfully bring on me, the general drift of what I wrote has been published.

'Everything hitherto has happened well. It was very lucky that I was so firmly persuaded I did not use in the letter the words imputed to me. My persuasion being such, I felt it to be a simple duty to disown them; and I could not in fairness disown them, without avowing at the same time, as I did in my letter to the *Standard*, that, though I did not use the words, I thought them in my heart. If I had recognised my own words from the first, I should have had no opportunity of explaining their meaning, or against whom they were directed. My two letters to the *Standard* have given me two such opportunities.

'Now, however, this is done; and I feel quite easy, and need do nothing more.

'There were two reasons which might be urged upon me for making my views known, viz.—in order that they might act as a means of influencing some of the Bishops in the Council, and as a protest against the action of a certain party. What I have already done, is all that I can, all that I need do. Would anything more on my part move a single Bishop? Would anything more make my mind on the matter more intelligible to the world? I think not.

'I will add one thing. I do not at all anticipate any ultimate dissension. Like a jury, they will sit till they agree. I have full confidence in the French and German Bishops.

'Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

'P.S.—Certainly I rejoice to hear from you that an Address protesting against the definition of Infallibility would, if started, be largely signed: but what have I to do with such measures, beyond giving my opinion, which I have done?'

Newman did, however, take one further step, and published the whole of the letter of which the *Standard* had printed extracts. He refers to its publication in a letter to Mr. de Lisle:

'My dear Mr. de Lisle,—. . . I am in somewhat of a mess as you may see from the papers. I sent to our Bishop, Dr. Ullathorne, at Rome, one of the most confidential letters that I ever wrote in my life—and, without his fault, it got out and was shown about Rome. Then, I still unconscious of the mishap, it travelled to London, and, after circulating pretty freely, bits of it got into the papers. Meanwhile, it got to Germany, and there again other bits were published, and not fairly given, though without bad intention, but from the natural inaccuracy which attends on reports, when they have passed through several minds in succession. And then at length the whole of it, in its length and breadth, has got published at last.

'I trust it has thus wriggled into public knowledge, for some good purpose—though I cannot tell how this will be. If it leads to some counter demonstration, it will be very sad. I wish there was a chance of a strong lay petition to our Bishops to beg them to use their influence at Rome to let matters alone. But this, I fear, you will pronounce to be impossible.

'Anxious as I am, I will not believe that the Pope's Infallibility can be defined at the Council till I see it actually done. Seeing is believing. We are in God's Hands—not in the hands of men, however high-exalted. Man proposes, God disposes. When it is actually done, I will accept it as His act; but, till then, I will believe it impossible. One can but act according to one's best light. Certainly, we at least have no claim to call ourselves infallible; still it is our duty to act as if we were, to act as strongly and vigorously in the matter, as if it were impossible we could be wrong, to be full of hope and of peace, and to leave the event to God. This is right, isn't it? Most sincerely yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

The end of May saw the Canons of the Council on the first of the two subjects which caused Newman anxiety—the inspiration of Scripture. From a letter to Father Coleridge it would seem that these Canons realised Newman's anticipations. He had no difficulty in accepting them. But he felt that they were drawn up with no adequate regard to the urgent questions which were being raised by contemporary Biblical criticism. This he evidently deeply regretted. The consequence was that difficulties which the theologians had not anticipated in framing the Canons would have to be taken into account in their interpretation. Eventually no doubt theological explanation would give them an interpretation in some respects different from what appeared to him their *prima facie* sense. But this must be a matter of time. And meanwhile he anticipated great difficulties. The Fathers of the Council had not—so he was credibly informed—intended to make untenable the views of certain approved theologians which had not apparently been taken into account in the wording of the Canons. If this were the case the fact would have to be made clear to hostile critics. It is worth while to remark that the chief point which Newman in his first letter wishes to see expressly allowed for—the use by Moses of pre-existing documents—is in our own day fully admitted by most theologians. But Newman evidently wished that at this critical moment such considerations should have been dealt with by full theological discussion. A freer and more open debate would have forestalled objections which, as things were, the keener-sighted Catholic thinkers might have to answer by qualifying the apparent meaning of the words of the Canons.

The very important letter of which I speak ran as follows:

'The Oratory: June 7, 1870.

'I have my doubts whether, humanly speaking, those Canons &c. would ever have been pressed in their actual wording, if things had not been kept so strangely snug from first to last. The Pope and the Bishops seem to have left everything to the Holy Ghost.

'Speaking under correction, there are two new dogmas in what has been defined about Scripture—1st that Scripture is *inspired*. In the decree of Trent the *Apostles* are declared to be inspired, and they, thus inspired, are the fountain head both of tradition and of Scripture. Bouvier, I think, says that the inspiration in Scripture is not defined, though it is *certissimum*. 2nd that by the Testamenta is meant, not the Covenants, but the *collection of books* constituting the Bible; *of which* in consequence as well as of the Covenants, God becomes the "Auctor."

'St. Irenæus, writing against the Gnostics, who denied the *Jewish Dispensation* to be the work of God, says that God was the Auctor Testamenti Veteris, of which testaments he numbers in one place (I think) five. When the Priscillians made a row in Spain, the Spanish Bishops against them read the same formula. Then in the Middle Ages, against the Manichean Gnostics, Albigenses &c.—the same formula was used. Thence it came to Florence. Mind, I am writing from memory, but thus my memory runs.

'When I heard the Canons had been passed—no, it was when I saw from the Papers that they were *threatened*,—I, *at once*, wrote to a Bishop at Berne, saying what I have said above—but it was too late. One says God's will be done. He is wiser than man—but I cannot think that full deliberation has been had upon the subject—which is necessary, not for the validity of the decree but for the relief of the responsibility of those who so passed it. On such important questions why should not all sides be considered and reviewed?

'My friend wrote me back word that he was sure that the Fathers of the Council never *meant* to *exclude* the views of Lessius, but their words are very like exclusion. Can I now hold that Moses by inspiration selected and put together the various pre-existing documents which constitute the book of Genesis? Are the genealogies all of them inspired? for are they not "*partes*" of Scripture?

'It seems to me that a perfectly new platform of doctrine is created, as regards our view of Scripture, by these new Canons—so far as this, that, if their primary and surface meaning is to be evaded, it must be by a set of explanations heretofore not necessary.

'Indeed the whole Church platform seems to me likely to be off its ancient moorings, it is like a ship which has swung round or taken up a new position. . . .

'Ever yours affectionately, JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

The question of Inspiration having been dealt with, there remained the all-important one of Papal Infallibility. And Newman continued to pray and hope that the definition might be averted. The late Lord Emly, who often conversed with him on the subject, told the present writer that Newman's main objection throughout was not to *a* definition on the subject, but to such a definition as was likely to be passed in the haste in which matters were proceeding and to exaggerations of its import which extremists were likely to propagate. It was this anxiety which led him to pray earnestly that for the present at least no definition should be passed. Newman wrote in April to Dr. Whitty, who was in Rome:

'*Confidential.* April 12th, 1870.

'My dear Fr. Whitty,—Thank you for your letter, which I was very glad to have. I will write to you as frankly as you have written to me; and tho' the letter is "confidential," still you are the judge, should you wish to extend that confidence beyond yourself.

'One can but go by one's best light. Whoever is infallible, I am not; but I am bound to argue out the matter and to act as if I were, till the Council decides; and then, if God's Infallibility is against me, to submit at once, still not repenting of having taken the part which I felt to be right, any more than a lawyer in Court may repent of believing in a cause and advocating a point of law, which the Bench of Judges ultimately give against him. We can but do our best.

'Well, then, my thesis is this:—*you are going too fast at Rome;*—on this I shall insist.

'It is enough for one Pope to have passed one doctrine (on the Immac. Concept.) into the list of dogmata. We do not move at railroad pace in theological matters, even in the 19th century. We must be patient, and that for two reasons:—first, in order to get at the truth ourselves, and next in order to carry others with us.

'1. The Church moves as a whole; it is not a mere philosophy, it is a communion; it not only discovers, but it teaches; it is bound to consult for charity as well as for faith. You must prepare men's minds for the doctrine, and you must not flout and insult the existing tradition of countries. The tradition of Ireland, the tradition of England, is not on the side of Papal Infallibility. You know how recent Ultramontane views are in both countries; so too of France; so of Germany. The time may come when it will be seen how those traditions are compatible with additions, that is, with true developments, which those traditions indeed in themselves do not explicitly teach; but you have no right rudely to wipe out the history of centuries, and to substitute a bran new view of the doctrine imported from Rome and the South. Think how slowly and cautiously you proceeded in the definition of the Immac. Concept., how many steps were made, how many centuries passed, before the dogma was ripe;—we are not ripe yet for the Pope's Infallibility. Hardly anyone even murmured at the act of 1854; half the Catholic world is in a fright at the proposed act of 1870.

'When indeed I think of the contrast presented to us by what is done now and what was done then, and what, as I have said, ought always to be done, I declare, unless I were too old to be angry, I should be very angry. The Bull convening the Council was issued with its definite objects stated, dogma being only slightly mentioned as among those objects, but not a word about the Pope's Infallibility. Through the interval, up to the meeting of the Council, not a word was said to enlighten the Bishops as to what they were to meet about. The Irish Bishops, as I heard at the time, felt surprised at this; so did all, I doubt not. Many or most had thought they were to meet to set right the Canon Law. Then suddenly, just as they are meeting, it is let out that the Pope's Infallibility is the great subject of definition, and the *Civiltà*, and other well-informed prints, say that it is to be carried by acclamation! Then Archbishop Manning tells

(I believe) Mr. Odo Russell that, unless the opposition can cut the throats of 500 Bishops, the definition certainly will be carried; and, moreover, that *it has long been intended!* Long intended, and yet kept secret! Is this the way the faithful ever were treated before? is this in any sort of sense going by tradition? On hearing this, my memory went back to an old saying, imputed to Monsignor Talbot, that what made the definition of the Immac. Concept. so desirable and important was that it opened the way to the definition of the Pope's Infallibility. Is it wonderful that we should all be shocked? For myself, after meditating on such crooked ways, I cannot help turning to Our Lord's terrible warning: "Væ mundo a scandalis! Quisquis scandalizaverit unum ex his pusillis credentibus in me, bonum est ei magis si circumdaretur mola asinaria collo ejus, et in mare mitteretur."

'2. I say then you must take your time about a definition *de fide*, for the sake of charity;—and now I say so again for the sake of truth; for the very same caution, which is necessary for the sake of others, is surely the divinely appointed human means of an infallible decision. Consider how carefully the Immaculate Conception was worked out. Those two words have been analysed, examined in their parts, and then carefully explained;—the declarations and the intentions of Fathers, Popes, and ecclesiastical writers on the point have been clearly made out. It was this process that brought Catholic Schools into union about it, while it secured the accuracy of each. Each had its own extreme points eliminated, and they became one, because the truth to which they converged was one. But now what is done as regards the seriously practical doctrine at present in discussion? What we require, first of all, and it is a work of years, is a careful consideration of the acts of Councils, the deeds of Popes, the Bullarium. We need to try the doctrine by facts, to see what it may mean, what it cannot mean, what it must mean. We must try its future working by the past. And we need that this should be done in the face of day, in course, in quiet, in various schools and centres of thought, in controversy. This is a work of years. This is the true way in which those who differ sift out the truth. On the other hand, what do we actually see? Suddenly one or two works made to order—(excuse me, I must speak out). Fr. Botalla writes a book—and, when he finds a layman like Renouf speaks intemperately, then, instead of setting him an example of cool and careful investigation, he speaks intemperately too, and answers him sharply, some say angrily. "*Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis!*" Is this the way to gain a blessing on a most momentous undertaking?

'3. One word more. To outsiders like me it would seem as if a grave dogmatic question was being treated merely as a move in ecclesiastical politics. Indeed, what you say about its relation to the Syllabus justifies me in so thinking. So grave a doctrine is but an accidental means to an object of the particular year, 1864! a dogma is, so to say, *dated*, as St. Athanasius says of the Arian creeds. I say "an accidental means," for you surmise that, if the Syllabus had not been negative in its form, the definition of the Pope's Infallibility would not have been needed at present. I could say much, not about the Syllabus, but on the unworthy way in which it has been treated by its professed champions. But let us allow that it is right to sink the solemn character of a dogma in a question of ecclesiastical expedience, *regnante Pio nono:*—next, if so, I naturally ask whether such a degradation answers its purpose. Am I bound to take my view of expedience from what is thought expedient at Rome? May I not judge about expedience for Catholics in England by what we see in England? Now the effect upon the English people of the very attempt at definition hitherto does but confirm one's worst apprehensions about it, for 1st. the ministry is decidedly pro-Catholic. Gladstone would help the Irish Catholic University if he could, but he has been obliged to declare in the House that what is going on in Rome ties his hands. And 2ndly Mr. Newdegate has gained his Committee to inquire into conventual establishments and their property. These are the first fruits in England of even the very agitation of this great anticipated expedient for strengthening the Church. That agitation falls upon an existing anti-Catholic agitation spreading through the English mind. Murphy is still lecturing against priests and convents, and gaining over the classes who are now the ultimate depository of political power, the constituency for Parliamentary elections. And we, where we are bound, if we can, to soothe the deep prejudices and feverish suspicions of the nation, we on the contrary are to be forced, by measures determined on at Rome, to blow upon this troubled sea with all the winds of Æolus, when Neptune ought to raise his "placidum caput" above the waves. This is what we need at least in England. And for England, of course, I speak.

'Excuse my freedom. I do not forget your two passages. Say everything kind for me to your Bishop, unless he has returned home. I wrote to him a day or two ago. You may open the letter if he is away. Ever yours affly.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Newman made no secret of his views, in writing, not only to intimate friends, but to occasional correspondents. Mr. O'Neill Daunt had asked his advice concerning a lady friend whose faith was greatly tried by the prospect of the definition, and he thus replied:

'The Oratory: June 27th, 1870.

'As to the subject of your letter, I certainly think this agitation of the Pope's Infallibility most unfortunate and ill-advised, and I shall think so even if the Council decrees it, unless I am obliged to believe that the Holy Ghost protects the Fathers from all inexpedient acts, (which I do not see is anywhere promised) as well as guides them into all the truth, as He certainly does. There are truths which are inexpedient.

'As to your question, however, I think first that there is such a thing as a "needless alarm." Do you recollect Cowper's poem with that title? I often think of it and quote it, and especially lately, since this agitation has commenced. Your friend should not take it for granted that the Infallibility of the Pope will be carried. I am not at all sure it will. For myself, I refuse to believe that it can be carried, till it actually is. I think the great Doctors of the Church will save us from a dogma which they did not hold themselves.

'Next, if anything is passed, it will be in so mild a form, as practically to mean little or nothing. There is a report, which you probably can substantiate better than I, that Cardinal Cullen said, when he was in Dublin, at Easter, that "he thought the Pope would *never be able to use* the dogma, in the shape it was to be passed."

'Lastly, is your friend sure she *understands* the dogma, even as Ultramontanes hold it? I very much doubt if she does. She should look carefully to this. The Pope did not force on us the Immaculate Conception. The whole of Christendom wished it.'[1]

Meanwhile the deliberations of the Council proceeded.

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[1] In the Appendix, at pp. 552 *seq.*, will be found some further letters illustrating Newman's state of mind during the months preceding the definition of Papal Infallibility, and one letter on the fall of Louis Napoleon in August 1870.

One party pleaded for whole-hearted loyalty to the Pontiff. The other urged such caution as the true interests of the Church and respect for its traditions demanded. The contest was intensified, and the struggle of motives complicated, by the simple and noble character of Pius IX. and the charm of his presence. In the graphic journal of Mr. Thomas Mozley, intensely prejudiced as he was against the infallibilists, we see that the appearance of Pio Nono ever touches his imagination and his heart. The very tones of his voice were inspiring. 'Whenever the Pope himself,' he writes, after one of the Church functions at which he was present, 'had either to intone or to give the first notes of the grand sacramental hymns, his peculiarly cheery voice rang through the whole church and woke a response from everybody within reach of it. The reverence he aroused was so universal and hearty that I could almost have fancied that there was a touch of mirth in it.' The gracious presence of the Pontiff, his simple faith, conquered wherever he went. His jokes were in everyone's mouth. Those who regarded the promoters of the definition as fanatics of the deepest dye could not but undergo a revulsion of feeling when they met the man who was in their eyes the head of the party. Even the zeal of his most loyal followers would touch his sense of humour: and when, after the definition was passed, many of the Bishops who had voted for it stayed on week after week, living at the Pope's expense, to rejoice over their victory, the Pontiff was both amused and somewhat tried at this drain on his exchequer. With the usual pinch of snuff and a twinkle in his eye, he is said to have remarked, 'Questi infallibilisti mi faranno fallire.' To behold the Pope pray was, it used to be said, to watch one who himself *saw* that world which others know only by faith. Such was the man who in person made the appeal to his Bishops to be loyal to God's Vicar and to despise the opinion of the world. And he treated half-heartedness as to the definition as simply and solely worldliness. It is hard to conceive a greater trial, of its kind, than such men as Dr. Moriarty and Mgr. Dupanloup had to undergo in resisting such appeals, and appearing to the Pontiff they so deeply loved and reverenced to fail in their loyalty to him in his time of trouble.

I may cite one out of many pictures Mr. Mozley has left of the activity and zeal of the great Pontiff at this time:

'The day reminds me once more of the enormous amount of work expected from a Pope, and done diligently, faithfully, and cheerfully by this old man in his seventy-eighth year. Yesterday he paid a long visit to the Exposition, talking with the exhibitors, and having his jokes with all about him. He has to give interviews to all these seven hundred bishops, and, as the enemy says, to put a strong pressure on all who are recommended to him for the application of the supreme torture. A great deal has been said about his visits to the aged and invalid bishops lodged and nursed in the canonical apartments attached to St. Peter's.

. . . .

'Other bishops, who have been disposed, or compelled by circumstances, to adopt a neutral or a moderate line in the Council, have found themselves sorely tried in a personal interview. They find it vain to declare their devotion or their sincerity. His Holiness tells them plainly they are not on his side; they are among his enemies; they are damaging the good cause; their loyalty is not sound. It is enough that they have signed what they should not, or not signed what they ought. On the Roman system there is nothing wonderful in this personal interference of the Head of the Church. What I most marvel at is that it is all done by this old man, and that it is done with a success which provokes the indignation of those who conceive their cause hurt by it.'

Newman, though at a distance from Rome, realised to the full the charm of the Pontiff with whose policy he could not concur. Pius IX. had ever touched his heart in their intercourse. He was wont to ascribe to his character and presence much of the abatement among his countrymen of anti-Catholic prejudice—and this in spite of the fact that Pio Nono's recent line of action and his insistence on the Papal prerogatives were calculated greatly to increase rather than to diminish the bigotry of our countrymen. The man himself had that in him which was quite irresistible.

'No one could, both by his words and deeds, offend [Englishmen] more,' Newman wrote of him after his death. 'He claimed, he exercised, larger powers than any other Pope ever did; he committed himself to ecclesiastical acts bolder than those of any other Pope; his secular policy was especially distasteful to Englishmen; he had some near him who put into print just that kind of gossip concerning him which would put an Englishman's teeth on edge; lastly, he it was who, in the very beginning of his reign, was the author of the very measure which raised such a commotion among us; yet his personal presence was of a kind that no one could withstand. I believe one special cause of the abatement of the animosity felt towards us by our countrymen was the series of *tableaux*, as I may call them, brought before them in the newspapers, of his receptions of visitors in the Vatican.

'His misfortunes indeed had something to do with his popularity. The whole world felt that he was shamefully used as regards his temporal possessions; no foreign power had any right to seize upon his palaces, churches, and other possessions, and the injustice showed him created a wide interest in him; but the main cause of his popularity was the magic of his presence, which was such as to dissipate and utterly destroy the fog out of which the image of a Pope looms to the ordinary Englishman. His uncompromising faith, his courage, the graceful intermingling in him of the human and the divine, the humour, the wit, the playfulness with which he tempered his severity, his naturalness, and then his true eloquence, and the resources he had at command for meeting with appropriate words the circumstances of the moment, overcame those who were least likely to be overcome. A friend of mine, a Protestant, a man of practised intellect and mature mind, told me to my surprise that, at one of the Pope's receptions at the Vatican, he was so touched by the discourse made by His Holiness to his visitors, that he burst into tears. And this was the experience of hundreds; how could they think ill of him or of his children when his very look and voice were so ethical, so eloquent, so persuasive?'[1]

It was doubtless largely the feeling which Pius IX. inspired which made the inopportunist Bishops decline to record their votes against the decree of Infallibility at the final public session held in the Pope's presence. At the General Congregation of July 13, at which the definition was informally passed, eighty-eight Bishops voted *non placet*, and sixty-two *placet juxta modum* (that is, were in favour of modifications in the definition). They then left Rome after addressing to the Pontiff the following letter:

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[1] *Addresses by Cardinal Newman* (Longmans), p. 242.

'Most Blessed Father,—In the General Congregation held on the 13th inst. we gave our votes on the *Schemata* of the first Dogmatic Constitution concerning the Church of Christ.

'Your Holiness is aware that 88 Fathers, urged by conscience and love of Holy Church, gave their vote in the words "*non placet*"; 62 in the words "placet *juxta modum*"; finally about 70 were absent and gave no vote.

'Others returned to their dioceses on account of illness or more serious reasons.

'Thus our votes are known to your Holiness and manifest to the whole world, and it is notorious how many bishops agree with us, and with the manner in which we have discharged the office and duty laid upon us.

'Nothing has happened since to change our opinion, nay rather there have been many and very serious events of a nature to confirm us in it.

'We therefore declare that we renew and confirm the votes already given.

'Confirming therefore our votes by this present document, we have decided to ask leave of absence from the public session on the 18th inst.

'For the filial piety and reverence which very recently brought our representatives to the feet of your Holiness do not allow us in a cause so closely concerning your Holiness to say "non placet" openly and to the face of the Father.

'Moreover, the votes to be given in Solemn Session would only repeat those already delivered in General Congregation. We return, therefore, without delay to our flocks, to whom, after so long an absence, the apprehensions of war and their most urgent spiritual wants render us necessary to the utmost of our power, grieving as we do, that in the present gloomy state of public affairs we shall find the faithful troubled in conscience and no longer at peace with one another.

'Meanwhile, with our whole heart, we commend the Church of God and your Holiness, to whom we avow our unaltered faith and obedience, to the grace and protection of our Lord Jesus Christ, and are your

'Most devoted and obedient.'

The appointed day arrived—July 18—and the definition was solemnly passed in presence of the Pontiff. Mr. Mozley, who was a witness of the scene, has left a graphic account of it:[1]

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[1] I omit Mr. Mozley's unsympathetic reflections, as my object is only to give his picture of the scene. (See Mozley's *Letters from Rome*. Longmans.)

'Let me begin with the vigil of the fête. It thundered and lightened all night, and it rained in the morning. When I went down to St. Peter's on December 8 last, the very doors of Heaven seemed to have been opened, and we were nearly washed out of our carriages. Yesterday, too, instead of a bright Roman sky and brilliant, burning sun, we had what may be called the storm of the season. Thus, the opening and the closing of the Council—the closing, at least, for the present—were marked by a violent revolution of the elements. The doors were not opened before half past 7 o'clock, and as I drove down at that hour the streets were comparatively empty. A solitary cab or two were rambling in the same direction—a few priests and students were hurrying on through the rain, and the gallant Guards, who let us pass unheeded, sat indolently on their horses, having no occasion to make a display. . . .

'A double line of troops was soon formed, and between them, steadily or jauntily as the case might be, walked the Fathers, each going to the Hall, and taking his seat as he arrived. The laity, for whom all the blessings of the day were specially designed, looked over the shoulders of the soldiers to observe the bishops. . . . Many of the seats of the Fathers were vacant, certainly nearly 250, 130 or 140 prelates having absented themselves only for the day. . . .

'His Holiness, I am told by his friends, on entering, felt agitated, and trembled when he knelt to say his prayers, but this passed off, his voice was as firm and as clear as I have ever heard it, and his appearance became bright and cheerful. The Mass was short, giving promise of an early closing, and then came those beautiful hymns of the Roman Catholic Church, sung at intervals, and never sung more effectively. First the Litany of the Saints was chanted by the choir, taken up by the Fathers, and carried as it were out of the Hall until it was lifted on high by the swelling voices of several thousands of persons who clustered round the tomb of St. Peter. So it was with the *Veni Creator*. Apart from the essentially sweet and plaintive character of the music, the body of sound satisfied all one's desires, giving the assurance of something like sincerity and depth of feeling.

'Now there was a lull, broken at last by the shrill voice of the Secretary reading the Dogma. The real business of the day had commenced, and the crowd about the door and around the baldacchino became more dense. . . . The reading of the Dogma was followed by the roll-call of the Fathers, and *Placet* after *Placet* followed, though not in very quick succession. They were uttered in louder and bolder tones than on former occasions, either that the echo was greater from the comparative emptiness of the church or that the Fathers were pleased at being shorn, and amid their utterances there was a loud peal of thunder.

'The storm which had been threatening all the morning burst now with the utmost violence, and to many a superstitious mind might have conveyed the idea that it was the expression of Divine wrath, as "no doubt it will be interpreted by numbers," said one officer of the Palatine Guard. And so the *Placets* of the Fathers struggled through the storm, while the thunder pealed above and the lightning flashed in at every window and down through the dome and every smaller cupola, dividing if not absorbing the attention of the crowd. *Placet*, shouted his Eminence or his Grace, and a loud clap of thunder followed in response, and then the lightning darted about the baldacchino and every part of the church and Conciliar Hall, as if announcing the response. So it continued for nearly one hour and a half, during which time the roll was being called, and a more effective scene I never witnessed. Had all the decorators and all the getters-up of ceremonies in Rome been employed, nothing approaching to the solemn splendour of that storm could have been prepared, and never will those who saw it and felt it forget the promulgation of the first Dogma of the Church.

'The *façade* of the Hall had not been removed as on former occasions, only the great door was opened, so that it could be scarcely called an open Session, and people could get a glimpse of what was going on only by struggling fiercely and peering over one another's shoulders, or by standing at a distance and looking through a glass. I chose this last and better part. The storm was at its height when the result of the voting was taken up to the Pope, and the darkness was so thick that a huge taper was necessarily brought and placed by his side as he read the words, "Nosque, sacro approbante Concilio, illa ita decernimus, statuimus atque sancimus ut lecta sunt." And again the lightning flickered around the Hall, and the thunder pealed.

'I was standing at this moment in the south transept trying to penetrate the darkness which surrounded the Pope, when the sound as of a mighty rushing something, I could not tell what, caused me to start violently, and look about me and above me. It might be a storm of hail. Such for an instant was my impression; and it grew and swelled, and then the whole mystery was revealed by a cloud of white handkerchiefs waving before me. The signal had been given by the Fathers themselves with clapping of hands. This was my imaginary hailstorm; and it was taken up by the crowd outside the Hall, and so the storm grew in violence until at length it came to where I stood; *Viva il Papa Infallibile! Viva il trionfo dei Cattolici!* shouted the zealots. . . . But again the storm rose with greater violence than before, and I thought that, according to English custom, we were to have three times three.

'The *Te Deum* and the Benedictions, however, put a stop to it; the entire crowd fell on their knees as I have never seen a crowd do before in St. Peter's, and the Pope blessed them in those clear sweet tones distinguishable among a thousand. A third and fainter attempt was made to get up another cheer, but it died away, and then priests, priestlings, monks and holy women, rushed down the nave to get, perchance, another peep at the Pope as he passed through the chapels, but the doors were closed.

'Thus closed the Session of the Ecumenical Vatican Council for the present, not prorogued nor suspended, to meet again on November 11.'

The arguments of the Bishops of the minority had one all-important result. In the proceedings of the Council published in the seventh volume of the Jesuit 'Collectio Lacensis' we see that they pressed for words absolutely precluding the view of extremists, that Papal Infallibility meant a direct revelation to the Pope, or endowed him with such absolute power as to warrant his dispensing with intercourse with the Church in its exercise. A historical introduction to the definition was accordingly written by the learned theologians, Fathers Franzelin and Kleutgen.

It was to show 'in what manner the Roman Pontiffs had ever been accustomed to exercise the *magisterium* of faith in the Church,' and to prevent the fear lest 'the Roman Pontiff could proceed (*procedere possit*) in judging of matters of faith without counsel, deliberation, and the use of scientific means.' This introduction formed the basis of what was ultimately passed at the public session of the Fathers on July 18, although the text of Franzelin and Kleutgen was not entirely approved.

The same point was emphasised again in one of the annotations to the first draft of the new formula, proposed on June 8, which formed the basis of further modifications. 'It seemed useful,' we read in this annotation, 'to insert in the Chapter some things adapted to the right understanding of the dogma, namely, that the Supreme Pontiff does not perform his duty as teacher without intercourse and union (*sine commercio et unione*) with the Church.'[1]

In the historical introduction, as finally published, the safeguard urged as necessary in this connection was thus expressed: 'The Roman Pontiffs, as the state of things and times has made advisable, at one time calling Ecumenical Councils or finding out the opinion of the Church dispersed through the world, at another by means of particular Synods, at another using other means of assistance which Divine Providence supplied, have defined those things to be held which by God's aid they had known to be in agreement with sacred Scripture and the Apostolic traditions, for the Holy Ghost was promised to the successors of Peter, not that by His revelation they should disclose new doctrines, but that by His *assistentia* they might preserve inviolate, and expound faithfully, the revelation or deposit of faith handed down by the Apostles.'

The exaggerations of M. Veuillot were thus definitely rejected by the Fathers. But Newman did not at first know this, and, having latterly despaired of a moderate definition, he had fixed his hopes on the dogma not being defined at all. A definition corresponding to the views set forth in M. Veuillot's writings, or Cardinal Antonelli's reported explanations, was unthinkable as an obligatory dogmatic formula. He would not, he said, believe that the definition would be made until it was *un fait accompli*. When the news first reached him that it had been passed, with no particulars as to its scope, the blow was, as those who knew him best have told the present writer, a stunning one. But when he saw its actual text Newman's fears were allayed. 'I saw the new definition yesterday,' he wrote to a friend, 'and am pleased at its moderation,—that is, if the doctrine in question is to be defined at all.'

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[1] See *W. G. Ward and the Catholic Revival*, pp. 435-36.

So far, indeed, as doctrine was concerned, as he said to many correspondents, no more was defined than he himself had always held. The old Ultramontanism of which Archbishop Sibour and Montalembert had been staunch defenders became a doctrine of faith. The Ultramontanism of the *Univers* received no countenance in the text of the definition.

Nevertheless, as careful readers of the 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk' already know, Newman did not regard the truth of the doctrine defined as being by any means the sole question at issue. The tendency towards excessive centralisation which he deplored was not a matter of doctrine, but of policy. And his letters show that he had great anxiety lest the passing of the definition should actually increase this tendency. Moreover, his indignation against some of the leading promoters of the decree was in no way abated. In the very month in which the definition was passed—on July 27—he wrote thus to Sister Maria Pia:

'Our good God is trying all of us with disappointment and sorrow just now; I allude to what has taken place at Rome—who of us would not have rejoiced if the Fathers of the Council had one and all felt it their duty to assent to the Infallibility of the Holy Father—? but a gloom falls upon one, when it is decreed with so very large a number of dissentient voices. It looks as if our Great Lord were in some way displeased at us. Indeed the look of public matters generally is very threatening, and we need the prayers of all holy souls and all good nuns to avert the evils which seem coming upon the earth.'

Though accepting the definition at once himself, he did not at first feel justified in speaking of it publicly as *de fide* until the Council should be terminated. He wrote to Mrs. Froude as follows on August 8:

'It is too soon to give an opinion about the definition. I want to know what the Bishops of the minority say on the subject, and what they mean to do. As I have ever believed as much as the definition says, I have a difficulty in putting myself into the position of mind of those who have not. As far as I see, no one is bound to believe it at this moment, certainly not till the end of the Council. This I hold in spite of Dr. Manning. At the same time, since the Pope has pronounced the definition, I think it safer to accept it at once. I very much doubt if at this moment—before the end of the Council, I could get myself publicly to say it was *de fide*, whatever came of it—though I believe the doctrine itself.

'I think it is not usual, to promulgate a dogma till the end of a Council, as far as I know—and next, this has been carried under such very special circumstances. I look for the Council to right itself in some way before it ends. It looks like a house divided against itself, which is a great scandal.

'And now you have my whole mind. I rule my own conduct by what is safer, which in matters of faith is a true principle of theology,—but (as *at present advised*, in my present state of knowledge or ignorance, till there are further acts of the Church) I cannot pronounce categorically that the doctrine is *de fide*.

'Ever yours affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.[1]

'P.S.—You need not believe anything more personal or inherent in the Pope than you say.

'P.S.—[on another sheet] My postscript to the first sheet is hardly intelligible.

'The Pope is infallible *in actu*, not *in habitu*—in his particular pronouncements *ex Cathedra*, not in his state of illumination, as an Apostle might be, which would be inspiration. I am told some wicked men, not content with their hitherto cruel conduct, are trying to bring in this doctrine of inherent infallibility, of which there is not a hint in the definition. Perhaps they would like to go on to call him a Vice-God, as some one actually did, or sole God to us. Unless my informant was mad, I heard lately of some one (English or Irish) who said that now we ought not to pray to God at all, but only to the Blessed Virgin—God preserve us, if we have such madmen among us, with their lighted brands.'

The evil consequences which he feared from the definition were two. It is true that the dogma professed to declare that theoretically the Papacy had received no addition of power. The infallibility ascribed to Pius IX. in his *ex cathedra* utterances had belonged also to St. Peter and St. Gregory the Great. Yet the act of the Council would be likely, he feared in the first place, to lead in practice to increased centralisation,—to the predominance of the new Ultramontanism of M. Louis Veuillot and W. G. Ward. In the second place, he felt that in this case, as with the decree on Inspiration, the difficulties which had to be met had not been adequately anticipated, owing partly to the rapidity and secrecy of the proceedings of the Council, and that the argumentative position of Catholic apologists would be in consequence for the time greatly embarrassed.

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[1] Substantially the same view is expressed in the letter cited in the *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk* (see *Difficulties of Anglicans*, vol. ii. p. 303).

That evil results should follow on valid and true definitions, however, was no novelty in Church history. Confusion had followed former Councils, and might well follow the Vatican Council.

Newman's view as to the danger of increased centralisation is shown in the following letter to Mr. O'Neill Daunt, who had written for further advice respecting the friend already referred to whose faith in the Church had been shaken:

'The Oratory: August 7th, 1870.

'My dear Mr. Daunt,—I agree with you that the wording of the Dogma has nothing very difficult in it. It expresses what, as an opinion, I have ever held myself with a host of other Catholics. But that does not reconcile me to imposing it upon others, and I do not see why a man who denied it might not be as good a Catholic as the man who held it.[1] And it is a new and most serious precedent in the Church that a dogma *de fide* should be passed *without definite and urgent cause*. This to my mind is the serious part of the matter. You put an enormous power into the hands of one man, without check, and at the very time, by your act, you declare that he may use it without special occasion.

'However, God will provide. We must recollect, there has seldom been a Council without great confusion after it,—so it was even with the first,—so it was with third, fourth, and fifth,—and [the] sixth which condemned Pope Honorius. The difference between those instances and this being, that now we have brought it on ourselves without visible necessity.

'The great difficulty in the painful case you write about is, that when the imagination gets excited on a point, it is next to impossible by any show of arguments, however sound, to meet the evil. I think it may safely be said to your friend, that the greater part of the Church has long thought that the Pope has the power which he and the Bishops of the majority have declared *is* his; and that, if the Church is the work and ordinance of God, we must have a little faith in Him and be assured that He will provide that there is no abuse of the Pope's power. Your friend must not *assume*, before the event, that his power will be abused. Perhaps you ought not to urge her too strongly,—if left to herself, your reasons may tell on her after a while, though they seem to fail at the moment.

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[1] This opinion he changed after it became clear that the minority would take no concerted action.—See *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*, p. 305.

'Most sincerely yours,
John H. Newman.'

The second evil consequence which Newman feared from the definition is referred to in a letter written two years later to Dr. Northcote. Dr. Northcote had reopened the discussion of the possibility of a Catholic College at Oxford. Newman now questioned its practicability. The Vatican Council had by its decrees on Scripture and on Papal Infallibility raised, he held, a new platform of dogma which could not be defended until theologians had worked out a coherent view on their relations with contemporary controversy. Previously to the Council, though he had wished rather for an Oratory than for a College as the centre of Catholic influence on the University, he had desired *some* centre of influence. Now he considered its desirableness for the time very doubtful.

'Though I could not advocate,' he wrote on April 7, 1872, 'hitherto I should have been quite able to acquiesce in any plan for a Catholic College at Oxford, and that, on the reasons you so lucidly and powerfully draw out. I should have been able *till lately*, but I confess I am in great doubt just now.

'And for this reason:—the antagonism between the Catholic Church and Oxford has become far more direct and intense during the last two years. From all I read and hear it seems to me that the Anglican Church and the University are almost or quite in a whirlpool of unbelief, even if they be as yet at some distance from the gulf and its abyss. On the other hand there are the decrees of the Vatican Council.

'The two main instruments of infidelity just now are physical science and history; physical science is used against Scripture, and history against dogma; the Vatican Council by its decrees about the inspiration of Scripture and the Infallibility of the Pope has simply thrown down the gauntlet to the science and the historical research of the day.

'You will understand what I mean without my giving instances. The instance which has last come before me is Professor Owen's attack on the Bishop of Ely in the February Number of *Fraser*.

'In former times it was by the collision of Catholic intellect with Catholic intellect that the meaning and the limit of dogmatic decrees were determined; but there has been no intellectual scrutiny, no controversies as yet over the Vatican definitions, and their sense will have to be wrought out not in friendly controversy, but in a mortal fight at Oxford, in the presence of Catholics and Protestants, between Protestant Professors and Tutors and a Catholic College. I do not see how this conflict is to be avoided if we go to Oxford. Ought we to go before we are armed? Till two years ago, Trent was the last Council—and our theologians during a long 300 years had prepared us for the fight—now we are new born children, the birth of the Vatican Council, and we are going to war without strength and without arms. We do not know what exactly we hold—what we may grant, what we must maintain. A man who historically defends the Pope's infallibility must almost originate a polemic—can he do so, as being an individual, without many mistakes? but he makes them on the stage of a great theatre.'[1]

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[1] Two more letters on this subject will be found in the Appendix at p. 554.

CHAPTER XXX

LIFE AT THE ORATORY

The close sequence of the public events which absorbed Newman up to the end of the Vatican Council has hitherto left little opportunity to the biographer for depicting what may be called the background of his life. If external circumstances were ever changing and were full of trial for him, the home life which, since he returned from Dublin, he had led at the Oratory was ever the same and very peaceful. He loved its monotony, and echoed the words of the 'Imitation,' 'cella continuata dulcescit.' 'Nothing is more wearisome than change,' he wrote to Miss Holmes. And to another correspondent, who suggested some wider sphere of action for him, he wrote in 1864:

'I assure you it would be a strong arm, stronger than any which I can fancy, that would be able to pull me out of my "nest," to use the Oratorian word,—and I am too old for it now—I could not be picked out of it without being broken to pieces in the process.'

In the short lull amid his active work which intervened between the abandonment of the Oxford scheme and the Vatican Council controversy he wrote to a friend[1] in a letter dated June 12, 1869:

'I have nothing to write about in our happy state of calm, luxurious vegetation. The only drawback is that we are made for work, and, therefore, one has something of a bad conscience in standing all the day idle. Excepting this "amari aliquid," I am well content to be as I am.'

Yet with his sensitive temperament the peaceful habits of his Oratorian home gave him in reality the only surroundings which made his best work possible.

[1] Mrs. Sconce.

At the Oratory, then, surrounded by devoted followers whose sympathy tempered for him the cold blasts of the world's criticism, he lived almost unintermittently, hardly ever paying visits even to intimate friends. Here, even amid the troubles that have been narrated in this work, he carried on that vast correspondence with friends and strangers who consulted him which formed half of his life-work. A considerable selection from this correspondence is given in this book.[1] It is to be hoped that it will eventually be published in its entirety. But something must here be said as to the characteristics which his letters exercised and revealed. And something must be told of his daily life and habits.

To letters as an element in biography he himself attached great value. Writing to Father Coleridge in 1866 of the proposed biography of Keble, he says:

> 'My own notion of writing a life is the notion of Hurrell Froude,—viz. to do it by letters, and to bring in as little letterpress of one's own as possible. Froude has so done his "Becket." It is far more real, and therefore interesting, than any other way. Stanley has so done in his "Arnold."'

With Newman the writing of letters was a very important part of his daily life. It was the chief means of communication with others for one whose affections were singularly keen and clinging. It was a vehicle for expressing the thoughts of his full mind, without the great anxiety attaching to words that were printed, and, therefore, in some sense irrevocable. And it was the means of exerting personal influence on the large numbers who sought his advice and judgment in difficulties or troubles. He devoted immense labour to his letters. When the subject of writing was at all difficult he would make a rough draft and keep it, sending to his correspondent a letter based on this first draft, but generally including some changes in order to bring out his meaning more clearly. He kept the letters he received and endorsed them with any specially important passage in his own reply. He devoted many hours in the day to writing, and this habit continued as long as he was physically able to write at all. About 1854 he began to complain that the old readiness in all writing, including letters, was going. He now found it harder to begin. But once fairly at work he wrote as well as in earlier days. 'I am like an old horse,' he said, 'who stumbles at first, but once he gets into his trot he goes as well as ever.' Like other people with a large correspondence, he was sometimes late in replying, but would justify himself ingeniously.

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[1] A good many letters which are unconnected with this narrative of his active life are given in the Appendices.

'You must be so kind,' he wrote in 1864 to the Rev. A. V. Alleyne, 'as to excuse me for not having yet thanked you for your very kind letter of last month. At the time I was too busy to write any letter, and since then I have been gradually making up my arrears of correspondence. But, as a man who has for some time lived beyond his income is a long while before he can by his retrenchments make up for past extravagance, and, as we all feel how difficult it is in walking to catch up another unless we run or he stops, so am I very much put about in my attempts to make up for my delinquencies of letter writing in May and June, while I also have still to answer the current letters of each fresh day and week. And moreover, when once I feel that my character for punctuality is gone in this or that quarter, I am naturally led on to think that a more continued silence will not make me worse in the eyes of my correspondent than one of half the length.'

He was very particular as to his pens. A bad steel pen, he found, not only made writing troublesome, and the results untidy, but actually confused the mind of the writer and damaged the letters as compositions.

'I have a pen,' he tells a friend, 'which writes so badly that it re-acts upon my composition and my spelling. How odd this is! but it is true. I think best when I write. I cannot in the same way think while I speak. Some men are brilliant in conversation, others in public speaking,—others find their minds act best when they have a pen in their hands. But then, if it is a bad pen? a steel pen? that is my case just now, and thus I find my brain won't work,—much as I wish it.'

His past correspondence was of intense interest to him as a solemn record of his life. So, too, were his journals and diaries. When over seventy years of age he transcribed from beginning to end the pencil notes in his diaries, adding the record of earlier events which happened before he kept a diary, and beginning with his birth. He also devoted much time to arranging his letters and papers—this he began in the sad years preceding the 'Apologia,' and resumed after the Vatican Council.

'As to *personal* matters,' he wrote to Henry Wilberforce in 1860, 'my prospect is curious, as most others must feel who are of my age. According as a man dies at 60, 70, or 80, his heirs are different, and his papers come into different hands. It is a strange feeling attends on making abstract arrangements. I have not a notion who it is to be who will read any direction I give, or look over any miscellaneous materials. This makes it very difficult to determine what to keep and what to destroy. Things most interesting and dear to myself may be worthless in the eyes of those to whom my papers fall. Fancy my properties coming into possession of Dr. Ullathorne, whom I mention with all respect,—or of others whom, from want of respect for them, I don't mention!'

The stern censure of all approach to literary display which was universal in the Tractarian party[1] had its effect on the quality of Newman's letters, as we have already seen that it had on his verses. He is always reserved in them, breaking out only occasionally and accidentally, almost in spite of himself, into raciness. The humour, wit, and sarcasm, the rhetorical effectiveness, which the King William Street lectures or those on 'The Present Position of Catholics' show that he had so abundantly at his command, hardly ever appear in his letters, which are, in this respect, not a vehicle of complete self-expression as Carlyle's are. Or, to speak more accurately, they express the character as a whole rather than mirror completely the thoughts and feelings. For when we realise the reserve and habitual deliberation of the writer, which limited their range, we can recognise very much of the man in his letters, and in their very limitations. One quality which never fails is the habit and power of adapting his mind to that of his correspondent. There are very subtle differences in style and in subject between his letters to different persons. Even when the subject is the same, the way of treating it will differ. It was a saying of his that the same thought in different persons is probably as different as their faces. And, in writing, a great difference in general effect may be due to variations, each of them minute. He himself would express the same thought differently to different correspondents. In this respect his letters are the antithesis to those of Mr. Gladstone.

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[1] It should be noted that he would sometimes, perhaps in consequence of this tradition, depreciate his own writings. But such remarks must not be taken too seriously. In a letter to Miss Bathurst he speaks of publishing 'the trash I have written about the Turks.' He took the 'Second Spring' from W. G. Ward's hands, with the words 'Don't read that rubbish.' Yet when Hope-Scott took a similar disparagement of the University Sermons literally, Newman wrote of the volume, somewhat nettled, 'it will be the best, though not the most perfect, book I have done.'—*Letters*, ii. 407.

His letters to young friends, the children of his Oxford contemporaries, show this characteristic as much as any. I select a few samples belonging to different dates. Here is quite a simple one written in 1855 to Isy Froude, daughter of William Froude, in thanks for the gift of a penwiper:

'6 Harcourt Street, Dublin, July 9th, 1855.

'My dearest Isy,—I am very glad to have your present. A penwiper is always useful. It lies on the table, and one can't help looking at it. I have one in use, made for me by a dear aunt, now dead, whom I knew from a little child, as I was once. When I take it up, I always think of her, and I assure you I shall think of you, when I see yours. I have another at Birmingham given me by Mrs. Phillipps of Torquay, in the shape of a bell.

'This day is the anniversary of one of the few times I have seen a dear brother of mine for 22 years. He returned from Persia, I from Sicily, where I nearly died, the same day. I saw him once 15 years ago, and now I have not seen him for 9 years.

'My dear Isy, when I think of your brother, I will think of you. I heard a report he was to go and fight the Russians. I have another godson, called Edward Bouverie Pusey, who is a sailor, already fighting the Russians either in the Baltic or at Sebastopol.

'Ever yours affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN
of the Oratory.

'P.S.—You will have a hard matter to read this letter.'

Here is a more characteristic letter of thanks—written in rhyme in 1863—to J. W. Bowden's niece, Charlotte Bowden (he uses her child's nickname of 'Chat'), who had sent him some cakes baked by herself:

'Who is it that moulds and makes
Round, and crisp, and fragrant cakes?
Makes them with a kind intent,
As a welcome compliment,
And the best that she can send
To a venerable friend?
One it is, for whom I pray,
On St. Philip's festal day,
With a loving heart, that she
Perfect as her cakes may be.
Full and faithful in the round
Of her duties ever found,
When a trial comes, between
Truth and falsehood cutting keen;
Yet that keenness and completeness
Tempering with a winning sweetness.

Here's a rhyming letter, Chat,
Gift for gift, and tit for tat.

'J. H. N.

'May 26th, 1863.'

Here is another to Helen Church, the Dean's daughter (afterwards Mrs. Paget), who had given him Lewis Carroll's 'Hunting of the Snark':

'My dear Helen,—Let me thank you and your sisters without delay for the amusing specimen of imaginative nonsense which came to me from you and them this morning. Also, as your gift, it shows that you have not forgotten me, though a considerable portion of your lives has passed since you saw me. And, thanking you, I send you also my warmest Easter greetings and good wishes.

'The little book is not all of it nonsense, though amusing nonsense; it has two pleasant prefixes of another sort. One of them is the "Inscription to a Dear Child," the style of which, in words and manner, is so entirely of the School of Keble, that it could not have been written had the "Christian Year" never made its appearance.

'The other, "The Easter Greeting to Every Child, etc.," is likely to touch the hearts of old men more than those for whom it is intended. I recollect well my own thoughts as I lay in my crib in the early spring, with outdoor scents, sounds and sights wakening me up, and especially the cheerful ring of the mower's scythe on the lawn, which Milton long before me had noted; and how in coming downstairs slowly, for I brought down both feet on each step, I said to myself "This is June!" Though what my particular experience of June was, and how it was broad enough to be a matter of reflection, I really cannot tell.

'Can't you, Mary, and Edith, recollect something of the same kind, though you may not think so much of it as I do now?

'May the day come for all of us, of which Easter is the promise, when that first spring may return to us, and a sweetness which cannot die may gladden our garden.

'Ever yours affectionately,
John H. Newman.'

I may add another quite simple letter to the twin sisters, Helen and Mary Church, dated on his own birthday in 1878, and wishing them joy on theirs:

'The Oratory: Feb. 21st, 1878.

'My dear Helen and Mary,—How shall I best show kindness to you on your birthday?

'It is by wishing and praying that year by year you may grow more and more in God's favour and in inward peace,—in an equanimity and cheerfulness under all circumstances which is the fruit of faith, and a devotion which finds no duties difficult, for it is inspired by love.

'This I do with all my heart, and am,
'My dear children,
Very affectionately yours,
John H. Newman.'

Much quiet humour is found in letters to intimate friends, and his sense of fun is apparent in many which are not humorous. When Mr. John Pollen lends him a novel which takes his fancy, Newman describes in a letter how he is ashamed to find that he wakes up at night laughing at the remembrance of it. 'I condole with you,' he writes to the same correspondent in 1860, 'both on your fortieth birthday and your accident to your face, for I have undergone both of them—the latter when I was at school, running against a wall in the dark, and I remember the shock to this day.' When Ambrose St. John urges him to write some verses on Purgatory, Newman sends him from Dublin the beautiful lines beginning 'Help, Lord, the souls that Thou hast made,' with the following explanation:

'6 Harcourt Street: Jan. 9th, 1857.

'My dear A.,—I am hardly recovered from my seasickness even now. I have generally found this a state favourable to versifying. Philosophers, like yourself, must explain why. Various of the Lyras were written in this state. Accordingly, I have written the Purgatory verses which you asked me for. Perhaps you will say they do not do justice to my seasickness. You will see, I have observed your wish of having a repetition verse. Ever yours affly.,

J. H. N.'

What Dean Church has called his 'naturalness' is a marked feature in some of the letters. He chaffs his intimate friends familiarly. He writes to Henry Wilberforce, who in 1856 was acquiring the editor's professional manner in his editorial notes to the *Catholic Standard:*

'I candidly say I think your puffs of yourself *infra dig.*, and have felt it a very long while: e.g. "*We* were the first to state that the Conference is to meet early in March (1856)"—"As *we* said last week"—"Our important papers from Kamtschatka"—"That great man, our correspondent at Timbuctoo"—"the only Catholic English paper"—as the *Morning Chronicle* says, the only "exclusive information."'

Writing to Ambrose St. John in the same year on his birthday, he thus begins his letter:

'July 3rd, 1856.

'My poor old man,—Yes, I congratulate you on being between, what is it, 50 or 60? No, only 40 or 50. My best congratulations that life is now so mature. May your shadow never be less, and your pocket never so empty! But why are you always born on days when my Mass is engaged? I shall say Mass for you to-morrow and Monday.'

Again, in 1864, when Father Ambrose, having sprained his wrist and undergone other troubles, talks of a holiday in Switzerland:

'I rejoice,' Newman writes, 'to find that you write so well—but don't presume. You won't be content without some new accident. You forget you are an old man. In one year (from your volatility, most unsuitable at your time of life) you have broken your ribs and smashed your wrist. This is the *only* difficulty I have in your going to Lucerne. You will be clambering a mountain, bursting your lungs, cracking your chest, twisting your ankles, and squashing your face—and your nieces will have to pick you up. If you will not do this, I shall rejoice at your going to Lucerne.'

When Henry Wilberforce wanted Ambrose St. John to join him in a voyage to Jamaica in 1871, with a view to benefiting his health, Newman thus conveyed to Wilberforce his friend's reply to the proposal:

'Ambrose *won't*. He is as obstinate as a pig. He says he is quite well. And this is the beginning and the end of it. He says if he goes somewhere, it shall be to Australia—and he says Jamaica means Jericho. He stupefies and overpowers me by his volubility.'

The Jesuit Fathers at Farm Street asked Newman to preach at their Manchester church on the feast of the Immaculate Conception in 1872, and he thus replied:

'The Oratory: Oct. 25th, 1872.

'St. Philip of Birmingham presents his best respects and homage to Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, and, desirous as he is in all respects to meet the wishes of his dear Mother, he cannot grant her request in this instance.

'Because, he should be contravening one of the rules of his own children, if he allowed them or one of them to preach out of their own Church. They are a home people—they do not preach—they only converse or discourse to their own penitents and scholars.

'Besides, as to his present Superior at Birmingham, he feels that he could not let him go to Manchester, without letting him go to most places in England and Scotland. He knows that the Father in question has declined a pressing invitation of this kind for this very month, and he would not place him in so ungracious a position as to be refusing friends and benefactors, yet in the same breath to be accepting an invitation elsewhere, however kind and flattering it may be to that Father.

'St. Philip concludes with saying that he has set it all right with St. Ignatius, whose vocation is altogether different from that of his own sons; and he is quite sure that the good Jesuit Fathers will not think that any want of courtesy is shown to Our Lady, St. Ignatius, or the said Fathers, by the said Superior's declining the compliment paid him, for St. Philip takes the responsibility of it on himself.

'To the glorious and blessed Mary
from St. Philip Neri, Apostle of Rome.'

A similar touch of humanity is often visible in Newman's controversial correspondence. In the course of a protracted argument with Canon Jenkins on the Roman claims, his opponent sends a photograph which Newman thus gratefully acknowledges:

'The Oratory: March 27, 1877.

'My dear Canon Jenkins,—I ought before now to have thanked you for your photograph—which as a work of art is very good, though I did not observe, till your letter pointed out, the fault in the eyes. But I agree with you that photographists visit their unhappy sitters with too fierce a light which makes them frown, or shut their eyes or otherwise distort their features. But your own face shows nothing but patience, or serenity, under the infliction. It is young too for the age you tell me.

'I am quite ready to take your quartett or quintett. Do you really think Celestine, Nestorius, Cyril, and John of Antioch would have been a possible court of *final* appeal? No more than the Kilkenny cats.

'Yours most truly,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

And again to the same correspondent:

'Your letter is an important one, and requires careful reading. If I don't say at once I assent to all it says, it is but because I am losing my memory and forget to-morrow what I have read to-day. Thus facts become like billiard balls, which run away from you when you wish to get hold of them.'

Writing to the late Canon MacColl he declines a suggested controversy thus:

'Mr. A. B. is one of the most impertinent men that I ever came across. Though very different, I think he is another Golightly. . . . To answer Mr. A. B. seriously is like fighting with a blue bottle fly.'

Some of his notes already cited recall the fact that the minds of the lower animals deeply interested him. He would observe their doings with great curiosity. We have already seen his interest in the emotions of Father Ambrose's favourite cow. In 1852 Hope-Scott gave him a pony named Charlie, which for many years Newman watched with grave interest, and its well-being and performances are referred to frequently in letters to those who were interested in the animal. Charlie's death is thus chronicled in a letter to its giver on December 6, 1866:

'Charlie, the virtuous pony, which you gave us 14 years ago, has at length departed this life. He continued his active and useful habits up to last summer—*benemeritus*, but not *emeritus*.

'Then he fell hopelessly stiff, lame, and miserable. His mind was clear to the last—and, without losing his affection for human kind, he commenced a lively, though, alas, not lasting friendship with an impudent colt of a donkey—who insulted him in his stiffness, and teased and tormented him from one end of the field to the other. We cannot guess his age, he was old when he came to us. He lies under two sycamore trees, which will be, by their growth and beauty, the living monument, or even transformation of a faithful servant, while his spirit is in the limbo of quadrupeds. Rest to his manes! I suppose I may use the pagan word of a horse.'

Newman was interested in the garden at Rednal. In 1871 his cousin Mrs. Deane offered to send him a mulberry and a filbert, which received his close attention.

'I thank you for your care about my mulberry,' he wrote. 'I am not at all impatient about it, so that I know it is coming. Keep it another year, if you think better. I have been trying to gain from books some hints about the treatment of mulberry trees. Tell me anything you know about it. Your travels, I fear, never lie in this direction—else, I should like you to choose a place for it. Our cottage is at Rednal, 7 or 8 miles from Birmingham—and our station is Barnt Green, or Northfield, or Bromsgrove, on the Midland line.

'Alas, our aspect is east—we have a great deal of hot summer sun in the morning and noon—and a great deal of keen north-east wind in winter and spring. We have a sort of wilderness, full of trees, which would protect the stranger, and we could make a circle round it of grass—the soil is a mass of decayed fir leaves with rock under. Does it require *depth?*

'Thank you too for the filbert. But give them a real good nursery time in your climate, before they are transplanted into this.'

Alas! the mulberry, loved by the gods, died young.

'How the years run,' he writes on his birthday in 1873. 'I cannot believe a whole twelvemonth has passed since I planted the poor little mulberry. We watched it with great anxiety, but it would not rally.'

I have purposely placed first among my specimens of Newman's characteristic letter-writing those which illustrate the lighter and brighter side of his nature. Their comparative rarity is as significant as the qualities they show. Life was to him a most vivid reality in its every aspect, and he realised its humorous side and the interest of small events. But what was trivial, however keenly it was appreciated, never occupied in his mind a place beyond its true proportion. Above all, his attention was constantly fixed on the duties of the day, for himself and for those who sought his advice. The great bulk of his letters deal with serious problems or the events of life, whether of public and general interest, or relating to individuals who consulted him. Quite simple letters in the great crises of life and death seldom fail to have a beauty of their own, and to show the delicacy of his sympathy.

Here is one to a domestic servant who had lost her sister:

'The Oratory: Jan. 9th, 1877.

'My dear Child,—Though my intention was engaged on the 26th and I could not say Mass as you wished, I have not forgotten, and I hope to say Mass for you to-morrow, the 10th. There is always a throng of intentions to be kept at this time. To-day is the anniversary of Mrs. Wootten's death, and now we are in great distress about Fr. Caswall. He cannot live, tho' the time of his death is uncertain. Say a prayer for him.

'I am sorry that you should still be so far from well, but God will bless and keep you in His own good way. We never can trust Him too much. All things turn to good to them who trust Him. I too know what it is to lose a sister. I lost her 49 years ago, and, though so many years have past, I still feel the pain.

'God bless and keep you this New Year.

'Yours most truly in Christ,
John H. Newman.'

When the venerable Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan—Provincial of the Dominican sisters—died in 1868, he wrote thus to one of her spiritual children, Sister Mary Gabriel:

'My dear Child,—What can I say to console you better than what you must be saying to yourself, that your long sorrow is over, and that now, after her intense sufferings, your dear Mother is at rest, or rather in Heaven?

'If ever there were persons who had cause to rejoice and whose joy is but intermeddled with, not increased by the words of a third person, you are they.

'What can you all desire more than that your Communities should receive so special a consecration as is granted to you in the agony and triumph of such a Mother?

'It is a thought to raise and encourage you while you live, and is the augury of many holy and happy deaths.

'Pray for an old man and believe me

'Ever yours affectionately in Xt.,
JOHN H. NEWMAN
of the Oratory.'

To another of the Dominican Sisters at Stone, of whose life the doctors despaired, he wrote in 1876:

'My dear Child,—I have not forgotten your needs, and was saying Mass for you on the Anniversary of the day our dear Lord took your Mother Margaret.

'I do not know how to be sorry, for you are going to what is far better than anything here below, better far even than the peaceful company of a holy sisterhood.

'God's Angel will be with you every step you take—and I will try to help you with my best remembrances and sacred wishes as you descend into the valley—but you are to be envied not lamented over, because you are going to your own Lord and God, your Light, your Treasure, and your Life. Only pray for me in your place of peace and rest, for I at most can be but a little time behind you.

'Yet a little and a very little while, and He that is to come will come, and will not tarry.

'Ever yours affectionately in Xt.,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

To this letter of sympathy at the close of life, let us add one sentence of sympathy, in life's dawn, with all its bright possibilities. When the daughter of an old Oxford friend[1] was born on the Festival of the Transfiguration in 1860, he wrote to her father:

'I earnestly pray that the festival on which she was born may overshadow her all through her life, and that she may find it "good to be here" till that time of blessed transfiguration when she will find from experience that it is better to be in heaven.'

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[1] W. G. Ward.

Here is another letter addressed to one who after some trial and heart searching had resolved to enter the religious life:

TO MISS BATHURST.

'Edgbaston: Nov. 8th, 1853.

'We must be very grateful for so good a beginning—it comes of His Infinite Mercy who loves you as entirely and wholly as if there were no other souls on earth to love or take care of. You are choosing Him for your portion and your All—and He *is* your All, and nothing will or can harm you, though your enemy may try to frighten you. And then the Angels will smile at each other and upon you at your fears and troubles, and will say, "This poor little soul is in a great taking, as if God were leaving her—but He is All-faithful, and has loved her everlastingly, and will preserve her to the end."'

'You always understand everything,' his sister had said to him as a boy when he made her dry her tears; and his innumerable letters of comfort to those who poured out their troubles to him never strike a false note. Writing to nuns he might urge considerations which only their constant meditation on the unseen world enabled them so to realise as to find comfort in them. An instance of this is the letter to Sister Mary Gabriel quoted above. For those less strong in faith he would choose other thoughts. But to all his friends he made trouble more bearable by showing how truly he understood it, and in some cases how he himself shared it. He never suggested for comfort a thought which owing to the character or circumstances of his friend might fail of effect. Let a few of these letters be set down—taken almost at random.

TO MISS HOLMES.

'July 31, '50.

'As time goes on, you will know yourself better and better. Time does that for us, not only by the increase of experience, but by the withdrawal of those natural assistances to devotion and self-surrender which youth furnishes. When the spirits are high and the mind fervent, though we may have waywardness and perverseness which we have not afterwards, yet we have something to battle against them. But when men get old, as I do, then they see how little grace is in them, and how much that seemed grace was but nature. Then the soul is left to the lassitude, torpor, dejection, and coldness which is its real state, with no natural impulses, affections or imaginations to rouse it, and things which in youth seemed easy then become difficult. Then it finds how little self-command it has, and how little it can throw off the tempter, when he comes behind and places it in a certain direction or position, or throws it down, or places his foot upon it. Then it understands at length its own nothingness; not that it has less grace than it had, but it has nothing but grace to aid it. It is the sign of a Saint to *grow;* common minds, even though they are in the grace of God, dwindle, (i.e. seem to do so) as time goes on. The energy of grace alone can make a soul strong in age.

'Do not then be cast down, if you, though not yet *very* aged, feel less fervent than you did ten years ago—only let it be a call on you to seek grace to supply nature, as well as to overcome it. Put yourself more fully and utterly into Mary's hands, and she will nurse you, and bring you forward. She will watch over you as a mother over a sick child.'

To Miss Munro.

'Aug. 24th, 1871.

'It quite grieved me not to have seen you again after Friday. I wish you had been so charitable as to have sent for me on Saturday or Sunday.

'I wish you would not be a self tormentor. But who can make you forget yourself, your short-comings and your anxieties, and fix your thoughts on Him Who is All-true, All-beautiful, and All-merciful, but He Himself? I cannot do more than pray for it, and, with God's grace, I will say Mass for you once a week for some time.

'You must look off from this world, from the world in the Church, from what is so imperfect, and the earthen vessels in which grace is stored, to the Fount of Grace Himself, and beg Him to fill you with His own Presence. But I can do no more than say Mass for you, and that I will.'

To the Same.

'The Oratory: October 21, 1873.

'It is very kind in you to write to me. I always hear about you with the greatest interest and anxiety, I know with what a true heart you desire to serve God—and that what you call your restlessness is only the consequence of that religious desire.

‘Be sure that many others besides you feel that sadness, that years pass away and no opening comes to them for serving God. Be sure that I can sympathise with you, for now for many years I have made attempts to break through the obstacles which have been in my way, but all in vain.

‘One must submit oneself to God’s loving will—and be quieted by faith that what He wills for us is best. He has no need of us—He only asks for our good desires.’

Though constant in sympathy he could rebuke when it was necessary. ‘It would be the best of penances for you,’ he writes to one friend, ‘to bind yourself to one place and to one object. But sick people always dislike that remedy which is best suited to their case. So at least my doctor tells me.’ And he could administer a gentler snub—as in this comment on two essays by intimate lady friends who with some complacency sought his opinion on their work—‘ladies always write with ease and grace—and such are the characteristics of your and A. B.’s papers.’

His advice was by no means always spiritual advice. Here is a letter to Miss Holmes on a projected literary enterprise:

‘As to writing about what one knows and what one does not, e.g. I have written in “Loss and Gain” of persons and things that I knew—but, if I were to attempt a fashionable novel, I should make a fool of myself, because I do not know men of fashion, and should have to draw on imagination or on books. As to yourself I would not trust you, if you attempted to describe a Common Room, or a Seminary, or the Chinese court at Pekin; but I think you capital in the sketch of persons and things which from time to time you have written to me, according to the place you have been in. It is not to the purpose whether they are correct or not, or representations of fact, (about which I can know nothing) but they are clear, consistent, and persuasive, as pictures. . . . And in your *experience* of fact, I include, not only what you have seen yourself, but what you have on good authority (as that of your Father) or what you read in books, *if* you take the books *as* facts, not as informants—thus the *language* of a book of a certain date is a fact, and you rely, not on its *evidence* or testimony, but on what is before your eyes. I heartily wish you would set about a series of stories.’

To both Miss Munro and Miss Holmes he wrote constantly—to Miss Holmes for thirty years. She was taken seriously ill in 1877 and ordered sea air.

'I am shocked at the account you give of yourself,' Newman wrote on October 24. 'This morning, St. Raphael's day, I said Mass for you, begging the Archangel to convey you to Bournemouth, whither you should go at once. . . . I won't forget you.'

Miss Holmes rallied for a time, but passed away some months later.

Newman was specially careful to suit his words to the mind or mood of a correspondent, in his letters to those whose belief in Christianity or even Theism was in danger or actually dying. In place of such blows of a controversial sledge-hammer as are driven home by Mr. Gladstone in his letters, we find considerations suggested most tentatively, as though he feared lest staking too much on an argument which might not prove convincing might make things worse instead of better. The subtle psychological forces at work in the human mind were never forgotten. Even the best logic, he saw, would not do its work when the mental and moral instrument for using it was out of order. In one instance he strongly advised friends who were anxious to bring back the faith of one who appeared to have lost it, to refrain from all argument and leave the subject alone. He divined that a dispute was just what would arouse the person in question to bring together all plausible attacks on the evidence for religious belief; whereas the silent experience of the world and of life would tend in the other direction, and bring home to the doubter the dreary void of any *Weltanschauung* which did not take account of religion.

The following letter is a fair specimen of letters addressed to persons in doubt. It may strike those who are more confident controversialists and less true psychologists than he, as appearing to show comparatively little confidence in the convincing force of the recognised arguments for religious belief:

'The Oratory: June 25th, 1869.

'I have delayed writing to you, both as feeling the risk of disappointing and disturbing instead of aiding you by what I might say—and also because I found you had been so good as to take up my suggestion as regards my Oxford

Sermons. I thought they might for a while speak to you instead of a letter. I can never prophesy what will be useful to a given individual and what not. As to my Sermons, I was astonished and (as you may suppose) deeply gratified by a stranger, an Anglican Clergyman, writing to me a year or two ago to say that reading them had converted him from freethinking opinions, which he had taken up from German authors, or from living in Germany. I do not see how they could do so—but he said they did—and it was that, I think, which made me fancy it was worth while to recommend them to you.

'You must begin all thought about religion by mastering what is the fact, that anyhow the question has an inherent, ineradicable difficulty in it. As in tuning a piano, you may throw the fault here or there, but no theory can anyone take up without that difficulty remaining. It will come up in one shape or other. If we say, "Well, I will not believe any thing," there is a difficulty in believing nothing, an intellectual difficulty. There is a difficulty in doubting; a difficulty in determining there is no truth; in saying that there is a truth, but that no one can find it out; in saying that all religious opinions are true, or one as good as another; a difficulty in saying there is no God; that there is a God but that He has not revealed Himself except in the way of nature; and there is doubtless a difficulty in Christianity. The question is, whether on the whole our reason does not tell us that it is a duty to accept the arguments commonly urged for its truth as sufficient, and a duty in consequence to believe heartily in Scripture and the Church.

'Another thought which I wish to put before you is, whether our nature does not tell us that there is something which has more intimate relations with the question of religion than intellectual exercises have, and that is our conscience. We have the idea of duty—duty suggests something or someone to which it is to be referred, to which we are responsible. That something that has dues upon us is to us God. I will not assume it is a personal God, or that it is more than a law (though of course I hold that it is the Living Seeing God), but still the idea of duty, and the terrible anguish of conscience, and the irrepressible distress and confusion of face which the transgression of what we believe to be our duty, causes us, all this is an intimation, a clear evidence, that there is something nearer to religion than intellect; and that, if there is a way of finding religious truth, it lies, not in exercises of the intellect, but close on the side of duty, of conscience, in the observance of the moral law. Now all this may seem a truism, and many an intellectualist will say that he grants it freely. But I think, that, when dwelt upon, it leads to conclusions which would both surprise and annoy him.

'Now I think it best to stop here for the present. You must not suppose that I am denying the intellect its real place in the discovery of truth,—but it must ever be borne in mind that its exercise mainly consists in reasoning,—that is, in comparing things, classifying them, and inferring. It ever needs points to start from, first principles, and these it does not provide—but it can no more move one step without these starting points, than a stick, which supports a man, can move without the man's action. In physical matters, it is the senses which give us the first start—and what the senses give is physical fact—and physical facts do not lie on the surface of things, but are gained with pains and by genius, through experiment. Thus Newton, or Davy, or Franklin ascertained those physical facts which have made their names famous. After these primary facts are gained, intellect can act; it acts too of course in gaining them; but they must be gained; it is the senses which *enable* the intellect to act, by giving it something to act upon. In like manner we have to ascertain the starting points for arriving at religious truth. The intellect will be useful in gaining them and after gaining them—but to attempt to *see* them by means of the intellect is like attempting by the intellect to see the physical facts which are the basis of physical exercises of the intellect, a method of proceeding which was the very mistake of the Aristotelians of the middle age, who, instead of what Bacon calls "interrogating nature" for facts, reasoned out everything by syllogisms. To gain religious starting points, we must in a parallel way, interrogate our hearts, and, (since it is a personal individual matter,) our *own* hearts,—interrogate our own consciences, interrogate, I will say, the God who dwells there.

'I think you must ask the God of conscience to enable you to do your duty in this matter. I think you should, with prayer to Him for help, meditate upon the gospels, and on St. Paul's second epistle to the Corinthians, unless the translation of it disturbs you; and this with an earnest desire to know the truth and a sincere intention of following it.'

Close insight into the needs of one class of mind is also shown in the following words, written to the late Canon McColl shortly after the Vatican definition:

'Every consideration and the fullest time should be given to those who have to make up their minds to hold an article of faith which is new to them. To take up at once such an article, may be the act of a vigorous faith, but it may also be the act of a man who will believe anything because he believes nothing, and is ready to profess whatever his ecclesiastical, that is his political, party requires of him. There are too many high ecclesiastics in Italy and England, who think that to believe is as easy as to obey—that is, they talk as if they did not know what an act of faith is.

'A German who hesitates may have more of the real spirit of faith than an Italian who swallows. I have never myself had a difficulty about the Pope's Infallibility, but that is no reason why I should forget Luke xvii. 1.'

That very careful psychological observation which made Newman so successful in dealing with mental troubles made him also avoid arguments on religious questions in which he saw that he was not likely to succeed or do good. In 1869 R. H. Hutton conveyed to him an invitation from the founders of the Metaphysical Society to join their ranks. Its members were to meet once a month to discuss matters lying at the foundation of religious belief, and all schools of thought were represented, from Huxley and Tyndall to Mr. Gladstone and Dean Church. Its Catholic members included Cardinal Manning, W. G. Ward, and J. D. Dalgairns. Newman at first declined on the plea of age, but the invitation was renewed two years later. He then wrote as follows to Mr. Hutton:

'The Oratory: March 22, 1871.

'My dear Mr. Hutton,—I assure you I feel, what your letter (without meaning it) reminds me of, that I am doing very little good now, and that it would be a great thing if I did something more, to give me a right to live.

'Did I think I could be of use as you suppose and propose, I would keep it in mind—but you don't know me. In some things I have a good memory—but for books, for doctrines, for views and arguments, I have none. Some men have their learning well about them—others have minds full of resource. Cardinal Wiseman was such—he had always something to suggest—he had always facts, apt and striking, upon his memory, whatever the subject. I am not a ready man, and should spoil a good cause. And then, I am so dreadfully shy, that I never show to advantage, and feel it myself acutely all the time.

'Pray excuse all this egotism, but my conscience so preaches to me continually that I am doing very little good, that I need to bring before me what the state of the case really is, and to try to gain over others to my own view of it, to make myself easy, when hard pressed. Besides, I am now past seventy—and I never move about, unless I am in some way or other obliged.

'On the whole, I feel deeply, that the only consequence which would follow from my complying, would be, for you to feel how much, in your kindness, you had overrated me.

'Most truly yours, JOHN H. NEWMAN.'[1]

His dislike of anything approaching to intellectual display, his very deep religious feelings, and the fact that he had all his life associated almost exclusively with religious people, possibly made the prospect of encountering in debate free-thinkers and agnostics, for the first time when he was seventy years old, not inviting to him. In an interesting letter written ten years later to an Evangelical correspondent—Mr. G. T. Edwards—who had sent him the Journals of Caroline Fox, he thus writes:

'I am very glad to have the volumes you were so good as to send me—still, interesting as I could not help finding them, and instructive, I have a natural dislike of literary and scientific society *as such*, or what Hurrell Froude, (whom I agreed with in this) used to call "the aristocracy of talent"; and for this reason perhaps I am not quite fair to the remarkable and beautiful Life which you sent me. I suppose it is a peculiarity common to us two (H. F. and me) with Keble and Pusey more than any other quality, and has, as much as anything else, united us together; and accordingly it is something of a wonder to me, that a mind so religious as Miss Fox's, should feel pleasure in meeting men who either disbelieved the Divine mission or had no love for the person of One she calls "*her* God and *her* Saviour."'

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[1] Newman never quite approved of the Metaphysical Society. He writes thus to Dean Church in 1876:

'I hear that you and the Archbp. of York (to say nothing of Cardinal Manning, etc.) are going to let Professor Huxley read in your presence an argument in refutation of our Lord's Resurrection. How can this possibly come under the scope of a Metaphysical Society? I thank my stars that, when asked to accept the honour of belonging to it, I declined. Aren't you in a false position? Perhaps it is a ruse of the Cardinal to bring the Professor into the clutches of the Inquisition.'

To debate at the Metaphysical Society with a mixed crowd of believers and unbelievers would be little to the taste of the writer of these words. But it was quite otherwise as to helping individual inquirers.

Father Neville tells us, in his Reminiscences, of Newman's sympathy for all those, of whatever creed, concerning whom he felt that they were deeply earnest in their wish for truth, and desired to do their duty if only they could know it. Towards such his heart went out. He had this feeling very especially towards Mr. R. H. Hutton himself, although their acquaintance was almost entirely confined to the correspondence which began at the time of the Kingsley controversy. Here is a Christmas letter to Mr. Hutton, written at the end of 1872:

'The Oratory, Dec. 29.

'My dear Mr. Hutton,—I have nothing to write to you about, but I am led at this season to send you the religious greetings and good wishes which it suggests, to assure you that, though I seem to be careless about those who desire to have more light than they have in regard to religious truths, yet I do really sympathise with them very much, and ever have them in mind.

'I know how honestly you try to approve yourself to God, and this is a claim on the reverence of anyone who knows or reads you. There are many things as to which I most seriously differ from you, but I believe you to be one of those to whom the angels on Christmas night sent greetings as "hominibus bonæ voluntatis," and it is a pleasure and a duty for all who would be their companions hereafter to follow their pattern of comprehensive charity here. I cannot feel so hopefully and tenderly to many of those whom you defend or patronize as I do to you—and what you write perplexes me often—but when a man is really and truly seeking the pearl of great price, how can one help joining oneself in heart and spirit with him?

'Most truly yours,
John H. Newman.'

He corresponded with Mr. Hutton frequently and entered at length into his objections to Catholic theology. He found in some cases that his correspondent's active mind was alive to difficulties which had not yet been adequately considered in the Catholic schools. Thus, to reply to them satisfactorily might mean to go beyond what was as yet the received Catholic theology. There was in such cases a difficulty in responding to Hutton with a frankness equal to his own. Newman met the situation by telling him candidly the state of the case.

'What the genius of the Church cannot bear,' he wrote, 'is changes in thought being hurried, abrupt, violent—out of tenderness to souls, for unlearned and narrow-minded men get unsettled and miserable. The great thing is to move all together, and then the change, as geological changes, must be very slow. Hence we come to be accused of duplicity—I mean the cleverer men see what is coming, yet from charity to others (and diffidence in themselves) don't speak out.'

The love of reality which made R. H. Hutton so congenial to him, revolted against sermonising quite as much as against a want of seriousness.

'I agree with you,' he writes to a friend concerning the book of a popular Catholic writer, 'it is a thousand pities that a clever man like A. B. should sermonise in the way he does. We are reading him in the refectory, and he always seems in the same place, prancing like a cavalry soldier's horse, without advancing, in the face of a mob. He has a noble subject, but I have not gained two ideas from his book.'

Newman's own feeling as to the most effective way of imparting truth by writing is conveyed in the following notes, dated 1868, on the writing of sermons:

'1. A man should be in earnest, by which I mean he should write not for the sake of writing, but to bring out his thoughts.

'2. He should never aim at being eloquent.

'3. He should keep his idea in view, and should write sentences over and over again till he has expressed his meaning accurately, forcibly, and in few words.

'4. He should aim at being understood by his hearers or readers.

'5. He should use words which are likely to be understood. Ornament and amplification will come spontaneously in due time, but he should never seek them.

'6. He must creep before he can fly, by which I mean that humility which is a great Christian virtue has a place in literary composition.

'7. He who is ambitious will never write well, but he who tries to say simply what he feels, what religion demands, what faith teaches, what the Gospel promises, will be eloquent without intending it, and will write better English than if he made a study of English literature.'

In his own preaching, the simplicity and reality he inculcated was accompanied by an intense shyness of which he was quite conscious. 'From a child,' he writes to a friend, 'a description of Ulysses' eloquence in the "Iliad" seized my imagination and touched my heart. "When he began he looked like a fool." This is the only way in which I have done anything.'

I have spoken of Newman's love of reality and sense of reality. The word 'real' with all it conveys was a favourite one with him. One of his most memorable Oxford Sermons dealt with 'unreal words.' One of his most arresting distinctions in the 'Grammar of Assent' is between 'real assent' and 'notional assent.' A keen sense of the concrete and of reality shows itself in other traits in his correspondence, besides those already named. His piercingly keen senses made the sensible world intensely real to him. We have seen him lay down his fiddle and cry out with joy at the pleasure Beethoven's quartets were giving him. Readers of 'Loss and Gain' will remember how scents and sounds are laden for him with memories. This joy of sense, especially in his early youth, had a full measure of the feeling given in Wordsworth's ode to which he was so devoted:

'There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.'

All this made very vivid to him the ideal of a happy life, made up of the pleasures of the world he knew by experience. In his essay on 'Discipline and Influence'[1] we see how he could let his thoughts run freely on this ideal. The passage is a characteristic one, and worth quoting here. He describes an imaginary friend who lives in absolute contentment. And the scene he imagines for this perfect life—so we know from a private letter—is the house at Ham of which, as we have seen in speaking of his boyhood, he used to dream as a 'paradise of delight,' where the 'Angel faces smile, which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.'

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[1] *Historical Sketches*, vol. iii.

'My friend lives in a spot as convenient as it is delightful. The neighbouring hamlet is the first station out of London of a railroad; while not above a quarter of a mile from his boundary wall, flows the magnificent river, which moves towards the metropolis through a richness of grove and meadow of its own creation.

'He has been in possession of the very perfection of earthly happiness. . . . If there were no country beyond the grave, it would be our wisdom to make of our present dwelling-place as much as ever we could; and this would be done by the very life which my friend has chosen, not by any absurd excesses, not by tumult, dissipation, excitement, but by the "moderate and rational use of the gifts of Providence."

'Easy circumstances, books, friends, literary connexions, the fine arts, presents from abroad, foreign correspondents, handsome appointments, elegant simplicity, gravel walks, lawns, flower beds, trees and shrubberies, summer houses, strawberry beds, a greenhouse, a wall for peaches, "hoc erat in votis";—nothing out of the way, no hot-houses, graperies, pineries,—"Persicos odi, puer, apparatus,"—no mansions, no parks, no deer, no preserves; these things are not worth the cost, they involve the bother of dependants, they interfere with enjoyment. One or two faithful servants, who last on as the trees do, and cannot change their place:—the ancients had slaves, a sort of dumb waiter, and the real article; alas! they are impossible now. We must have no one with claims upon us, or with rights; no incumbrances; no wife and children; they would hurt our dignity. We must have acquaintance within reach, yet not in the way; ready, not troublesome or intrusive. We must have something of name, or of rank, or of ancestry, or of past official life, to raise us from the dead level of mankind, to afford food for the imagination of our neighbours, to bring us from time to time strange visitors, and to invest our home with mystery. In consequence we shall be loyal subjects, good conservatives, fond of old times, averse to change, suspicious of novelty, because we know perfectly when we are well off, and that in our case "progredi *est* regredi." To a life such as this, a man is more attached, the longer he lives; and he would be more and more happy in it too, were it not for the *memento* within him, that books and gardens do not make a man immortal; that, though they do not leave him, he at least must leave them, all but "the hateful cypresses," and must go where the only book is the book of doom, and the only garden the Paradise of the just.' (See *Historical Sketches*, iii. 62.)

These last words effect the transition from one side of his vision of human life to the other and deeper side. This earth, keenly alive though he was to its beauty and attractiveness, was but the veil of appearances which hid the deeper reality. The 'hateful cypresses' and the 'book of doom' recalled the sterner facts, the inevitable prospect. Human souls were real. Human suffering was real. Duty was real. Sin was real. Human life as a whole, with its goal which each must find, the career which each will make or mar, was overwhelmingly real to him. 'The greatness and the littleness of man; the curtain hung over his futurity'—these were thoughts which haunted him. Father Neville recollects his looking without speaking, for many minutes, at the picture of a dead friend, and then saying, as one overpowered by the thought, 'And now he has gone beyond that curtain.' This sense of the reality and solemnity of the march of time and of human life, besides making him deeply religious, gave him a quite peculiar feeling as to his own past, every detail of which was deeply graven on his memory. The homes and haunts of early days were sacred.

Every anniversary was also sacred. His last parting from Littlemore, which has been told in these pages, was but one special instance of his clinging love of his old homes. He remembered every detail of the houses he had lived in as a boy. When one of the Oratorian Fathers was staying in Broad Street in 1854, Newman thus wrote to him:

'Strange to say, though don't mention it,—you are in a house I have known for near 20 years. To my surprise years ago I found that Isaac Williams' father lived on the opposite side of the street, but No. 17 was my own residence in London more or less from 1808 to 1821. Two of my sisters were born there, and one of my first memories, even before the first of these events in 1808, is my admiring the borders of the paper in the drawing rooms. I have not seen the house since the month of October 1821; but of course every part of it is as clearly before my mind, as if I had lived in it ever since.'

But the home round which memories gathered thickest was the house at Ham, above referred to, at which he lived up to the age of six. Two letters to Henry Wilberforce, who was staying near Richmond in 1853, are filled with these early memories:

'I have seen our house at Ham once in 1813, in the holidays, when my Father, brother, and myself rode there from Norwood—and the gardener gave us three apricots—and my father telling me to choose, I took the largest, a thing which still distresses me whenever I think of it.

'And once again in January 23, 1836, when I walked there with Bowden and his wife. It was then, I believe, a school—and the fine Trees, which were upon the lawn, were cut down—a large plane, a dozen of tree acacias, with rough barks, as high as the plane—a Spanish chestnut, a larch. A large magnolia, flowering (in June I think) went up the house, and the mower's scythe, cutting the lawn, used to sound so sweetly as I lay in a crib—in a front room at top.

'To find it, you must go down Ham walk with your back to Lord Dysart's house towards Ham common. On your right hand, some way down, is a lane called "Sandy lane"—our house lay on one side (the further side) of that lane, which formed a boundary, first of the lawn and shrubbery (which tapered almost to a point, between the lane and the paddock,) and then of the kitchen garden. Hence some people got over the wall, and stole the grapes. There was no hot house but a small green house in the kitchen garden, over which was a poor billiard room. There I learnt to play billiards, having never seen the game played since.

'I left the place in September 1807. I recollect the morning we left;—and taking leave of it. My mother, my brother Charles, Harriet, and I in the carriage—going to Brighton—with my father's horses as far as Ewell (? is there such a place?) and then posting.

'How odd one's memory is! I could tell you, I suppose, a hundred times as much about Ham . . .

'I will tell you an odd thing about memory. Lately (since my aunt's death) the Bible I read at Fulham when a child was sent me at my wish. I looked over the pictures, and when I came to the Angel inflicting the pestilence on David and his people, I recollected I used to say "That's like Mr. Owen." This must have been *dormant* 46 years in my mind.'

A few days later, on July 17, he adds a few more lines of reminiscence:

'Our grounds went *down* to the long Ham walk of double elms. And the house *faced* a road which led down (I think) to the water—with gentlemen's houses on each side. There was Mr. Bradley's on one side, and Lady Parker (I think)—(she had a macaw—) on the other. Have they covered the whole territory with villas?

'I lost my sister this day year.'

He visited the house again in 1861, and the visit has been narrated in this work. By a curious lapse of memory he said, in writing of this occasion, 'I have never seen the house since September 1807.'[1]

Let us before leaving these memories quote from the essay on 'Discipline and Influence' Newman's description of the house itself:

'It is an old-fashioned place,' he writes; 'the house may be of the date of George the Second; a square hall in the middle, and in the centre of it a pillar, and rooms all round. The servants' rooms and offices run off on the right; a rookery covers the left flank, and the drawing-room opens upon the lawn.

'There a large plane tree, with its massive branches, which whilome sustained a swing, when there were children on that lawn, blithely to undergo an exercise of the head, at the very thought of which the grown man sickens. Three formal terraces gradually conduct down to one of the majestic avenues,' (belonging to the neighbouring park of a nobleman) 'the second and third, intersected by grass walks, constitute the kitchen garden. As a boy, I used to stare at the magnificent cauliflowers and large apricots which it furnished for the table; and how difficult it was to leave off, when once one got among the gooseberry bushes in the idle morning!'

In later years especially Newman had a very tender recollection of the years spent in the Anglican Communion, and he took himself to task on this subject in an interesting memorandum dated November 1877.

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[1] See Vol. I. p. 607.

'Do you love, my dear Self, or don't you, your active abidance time past in the Church of England? E.g. you have a photograph of Trinity Chapel before your eyes daily, and you love to look at it. Yes—and it is in a great measure an abstraction. It is not the Church of England that I love—but it is that very assemblage, in its individuals concrete, which I remember so well—the times and places—the scenes, occurrences—my own thoughts, feelings and acts. I look at that communion table, and recollect with what feelings I went up to it in November 1817 for my first communion—how I was in mourning for the Princess Charlotte, and had silk black gloves—and the glove would not come off when I had to receive the Bread, and I had to tear it off and spoil it in my flurry. But the Church of England, as such, does not come into my tender memories.'

Of his unfailing recollection of the incidents in his past life the letters again and again remind us.

'What a wonderful thing time is,' he writes to Miss Giberne on May 17, 1867, 'and life is every year more wonderful. The past is ever present—and life is at once nothing at all, and all in all.'

He remembered the anniversaries of the chief events in his life, and of the deaths, not only of friends, but often of acquaintances. This memory grew in its significance for himself as life advanced, as anniversaries of death multiplied, and as he felt his own time drawing nearer. His own birthday became to him a solemn reminder. 'Birthdays as they come,' he wrote to the same correspondent in 1867, 'are awful things now, as minute guns by night.' On February 26, 1871, we find the following passage in another letter to Henry Wilberforce:

'Thank you for your affectionate greetings. I said Mass for you and yours, living and departed, on the 24th. Around my birthday are grouped the deaths of many whom I have known and loved. This year two on the same day—Lady Rogers and Mrs. Stewart on the 16th. Besides I have the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 19th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 28th, 29th,—and, four times, two on the same day. I have no such galaxy in any other part of the year. I wonder what day I shall die on—one passes year by year over one's death day, as one might pass over one's grave.'

His readiness to see the hand of God in the world and in the events of his own life is often attested in his letters and private memoranda. We have already seen his belief in the Holy House of Loreto. It must of course be remembered that at the date when he believed in it the positive evidence against its claim had not yet been formulated. Still his belief attests at all events his readiness to accept such traditions in the absence of positive disproof. He was eager to verify the report, when Henry Wilberforce was ill, that an improvement had set in after he received the Pope's blessing. The 'Dream of Gerontius' shows how real to him was the world beyond the veil. And his deep realisation of that other world made him ready to see its influence at work on earth. Thus he was ready of belief as to marvellous occurrences. Merely inadequate evidence did not in such cases prevent belief with him, for he regarded the presumption afforded by the facts of Christianity as giving a certain antecedent probability to alleged providential occurrences.

On the other hand, he was careful to avoid the confusion of thought which would arise from claiming for such alleged occurrences evidential value. He did not draw a hard-and-fast line between interference with the laws of nature and God's general providence. Such laws were for him God's general rules of action, and might be susceptible of direction much as the workings of the human organism are affected by the mind and the will, without any process which could be termed the violation of natural law.

That Providence *versus* blind necessity *is* the primary issue, that, far from the idea of fixed laws being the modern product of 'exact thought' and a supersession of the antiquated idea of Providence, the two conceptions have always been rivals, entertained by opposite schools, is a view which runs through several of Cardinal Newman's unpublished memoranda on religious philosophy.

In a memorandum dated September 13, 1861, for example, he writes thus in reference to the writings of Mr. Darwin and Mr. Buckle:

'To my mind it is wonderful that able men should take for granted that the notion of fixed laws is a new idea of modern times which is superseding, and to supersede the old idea of a Providence. . . . Why, it is the old idea of Fate or Destiny which we find in Homer. It is no new and untried idea, but it is the old antagonist of the idea of Providence. Between the philosophies of Providence and Fate there has been a contest from the beginning. Fate may have new and better arguments now, but Providence has been able to stand against it for 3000 years, and there is no reason why it should not keep its ground still, though the philosophy of Fate may still have followers.'

And the relation of miracle itself to the ordinary course of nature, its respect, so to say, for the laws it partly supersedes, is referred to in a memorandum dated September 3, 1865:

'Some miracles, as the raising of the dead, certainly are not a continuation or augmentation of natural processes, but most are: e.g. there is said to be something like manna in the desert ordinarily, and the sacred narrative mentions a *wind* as blowing up the waters of the Red Sea—and so in numerous other miracles. It is a confirmation of this to look at Gibbon's "Five Causes of Christianity." We do not deny them, but only say they are not sufficient—i.e. the spread of Christianity was something more than natural.'

Such a philosophy led him to have no antecedent difficulty in often seeing the hand of Providence in the history of the world and of human life. And he never forgot that readiness of belief was enjoined in the Gospels.

The instances in which beliefs were to him difficult which to some others were easy, were such as involved actual contradiction to historical conclusions, certain or highly probable—a contradiction to which less clear-sighted minds were not alive. Instances of this difficulty multiplied as time went on, and he found many theologians insufficiently alive to it.

Occasionally in his thoughts concerning the Providence of God we find traces still surviving—'shreds and tatters' he called them—of his early Calvinism. We have already recorded some instances of his curious sense of the place of the number seven in the scheme of Providence. He limite his Irish Rectorship to seven years: he believed seven year to be the normal term of his intimate friendships. A letter o 1871 to the Mother Prioress of the Dominicans shows him half thinking that the mystic number enters into the computation of the elect in each generation. The year was one in which the Catholic world was heavy at heart—the Holy Father robbed of his territory, France at the mercy of the red republicans of the Commune. His letter is dated December 28, 1871:

'It is a great relief to think how many quiet religious houses there are up and down Christendom, how many pious families in a time like this. This is what I say and feel in answer to your lament, true as it is. Recollect the "Seven thousand in Israel." I am disposed to think there are always just 7000, and never more. Is the number of the elect greater in one age than in another? Of course the sight of triumphant injustice, as at Rome now, is most painful—but to me the most sad and painful sight of all just now is the sight of that nation, the eldest born of the Church, and the special staff on which the Holy Father relied, chastised for its sins, and giving no signs whatever of repentance, nay, no signs of acknowledging an Almighty God and Judge. Yet after all, though bold infidelity is so shocking, is it worse than the hypocritical profession, the secret unbelief and sin, which gives tokens of its prevalence, widely and deeply, in prosperous times in the Church?

'Thus we don't know what is best—and can only say, "Thy Kingdom come—Thy will be done."'

Another mystic thought as to the destiny of Christendom, which the events of the time brought to his mind, is contained in the following letter written to the same correspondent in the same year:

'It is awful to be rejoicing when better Catholics than we are, are in such misery. Such events as are taking place in France have some deep spiritual meaning, if we knew how to interpret them. When, since the world was, was a city destroyed by its own people? I have *often* thought of and repeated a remark made years ago by poor Mr. Capes which seems now to have a beginning of fulfilment. He asked *who* are to be the Goths and Vandals who are to destroy modern civilization, since we now know all the corners of the earth, and know that the storehouse of the Northern nations is expended? He answered himself thus:—"The lowest class, which is most numerous, and is infidel, will rise up from the depths of the modern cities, and will be the new scourges of God." This great prophecy, as it may be called, is first fulfilled in Paris—our turn may come a century hence.'

He loved to think of the Saints and Angels as near him. He would write familiarly of being in favour or out of favour with St. Philip. When his work for the Oratory, which was constant and energetic, brought him at times into collision with the world, he wrote to Ambrose St. John in a fit of extreme depression, yet half-humorously disposed to remonstrate with St. Philip, much as the Italian peasants scold the saints who will not give them what they want.

'The Oratory: June 13, 1858.

'I do not see your logic when you say, that, "though I croak, I come up to the scratch after all." To me it seems as inconsecutive to say so as if you said that, though I could not sleep at night, I ate my breakfast heartily in the morning. How are the two things inconsistent with each other? To let out one's sorrow is a great relief, and I don't think an unlawful one. Nor do I speak to the whole world, but to you, Stanislas, or Henry. Job too had three friends, and to them he let out. Yet he was the most patient of men. I think you don't discriminate between complaining and realizing. What is so common in the Psalms and in Jeremias, is the sentiment "Just art Thou, O Lord, yet will I plead with Thee?" Yet for myself, I know too well how infinitely more I have than my deserts from the Giver of all good, to have any even temptation to complain. But the case is different when I think of St. Philip; then I argue thus:—

'"There is just one virtue which he asks for, detachment, which at the same time he prevents me having. There is just one thing which hinders me being detached, and that is, that I have made myself his servant. What wish have I for life, or for success of any kind, except so far as and because I have this his congregation on my hands? He it is who has implicated me in the world, in a way in which I never was before, or at least never since my mother died and my sisters married. For St. Philip's sake I have given up my liberty, and have, as far as the temptation and trial of anxiety goes, become as secular almost as if I had married. The one thing I ask of him is to shield me from the extreme force of this trial; and the only explanation I can suggest to myself why he does not do so is that I have in some way or other greatly offended him. And, when I cry out to you, it is not in complaint, but as signifying inarticulately feelings which are too deep for words. Please God, and I hope not from pride, I will be faithful to St. Philip, and then God will reward me, though St. Philip does not. And I will therefore bottle up my thoughts and fancy St. Philip saying to me what a French *conducteur* once did, when I was looking after the safety of my luggage. "It is my business, not yours." Obmutui et non aperui os meum, quoniam tu fecisti.'

'The words of Job are ended.'

More cheerful than his complaints against St. Philip was his gratitude, many years later, to his Guardian Angel when Father Walford told him in 1872 that part of the 'Grammar of Assent' had been of special help to the Jesuit novices to whom he lectured, and assured him of the prayers that were offered for its author:

'I am astonished and highly pleased,' he writes, 'to find you have been able to use in teaching what I have said in the Grammar Chapter, of which I sent you part. It is a great encouragement to me. I hope to ask your acceptance of the Volume when republished, which will be, I suppose, before Midsummer. If I forget, will you jog my memory?

'Also I am highly grateful to you for your prayers, and think myself very lucky to have gained them by anything I have written. It is all my Guardian Angel's doing, who I always think is the best Angel any man ever had.'

This last letter shows incidentally the grateful thankfulness for kind words which was the correlative to his intense sensitiveness to being misunderstood. As years went on, and critics became kinder and kinder, occasions for such thanks multiplied. On February 9, 1869, he writes to the Rev. E. T. Vaughan, in reply to a letter of thanks for the benefit his correspondent had gained from the Oxford Sermons:

'Time was when, whether from my own fault or the fault of circumstances, even friends were hard upon me—but now even strangers to me personally are considerate and friendly; and, though I wish and trust to be influenced by the prospect of a higher praise or blame than any which comes from an earthly source, yet I may allowably take the approbation of honest and good men as a mercy sent me from above, and beg Him from whom it is sent to reward them abundantly for their generosity.'

As late as 1877, in a letter to Father Coleridge, we find at once the smart of past censure remaining, and gratitude for present kindness fresh and keen:

'I write to thank you for the favourable critique, which you have admitted in the *Month*, of my Preface to the *Via Media*. And I am pleased that you *could* admit it. I mean, I have been so bullied all through my life for what I have written, that I never publish without forebodings of evil.

'And, though I know that, besides the necessary differences of opinion, which ever will be between man and man, there always must be that in what I write which really deserves criticism, yet I am more pleased when people are kind to me than when they are just.'

One further trait I will mention visible in many of the letters—the note of wisdom, often worldly wisdom, which might come from the mouth of a Polonius. This quality, like some others, can only be duly appreciated by reading much of his correspondence.

But I set down here one specimen. Writing to a friend about a dispute in which he believed that he, as Superior of the Oratory, had acted with the right firmness and severity, though his action had been angrily challenged, he strongly urged his own friends against talking of the subject or pleading his cause. His opponents had spoken too freely and generally of the matter, and Newman judged true wisdom to lie in absolute silence on his side. He gives the following reasons in writing to a friend:

'I have a very strong repugnance to talking on the subject to any one. If you speak to A. B., he tells another—and that other, another. It is useless to say he won't—he will. He will tell by the same light by which he was told. Then the whole affair is thrown upon the judgment of society. Everyone thinks he has a right to judge, because you have put the matter before him—and, though he can know but part of the facts, he does not give up his right. Then you have two parties—or you have every one against you, as the case may be. It is *infra dig*. for me to plead my cause. If anyone believes me to have acted tyrannically, it is his look-out, not mine. What is it to me what people think of me? I have ever acted on this plan, I never got the worst of it. I lay claim to no supernatural motive; it is the most evident wisdom. I have never defended myself through life. I have been called all manner of names, but those things don't last. Such dirt does not stick. Nor am I allowing scandal to remain, by not speaking; scandal must be somewhere. . . . Again, any one who defends himself, puts himself in the wrong. *Si on s'excuse, on s'accuse.* (Excuse my bad French.)'[1]

It is hard now to represent adequately the extraordinary personal charm which so many of his contemporaries felt in John Henry Newman. The letters convey much of it, but not all. Yet the tradition of this charm is a fact which must be set down in his biography. It was a charm felt by intellectual minds and even sceptical minds, and by simple and practical men. Blanco White, Mark Pattison, Henry Wilberforce, Frederick Rogers, R. W. Church, and Ambrose St. John were all among his most intimate friends. The almost unique combination of tenderness, brilliancy, refinement, wide sympathy, and holiness doubtless went for much. He had none of the repellent qualities which sometimes make asceticism forbidding. He had an ample allowance of those human sympathies which are popularly contrasted with asceticism. Again, he seemed able to love each friend with a peculiarly close sympathy for his mind and character and thoughtfulness for the circumstances of his life. The present writer's father—never one of the most intimate of the circle which surrounded Newman at Oxford—used to say that his heart would beat as he heard Newman's step on the staircase. His keen humour, his winning sweetness, his occasional wilfulness, his resentments and anger, all showed him intensely alive, and his friends loved his very faults as one may love those of a fascinating woman; at the same time many of them revered him almost as a prophet. Only a year before his death, after nearly twenty years of misunderstandings and estrangement, W. G. Ward told the present biographer of a dream he had had—how he found himself at a dinner party next to a veiled lady, who charmed him more and more as they talked. At last he exclaimed, 'I have never felt such charm in any conversation since I used to talk with John Henry Newman, at Oxford.' 'I am John Henry Newman,' the lady replied, and raising her veil showed the well-known face.

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[1] I may add the following instance of balanced judgment from a letter of March 1855 to Henry Wilberforce:

'I hope you will think twice before you attack the French Government [in the *Weekly Register*] for their Gallican mode of admitting the Pope's Brief. Ultramontane as I am, I do not see how they could avoid doing so, unless they wished the question to go by default. The Pope every year protests, I believe, against the King of Naples not sending him a mule, or an ambassador to ride into St. Peter's on a mule, or some silver pence, or something or other; he could not do otherwise till the matter is finally arranged, yet he may be good friends with Naples for all that.'

A very human and attractive side was visible in his love for music, of which I have already spoken, and a few words may here be added on this subject.

From the days when he played the violin as a young boy, his brother Frank playing the bass, down to the Littlemore period when he played in company with Frederick Bowles and Walker, string quartets and trios were his favourite recreation. Mr. Mozley in his 'Reminiscences of the Oxford Movement,' thus describes his playing of Beethoven with Blanco White in 1826: 'Most interesting was it to contrast Blanco White's excited and indeed agitated countenance with Newman's Sphinx-like immobility, as the latter drew long rich notes with a steady hand.' When the gift of a violin from Rogers and Church in 1864 made him renew acquaintance with his old love after a long interval, the manner of his playing was somewhat different. 'Sphinx-like immobility,' writes Mr. Edward Bellasis,[1] 'had made way for an ever varying expression upon his face as strains alternated between grave and gay. Producing his violin from an old green baize bag, bending forward, and holding it against his chest, instead of under the chin in the modern fashion, most particular about his instrument being in perfect tune, in execution awkward yet vigorous, painstaking rather than brilliant, he would often attend the Oratory School Sunday practices between two and four of an afternoon, Father Ryder and Father Norris sometimes coming to play also.'

When Canon McNeile, the Liverpool anti-Popery speaker, challenged him to a public dispute, Newman replied that he was no public speaker, but that he was quite ready for an encounter if Mr. McNeile would open the meeting by making a speech, and he himself might respond with a tune on the violin. The public would then be able to judge which was the better man.

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[1] *Cardinal Newman as a Musician*, by Edward Bellasis. London: Kegan Paul, 1892.

His favourite composer was Beethoven, to whom he was passionately devoted. Once, when Mr. Bellasis said of the Allegretto of the Eighth Symphony, that it was like a giant at play, Newman replied, 'It is curious you should say that. I used to call him the gigantic nightingale. He is like a great bird singing. My sister remembers my using the expression long ago.' He had reached this preference gradually. 'I recollect,' he writes to a friend in 1865, 'how slow I was as a boy to like the School of Music, which afterwards so possessed me that I have come to think Haydn almost vulgar.' He impressed the cult of Beethoven on all the young Oratorians who played in his company. 'They might start with Corelli, and go on to Romberg, Haydn, and Mozart,' writes Mr. Bellasis. 'Their ultimate goal was Beethoven.' As with literature, so with music, Newman was on the whole true to his early loves—indeed, he was resolutely old-fashioned. Beethoven already possessed him in the twenties, and later masters never quite won his heart. This was especially true with sacred music. Mr. Bellasis writes on this subject in some detail:

> 'He was very slow to take (if he ever really took) to new-comers on the field of sacred music. And holding, as he did, that no good work could be adequately judged without a thorough knowledge of it, he was disinclined to be introduced to fresh musical names at all, on the bare chance, that might never occur, of what had been a casual acquaintanceship ripening into an intimate friendship. He had in early days found time and opportunity to comprehend certain masters, Corelli, Handel, Haydn, Romberg, Mozart, and Beethoven, but Schubert, Schumann, Wagner ("I cannot recollect all the fellows' names"), who were these strangers, intruding somewhat late in the evening upon a dear old family party? Thus he writes in March, 1871, of Mendelssohn's chief sacred work which he had been reluctantly induced to go and listen to, and which he was never got to hear again: "I was very much disappointed the one time that I heard the 'Elijah,' not to meet with a beautiful melody from beginning to end. What can be more beautiful than Handel's, Mozart's, and Beethoven's melodies?" Now, of course, there is plenty of melody in

the "Elijah," though it may be conceded that Mendelssohn's melodious gift is less *copious* than that of Mozart. But the fact was, Cardinal Newman never got to know the "Elijah," doubtless deemed it long, and felt content to feed upon the musical *pabulum* that he had so long found satisfying. . . .

'He got to know fairly well Mendelssohn's canzonet quartet and Schumann's pianoforte quintet Op. 44; but we recall no musical works heard by him for the first time in very late life making any particular impression on the Father, with one notable exception; Cherubini's First Requiem in C Minor, done at the Festival, August 29, 1879. We were to have gone with him, but a Father who accompanied him wrote us instead next day: "The Father was quite overcome by it. He kept on saying 'beautiful, wonderful,' and suchlike exclamations. At the 'Mors stupebit' he was shaking his head in his solemn way, and muttering 'beautiful, beautiful.' He admired the fugue 'Quam olim' very much, but the part which struck him most by far, and which he spoke of afterwards as we drove home, is the ending of the 'Agnus Dei'—he could not get over it—the lovely note C which keeps recurring as the 'requiem' approaches eternity. When it was done twice in its true home, the Church, later, on the 2nd and 13th November, 1886, he said 'It is magnificent music.' 'That is a beautiful Mass' (adding, with a touch of pathos) 'but when you get as old as I am, it comes rather too closely home.'"'

Father Ignatius Dudley Ryder, of the Oratory, has left some very valuable notes, mainly on Newman's literary tastes and gifts, from which a selection must here be given. And I find among Father Neville's papers some comments written by himself on Newman's daily habits. There is also a pen-and-ink sketch by another hand which I have no means of identifying, to which is prefixed a paragraph quoting lines addressed by Newman to his father and exemplar, St. Philip Neri, showing a pathetic consciousness of his own intense sensitiveness:

'He trusted himself,' says this last-named writer, 'to the guidance and example of the Saint who remained half in the world, and whose Cloister has been called "the home of Christian joy." To him he addressed the simple lines:

'"I'm ashamed of myself, of my tears and my tongue,
So easily fretted, so often unstrung;
Mad at trifles to which a chance moment gives birth,
Complaining of heaven and complaining of earth."'

Of the Father's daily life and habits the same writer speaks as follows:

'The early morning was devoted to meditation, prayers and ecclesiastical duties; the succeeding hours to study and work. Newman, who was a good pedestrian, seldom omitted his accustomed afternoon walk. At 6 o'clock they dined all together in the Refectory, and when it fell to his turn Newman would serve his guests and brethren as though he had been the least among them. There was reading aloud during the meal, then some theological question was shortly discussed, after which they all went to the Community Room where coffee was served, and an hour spent in social converse, with sometimes the addition of music. Nothing was easier than to arouse Newman's interest, for everything interested him,—literature, politics, the trade and stipulations of the merchant, the circumstances of persons and places known to him; rural life; the studies of the young men; the thoughts of the simple and the lowly, no less than the most difficult problems and controversies.

'"Have you seen the new quay at Chelsea?" he asked a lady friend who visited him during the last months of his life. She knew nothing about it. "You come from London and have not seen it!" answered the Cardinal, quite astonished. . . .

'In his intercourse there was nothing of the scholar about him, and he carefully avoided all pedantry in expression. He once said that if he had had to choose between social intercourse without literary pursuits and literary pursuits without social intercourse, he would, as a student, without hesitation have chosen the former. This amiability in society, this power of adapting himself to everyone, knew yet one exception. When people endeavoured to force him to express his opinion upon undecided controversial questions, or again, when they began ill-timed and impossible discussions on "the origin of evil" for example, or on the Vatican decrees, at table—"*entre la poire et le fromage*," or when, as so often happens in England as elsewhere, they would try to save themselves the trouble of thinking over difficult questions by half an hour's conversation with a man of note, then he treated them as they deserved. A Member of Parliament took the train to Edgbaston at the time of the struggle in which the temporal power was sacrificed. "Ah! Father Newman," he began, "what times we live in; only see what is going on in Italy." "Yes, indeed; but only see too what is going on in China and New Zealand!" Sometimes his answers to such importunities would be followed by a dissertation on the cultivation of grapes in hothouses, for instance, or on the advantage of the fast train at 11.45 over that at 4.26.'

Father Ryder, himself a literary artist and a true poet as well as an able theologian, writes as follows of Newman's literary tastes and preferences:

'He has told us that the joy of literary composition—a joy which one would have imagined would have corresponded in some degree to the beauty of the composition—was unknown to him; that he felt joy in the deliverance of the task, in throwing off the burden of an accomplished work, but nothing more. The truth was his sense of responsibility in almost everything that he wrote, was overwhelming, and the self-discipline of his nature made him shrink from a curious choice of literary pasture. He read for a purpose, for the most part to meet the urgent and prosaic needs of the day. Although such works as "Callista" and the "Church of the Fathers" shew an historical imagination which could have made a home for itself in any age, I think he had not the antiquarian taste which would have made the omnigenous literature of antiquity interesting to him. Had he ever lost his sense of a vocation and found the "green retreat" of which the poet sings, I cannot but suspect that he would have frequented his garden rather than his library; that he would have gardened, built more or less, and conversed, but, beyond a few verses, the world would have received little from him in the way of literary composition. For one who read and wrote so much he had singularly little of the typical character of a man of letters. He enjoyed the conversation of professional men—of soldiers, doctors, lawyers,—all who could give an intelligent account of what interested them, and this not merely from good nature, but from the genuine interest he took in the "quidquid agunt homines." He always gave one the impression that he might have been great in any department of life; that he might have been a great general, a great lawyer, a great parliamentary debater—whether he could ever have been a great party leader I cannot say. He insists repeatedly in the "Apologia" that he never could manage a party; as he expressed it, that he "had not a sufficiently strong wrist." I suspect he had too keen a sympathy for individuality to enforce the necessary drill. His own verse "Thou couldst a people raise but couldst not rule" was applied to himself, he tells us, by one of his friends, and he fully accepts the imputation. At all periods of his life he was I think a constant reader of the daily press, but he was no amateur politician, and on the principle "cuique in sua arte credendum" where he did not feel that he had made a subject matter his own he was inclined to reverse the maxim "measures not men." As regards books I think his favourite authors amongst the Fathers were St. John Chrysostom and Tertullian. I speak here with diffidence. I do not forget his affection for St. Basil and the two Gregories and his life-long devotion to St. Athanasius, but the two first-mentioned I think he admired most. How he spoke of St. Chrysostom and the character of his scripture commentary is well known. I myself have heard him speak of Tertullian as *the* theological genius of the Early Church with tears in his voice if not in his eyes, whilst he pointed out how frequently the initial sin of heresy was impatience—impatience to do God's work otherwise than He would have it done and so ineffectually. In regard to poetry he had little sympathy with the objective criticism of the day. He liked what he liked intensely, but I think he was impatient of being called upon to account for his liking of this or that. In the region of poetry he certainly adhered to his principle that "egotism is true modesty." I think he could have admired Byron heartily if his moral disapprobation had allowed him. I have heard him speak with enthusiasm of the third canto of "Childe Harold" with an "O si sic omnia." I do not think he ever took cordially to Wordsworth. That poet's didactic tone, his almost sacerdotal pretensions, offended him, and he was wearied by his excessive deliberateness. But never shall I forget—I was a boy at the time, just recovering from an illness—his coming and reading to me the famous Ode "On the Intimations of Immortality." There was a passion and a pathos in his voice that made me feel that it was altogether the most beautiful thing I had ever heard. He was very fond of Crabbe, the firm realistic touches of his descriptions of scenery and character delighted him; and his moralizing recommended itself to him as the legitimate outcome of common-sense humanity. He has told us in the "Apologia" and elsewhere how he loved Southey. "Southey's beautiful poem of 'Thalaba,' for which I had an immense liking, came forcibly to my mind." Poor Southey! there would seem to be a *consensus* to-day amongst all classes of critics, that you have lost for ever your seat amongst the immortals, and yet three at least of the idols of to-day, Coleridge and Landor and Newman, worshipped you! . . . "Thalaba" was particularly attractive to Cardinal Newman as the picture of a life-long vocation with its mysterious isolation ever at war with the social instincts of the hero; its irrepressible onward movement despite its grave oriental quietude; its asceticism; its succession of pictures, which so full of colour never glitter, have nothing of the impressionist about them; the tremendous catastrophe in which the hero dying achieves his victory, without earthly recompense. It was his picture of what he trusted the Movement and his share in the Movement would have been. He was himself a traveller: the "Apologia" is the history of his journey from a form of Calvinism through different phases of Anglicanism into the Catholic Church. . . .

'He had but very slight acquaintance with our poets of the last forty years. One or two things of Tennyson he knew that younger friends had introduced him to, had in fact read to him, and I have heard him express great admiration for "Mariana in the Moated Grange." The only one of our modern poets so far as I know whom he seemed inclined to read, though beyond the opening pages he would not go, was W. Morris, both his "Earthly Paradise" and his "[Life and Death] of Jason." It was evident that he was genuinely impressed by his poetic gift, but I think he had a special scruple about what poetry he read, that which did not suit him not suiting him at all. It was to him food or air rather than scenery which he could look at and pass on, where he did not need to stay. This was of course the case more or less with other books which did not come in the way of duty, but I think it was especially so with poetry. Of classical poetry his special favourites were the "Odyssey," the "Georgics," the "Prometheus" of Æschylus, Euripides rather than Sophocles attracted him, especially the "Alcestis." He was devoted to Sir Walter Scott's novels, frequently referring to them in his writings as an influence for good as well as a source of artistic delight. He was fond of Thackeray, reading faithfully everything that he wrote down to the last unfinished work, and the same may be said of Trollope; I believe there was not one of his which he had not read and delighted in.

'Mrs. Gaskell was another favourite writer. For George Eliot I think he felt little or no attraction. In the regions of poetry and fiction I hardly think he admired anything that he did not like, and he liked nothing the general tendency of which he did not regard as making for righteousness. At least this was more nearly the case with him than with any one else I have ever known, and it is a tremendous confession to make in an age which believes that art is its own justification. Another favourite book of his was Fouqué's tales of "Undine," "Sintram," and the rest. I remember a lady telling me that when he was staying at her house she lent him "Sintram," which he had not seen before, and that it was extraordinary the way in which it absorbed him.

'In the "Apologia" he speaks of the new generation, of the movement of the young men which carried him away to a great extent from his earlier companions and contemporaries, and he accounts for this by a variety of incidental circumstances. The truth is, as we who have lived with him know full well, that young men have always exercised a peculiar influence over him. There has been for the most part mutual attraction. I do not think he ever cared much for the child or the boy except in idea, but the young man he loved and yielded him all the honours of manhood ungrudgingly at a time when others would have been apt to withhold them. He never committed the mistake of putting the boy upon the youth. But for the "tonsured Head of Middle Age" I think he was not inclined to shew much consideration. It was to him a youth not much wiser and very much less ready. I think the young have ever been his best allies, and the old in whom there has been a revival of youth.'

Father Ryder's notes include some interesting comments on Newman's gifts as a poet, and on his method in controversy and in writing on philosophy:

'The early Lyrics and the "Dream of Gerontius" have been very generally accepted as of unique beauty in their kind. The latter was made the subject of an inaugural address by the Professor of Poetry at Oxford—Sir Francis Doyle. And even a poet of Mr. Swinburne's alien temperament can recognize "the force, the fervour, the terse energy of Cardinal Newman's verse at its best" and "a genuine lyric note" which makes him question whether there was not a deal of true poetry thrown away upon what he is pleased to call the "sands" and "thickets" of theology (*XIXth Century*, May '84). The "Dream of Gerontius" . . . has had a strong attraction for uneducated as well as educated persons. I knew a poor stocking weaver who on his death bed made his wife read it to him repeatedly. It was one of the favourite works of General Gordon,[1] and after his death his copy, copiously underlined, was shown to the Cardinal, who was very much touched and transferred the pencil marks to his own copy. "Lead, kindly Light" is perhaps the most popular modern hymn in the language. Some of his religious lyrics are amongst the most direct and passionate expressions of strong feeling in the language. I remember hearing an eccentric but acute critic, with something of Mr. Swinburne's turn for grouping poets, thus deliver himself in our common room, "Under the head 'poets of passion' I would put Lord Byron, Charles Wesley, and," bowing to Fr. Newman, "if I may be allowed to say so, your Reverence." We were all very much amused, but I have thought since that the criticism was almost as true as it was grotesque.

'The expression "Newman's *Subjectivität*" has become, I believe, a current phrase in Germany [in reference especially to his philosophical writing]. It is not that he fails to recognise the existence of an intuition of metaphysical and moral truth as a property of human reason, and affording when recognised a sure basis for rigid demonstration, but he feels that, taking men as they are, formally to insist upon this would be premature and unpractical; and so he adopts a controversial method of his own, and it is certainly the very reverse of that of the logical metaphysician, and falls in well with the motto he selected when he was made Cardinal—"Cor ad cor loquitur." Instead of presenting his readers with a logical formula which says equivalently "accept my position on pain of being convicted of an absurdity"—a treatment for which most Englishmen in the region of metaphysic have not sufficient logical nerve,—he would seem to say, "take pains to understand my language, stand where I stand and see if you do not feel as I am feeling." Not that his treatment is not full of logic, but it is logic in solution where the reader finds himself pursuing an argument almost unconsciously. He does not care to project himself along a single line or many single lines of logical thought along which at best the mere logical *simulacrum* of his reader, not the whole concrete man, will follow him; but he would fain make a wide pathway wherein a traveller may move rejoicing, carrying with him all that is his. He sometimes seems to shrink from abstractions as from attenuated truths and endeavours to frame his argument from concrete to concrete. His exercise of formal logic in practice is often wonderfully dexterous and subtle, but it is rather used as a sword for defence or attack than as his implement for building the walls of Jerusalem. He is impatient of conventional forms of thought as of armour not made for him without any derogation from its absolute value. "Dixitque David ad Saul, Non possum sic incedere, quia non usum habeo. Et deposuit ea."'

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[1] *Vide infra*, p. 514.

Of Newman's position in his own country during the last years of his life Father Ryder gives his own personal recollections and impressions:

'Ever since the publication of the "Apologia," Cardinal Newman has been accepted by the general public of his countrymen not merely as a religious writer of consummate genius but as emphatically an honest thinker and writer, one who might be trusted never consciously to overstate his case or undervalue the position of an adversary; who was an Englishman with his heart in the right place—no "Inglese Italianato" as the old phrase went, but one in whose affections his country and his countrymen had never ceased to hold their own. Thus it often happened that persons who could not find a civil word to say of the Pope or of aught to him appertaining, always made an exception in favour of Father Newman, adding, more frequently than not, that of course he did not count, seeing that he was in his present position a sort of *lusus naturæ*, an exception proving the rule. Still, he did count notwithstanding, and for a good deal; and Englishmen have got to think better of Catholics for the sake of Cardinal Newman. His popularity found a safeguard and support in a condition of things which on other grounds we might be inclined to deprecate, his seclusion from public life. He has not been forced by his position to take a decided line on each question as it has arisen; to assume the character of a partizan or the scarcely less odious *rôle* of an officious neutral. It has been open to him almost always to keep silence except when he has elected to break it. He has been allowed to choose the subject and the moment and the manner of his intervention, to calculate nicely his point of incidence, until people learned to recognise that the mere fact of his opening his mouth implied that he had something to say which, whether they agreed with it or not, was well worth listening to. It is wonderful the extent to which of late years all sorts of persons with religious difficulties have had recourse to him. Members, often ministers, of various religious bodies, Methodists, Presbyterians, &c. with no sort of leaning towards the Church, have sought his guidance and advice and sympathy; and his correspondence of this sort, until writing became an impossibility for him, was enormous. Indeed, now and again one came across something which almost looked like a *cultus* of Cardinal Newman outside the Church. A member of a Baptist Congregation in a large manufacturing town told her daughter—a Catholic—that their minister had been for three Sundays preaching upon Cardinal Newman as a model of Christian virtue, and expounding "Lead, kindly Light."'

Father Neville's own Recollections (which I transcribe with slight abridgment and transpositions) are various—passing sometimes to details in themselves trivial, yet of interest to those who regard as precious all that concerns a great man. Many of them belong to the years following Newman's elevation to the Sacred College, and shall be given later on. But his minute notes concerning Newman's devotional habits, written in response to questions from the Father's friends, tell of an earlier period and may be here set down:

'It has been asked whether the Father showed at his devotions any special habits,—for instance: Did he in any way support himself on such occasions; and did he always kneel upright? His ordinary way was what, under the circumstances, would come naturally to him. In visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and ordinarily, he would rest upon what was before him, with his face in his hands, or with his hands clasped against the back of his head. But when engaged in a religious act, whether private or public, his whole mien was that of a person most reverently and absolutely absorbed in what he was about; this, however, did not hinder him in any act proper for the time and place, nor did he need to have his attention drawn to it. If he knelt upright and without support, it would be at times when it was proper or becoming; and whatever his attitude might be, it was always natural and free from appearance of strain. Even on an occasion such as the procession of the Blessed Sacrament on Corpus Christi, there would not be anything noteworthy in him to strike an ordinary observer, yet some at least of his assistants, when he carried the Blessed Sacrament, have a still lasting impression of him that had been made on them from his ready exactness in his recitation of the Psalms, and the reverence that accompanied all he said and did. It was the accumulation in the memory of these passing views of him, each year adding its own—whether differing or the same—that so impressed them with the reality and the meaning of this act of devotion, and of his own faith.

'All this can, no doubt, be said of many another; but here it answers questions about J. H. Newman in particular. To the last, he himself gave much attention to the externals of this devotion in honour of Our Lord; the singing, the orderliness, etc., of all the proceedings, each had his interest in them beforehand, nor did they escape him at the time. Moreover, at all times, when he genuflected to the Blessed Sacrament, he was invariable in touching the ground, or all but so, with his knee—occasionally on seeing those to whom he could speak getting into a careless habit in this respect, he would draw their attention to it. This was always done quietly, gently, almost imperceptibly.

'If it is at all worth while to add more to the above it may be said that in appearance, gesture and bearing, he differed much according to the devotions, and the portions of them, in which he was engaged. His entrance to Mass, for instance, would have given an able painter the opportunity for a very different portrait of him from that of his return, and in his recital of the *Gloria* of the Mass both his face and manner have sometimes been spoken of by his servers as very striking to them. At the Sepulchre, too, on Holy Thursday and Good Friday, his demeanour differed from other times. This devotion was held in great reverence by him, and he was evidently distressed at any slackness of attendance at it, or if the preparations for it fell short of his expectations for his own church. For instance: If the flowers were all white, or only white and yellow, however well intended this may have been, he was far from satisfied; he looked for richness and beauty and harmony of colours, and he regarded their absence as arising from neglect.

'Each year, when Holy Week came round, he spent some hours in watching at the Sepulchre, as constantly in his last years as before; and the early morning of his last Good Friday on earth found him in the Chapel of Repose thus employed. He was then in his ninetieth year. Thus, as at other times of devotion, the simplicity and naturalness of his manner,—so recollected withal,—could not but strike those who might see him—they took the place of any distinctive sign such as has been looked for. To many, the memory of him at such times reproduces him clothed as it were with these.

'These notes are but the observations of one and another in the course of years. There was no painter or sculptor living with him.

'More interesting than his external appearance would be the Cardinal's attitude of mind at these different times of prayer. Somewhat of this may be gathered from his poetry and various writings. The volume of meditations and devotions published after his death adds still more, by showing him in lights where it had been supposed that he was not to be seen. His own autograph books of daily private prayers give impressions of him which are not to be got elsewhere, and are *sui generis*. Some extracts from these books which follow, and indeed the whole, were done, not at once and for all, but, as though to keep them in mind, were rewritten and added to from time to time. They bear dates which cover nearly the whole period of his Catholic life, and end only when, near to his death, the writing becomes almost illegible. Objects of prayer are allotted to different days; so also are persons to be prayed for, their names being classified under headings, such as these: *Auld Lang Syne; Dear to me; Kind to me; No how to me; St. Mary's and Littlemore; Faithful women; With claim on me; Loyal to me; Ecclesiastics; The Dead*. There was a pleasure to him in arranging what he had in mind in short lines, and he liked to make his meditation with a pen in his hand.'

Father Neville adds the following extracts:

'1853.

GENERAL OBJECTS.

'*Friday.*

'Increase of Priests.
Sanctification of Priests and People.
Spread of Religion.
Conversion of the Nations.
All who befriend or help us.
All who ask my prayers.
All who attend our Church.
All who are in our schools.
Catholic Education.

All in our Mission.
All in Birmingham.
All in England—the Queen.
All I have forgotten.
All who helped me in the Achilli matter.
The Faithful departed.[1]
Opponents and enemies.

'MEMENTO DEFUNCTORUM.

'Adam de Brome.[2] Edward II.[3]
Sir Thomas Pope.[4]
Count Mellerio.[5] John Baptist Palma.[6]
Fr. Dominic.
Mgr. Allemani.[7]
Fathers Perrone, Buonvicino, Ripetti.[8]
All whom I have attended on their sick bed.
All whom I ought to have attended and did not.
Any who have died Protestants through me
Make up to them and forgive me
The defects of my ministrations.

'GENERAL MEMENTO.

'The Holy Father, for wisdom and fortitude.
The Holy Roman Church.
The Cardinals,
our Bishop and Chapter, seculars, regulars,
the whole Hierarchy, in England, throughout the world
all religious orders,
all ecclesiastical establishments and institutions,
for children and the young, rich and poor, for the sick,
prisons, reformatories, penitentiaries,
all religious associations;
for the extension and prosperity of Holy Church,
for the sanctification, intelligence, influence of her children,
for her success with heathen, infidels, misbelievers,
heretics, schismatics.

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[1] With names.

[2] [3] Joint Founders of Oriel.

[4] Founder of Trinity College, Oxford.

[5] Count Mellerio was very kind to J. H. N. at Milan, when the latter was on his way to Rome in 1846.

[6] Author of a Life of Christ, used in Lent by J. H. N.

[7] Bishop of all California, he died Archbishop of San Francisco. He interested himself much for Newman in the Achilli trial.

[8] Jesuits in Rome. The last was at Propaganda while J. H. N. and St. John were there, and was much esteemed by them. There is a further long list of names which I do not transcribe.

For her victory over kings, governments and people.
For her confessors, missionaries, apologists,
for her theologians, controversialists, literary men.
For our Colonies,
for Ireland, France, Germany, Italy,
Spain, Russia, Egypt, United States.
For our Oratory,
For each of its Fathers, for good novices,
Oratorium Parvum,
For its Mission, orphanage, poor schools, middle schools,
penitents and people,
for the Oratory School with its
matrons, masters, servants, old scholars.
Pro re pecuniaria nostra,
and as regards Rednal and Ravenhurst.
For the London Oratory.
For all Oratories, here and abroad.
For all who befriend me, who have a claim on my prayers.
Who attend our Church, all teachers and taught.
All my benefactors and well-wishers.
All who subscribed and prayed for me
in the Achilli matter,
in the Oxford matter,
and on my being appointed Cardinal,
for all my friends and acquaintance,
for all my work, by word, deed, or writing,
for all whom I have influenced,
for my future.

'MEMENTO VIVORUM.

'For all the Fathers and the Brothers,
And our Novices and Scholars,
And the Little Oratory;
And our Friends and Benefactors,
And our Schools for poor and gentle,

And our Parish, past and present,
Harborne, Edgbaston, and Smethwick.

For our preaching and our singing,
For our reading and our writing,
For sufficient worldly goods.

And for all the sacred College,
And the Papal Curia,
And our Bishops and their Clergy,
And St. Philip's London Fathers,

And the University of Ireland,
And for Trinity and Oriel,
And the state of Christendom.

For my private Benefactors,
And my penitents and pupils,
And my kindred and connections,
And my friends and my acquaintance,
And my slanderers and thwarters,
Catholic and Protestant.[1]

A few extracts from the Meditations and Devotions which Newman wrote from time to time may be set down as having in them much of self-revelation.

The following is a prayer for wisdom in the use of the faculty of Reason:—

'O gracious and merciful God, Father of Lights, I humbly pray and beseech Thee, that in all my exercises of Reason, Thy gift, I may use it, as Thou wouldst have me use it, in the obedience of Faith, with a view to Thy Glory, with an aim at Thy Truth, in dutiful submission to Thy Will, for the comfort of Thine elect, for the edification of Holy Jerusalem, Thy Church, and in recollection of Thine own solemn warning: "Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment; for by thy words, thou shalt be justified, and by thy words, thou shalt be condemned."'

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[1] The following is a tablet inscription beneath a picture of the Sacred Heart in the Oratory Church:

'MY LOVING JESUS,
I GIVE THEE MY HEART;
AND I CONSECRATE MYSELF
WHOLLY TO THEE
OUT OF THE GRATEFUL LOVE I BEAR THEE,
AND AS A REPARATION
FOR ALL MY UNFAITHFULNESS TO GRACE,
AND WITH THINE AID I PURPOSE
NEVER TO SIN AGAIN.'

'The devotion of the Sacred Heart,' adds Father Neville, 'was a very special devotion to him, and it is remembered that he spoke of it in years long gone by as affecting him far more powerfully than other devotions which he named, though to those also he was known to be drawn. In early years, after the Oratory had settled down at Edgbaston, he built the Chapel of the Sacred Heart with money of his own—a chapel thirty feet square every way—and he covered its walls with tiling at a considerable cost. Having a preference for somewhat retired places for prayer, he meant this Chapel to be cut off from the Church by a screen, but, while it was in progress, other building enlargements caused it to be thrown quite open as it now stands. The altar itself was given by a friend, Miss Frances Farrant.

'A Chapel, or, at least an altar of St. Francis de Sales, was another desire of his from this time, and when it became necessary for him as Cardinal to have a little private chapel of his own, he dedicated the altar to St. Francis de Sales. The picture of the Saint that he placed over it was the gift of a friend, a lady always most true to him, Miss Bowles. It took the place of a chromo of the Saint which he had got for himself in Rome.'

Here is one which was evidently written in view of the special trials which have been recorded in these volumes arising from the action of the ecclesiastical authorities in his regard:

'O my God, in Thy sight, I confess and bewail my extreme weakness in distrusting, if not Thee, at least Thy own servants and representatives, when things do not turn out as I would have them, or expected! Thou hast given me St. Philip, that great creation of Thy grace, for my master and patron—and I have committed myself to him—and he has done very great things for me, and has in many ways fulfilled towards me all that I can fairly reckon he had promised. But, because in some things he has disappointed me, and delayed, I have got impatient; and have served him, though without conscious disloyalty, yet with peevishness and coldness. O my dear Lord, give me a generous faith in Thee and in Thy servants!'

In another we see the sad thought that he was losing his time and doing nothing, and his effort to picture a work done in God's way even though his own cherished aims and the tasks he felt best fitted to perform had again and again been thwarted:

'O my Lord Jesu, I will use the time. It will be too late to pray, when life is over. There is no prayer in the grave—there is no meriting in Purgatory. Low as I am in Thy all holy sight, I am strong in Thee, strong through Thy Immaculate Mother, through Thy Saints: and thus I can do much for the Church, for the world, for all I love. O let not the blood of souls be on my head! O let me not walk my own way without thinking of Thee. Let me bring everything before Thee, asking Thy leave for everything I purpose, Thy blessing on everything I do. . . . As the dial speaks of the sun, so will I be ruled by Thee alone, if Thou wilt take me and rule me. Be it so, my Lord Jesus, I give myself wholly to Thee.'

In another prayer he reminds himself of the great and solemn fact of the Catholic Church as an ever-present guide:

'Let me never for an instant forget that Thou hast established on earth a kingdom of Thy own, that the Church is Thy work, Thy establishment, Thy instrument; that we are under Thy rule, Thy laws and Thy eye—that when the Church speaks Thou dost speak. Let not familiarity with this wonderful truth lead me to be insensible to it—let not the weakness of Thy human representatives lead me to forget that it is Thou who dost speak and act through them.'

In yet another he prays for light in his teaching, and asks to be saved from a false originality of thought:

'Come, O my dear Lord, and teach me in like manner. I need it not, and do not ask it, as far as this, that the word of truth which in the beginning was given to the Apostles by Thee, has been handed down from age to age, and has already been taught to me, and Thy Infallible Church is the warrant of it. But I need Thee to teach me day by day, according to each day's opportunities and needs. I need Thee to give me that true Divine instinct about revealed matters that, knowing one part, I may be able to anticipate or to approve of others. I need that understanding of the truths about Thyself which may prepare me for all Thy other truths—or at least may save me from conjecturing wrongly about them or commenting falsely upon them. I need the mind of the Spirit, which is the mind of the holy Fathers, and of the Church, by which I may not only say what they say on definite points, but think what they think; in all I need to be saved from an originality of thought, which is not true if it leads away from Thee. Give me the gift of discriminating between true and false in all discourse of mine.'

To the above should be added his Meditation on the Feast of All Saints as giving his ruling thought through life and his prayer for a happy death:

'1. Place yourself in the presence of God, kneeling with hands clasped.

'2. Read slowly and devoutly, Apocalypse, vii. 9–17.

'3. Bring all this before you as in a picture.

'4. Then say to Him whatever comes into your mind to say; for instance:—

'"They are before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His Temple." "They shall not hunger nor thirst any more"; "The Lamb shall lead them to the fountains of living waters."

'(1) My dear Lord and Saviour, shall I ever see Thee in heaven? This world is very beautiful, very attractive, and there are many things and persons whom I love in it. But Thou art the most beautiful and best of all. Make me acknowledge this with all my heart, as well as by faith and in my reason.

'(2) My Lord, I know nothing here below lasts; nothing here below satisfies. Pleasures come and go; I quench my thirst and am thirsty again. But the saints in heaven are always gazing on Thee, and drinking in eternal blessedness from Thy dear and gracious and most awful and most glorious countenance.

'5. Conclusion.—May my lot be with the saints.'

Let a few more extracts be quoted, telling of thoughts habitually in his mind:

'Let me bear pain, reproach, disappointment, slander, anxiety, suspense, as Thou wouldest have me, O my Jesu, and as Thou by Thy own suffering hast taught me, when it comes. And I promise too, with Thy grace, that I will never set myself up, never seek pre-eminence, never court any great thing of the world, never prefer myself to others.

'Give me that life, suitable to my own need, which is stored up for us all in Him who is the life of men. Teach me and enable me to live the life of Saints and Angels. Take me out of the languor, the irritability, the sensitiveness, the incapability, the anarchy, in which my soul lies, and fill it with Thy fulness. Breathe on me, that the dead bones may live. Breathe on me with that Breath which infuses energy and kindles fervour. In asking for fervour, I ask for all that I can need, and all that Thou canst give; for it is the crown of all gifts and all virtues. It cannot really and fully be, except where all are present. It is the beauty and the glory, as it is also the continual safeguard and purifier of them all. In asking for fervour, I am asking for effectual strength, consistency, and perseverance; I am asking for deadness to every human motive, and simplicity of intention to please Thee; I am asking for faith, hope, and charity in their most heavenly exercise. In asking for fervour I am asking to be rid of the fear of man, and the desire of his praise; I am asking for the gift of prayer, because it will be so sweet; I am asking for that loyal perception of duty, which follows on yearning affection; I am asking for sanctity, peace, and joy all at once. In asking for fervour, I am asking for the brightness of the Cherubim and the fire of the Seraphim, and the whiteness of all Saints. In asking for fervour, I am asking for that which, while it implies all gifts, is that in which I signally fail. Nothing would be a trouble to me, nothing a difficulty, had I but fervour of soul.

'Lord, in asking for fervour, I am asking for Thyself, for nothing short of Thee, O my God, who hast given Thyself wholly to us. Enter my heart substantially and personally, and fill it with fervour by filling it with Thee. Thou alone canst fill the soul of man, and Thou hast promised to do so. Thou art the living Flame, and ever burnest with love of man: enter into me and set me on fire after Thy pattern and likeness.

'How can I keep from Thee? For Thou, who art the Light of Angels, art the only Light of my soul. Thou enlightenest every man that cometh into this world. I am utterly dark, as dark as hell, without Thee. I droop and shrink when Thou art away. I revive only in proportion as Thou dawnest upon me. Thou comest and goest at Thy will. O my God, I cannot keep Thee! I can only beg of Thee to stay. "Mane nobiscum, Domine, quoniam advesperascit." Remain till morning, and then go not without giving me a blessing. Remain with me till death in this dark valley, when the darkness will end. Remain, O Light of my soul, *jam advesperascit!* The gloom, which is not Thine, falls over me. I am nothing. I have little command of myself. I cannot do what I would. I am disconsolate and sad. I want something, I know not what. It is Thou that I want, though I so little understand this. I say it and take it on faith; I partially understand it, but very poorly. Shine on me, *O Ignis semper ardens et nunquam deficiens!*—"O fire ever burning and never failing"—and I shall begin, through and in Thy Light, to see Light, and to recognise Thee truly, as the Source of Light. *Mane nobiscum;* stay, sweet Jesus, stay for ever. In this decay of nature, give more grace.

Prayer for a Happy Death.

'Oh, my Lord and Saviour, support me in that hour in the strong arms of Thy Sacraments, and by the fresh fragrance of Thy consolations. Let the absolving words be said over me and the holy oil sign and seal me, and Thy own Body be my food, and Thy Blood my sprinkling; and let my sweet Mother, Mary, breathe on me, and my Angel whisper peace to me, and my glorious Saints . . . smile upon me; that in them all, and through them all, I may receive the gift of perseverance, and die, as I desire to live, in Thy faith, in Thy Church, in Thy service, and in Thy love. Amen.'

I will conclude these notes on Newman's life at the Oratory with a vivid impression, which I owe to the kindness of Canon Scott Holland, of a visit he paid to Newman in 1877. Canon Holland described the visit at the time in a letter to a friend (Mrs. Ady) and retouched and added to his account for the present volume:

'The sight of my old letter to Mrs. Ady has quickened my memory of a day that I can never forget. I recall the swift sudden way in which I found him beside me, as I was being led through the upper rooms by my friend. I turned at the sound of the soft quick speech, and there he was—white, frail and wistful, for all the ruggedness of the actual features. I remembered at once the words of Furse about him, "delicate as an old lady washed in milk." One felt afraid to talk too loud, lest it should hurt him. I expected him to be taller, and it was a shock to find myself looking downwards at him. He had the old man's stoop. He was, in the mean time, shaking me by the hand, and offering welcome in low rapid courtesies of manner and voice. He would see me later in the Common-room: and so was gone as swiftly as he had entered.

'And this was Newman!—I was saying to myself over and over again. The generation of to-day cannot understand all that this meant to us in the seventies. The evening came: and I went to the refectory. Each had a little table to himself, and mine was next to the Father's. I watched, with awe, through dinner the big curve of the lower jaw at work, and the marked frontal bones over the eyes.

'A Reader was drawling out Newman's own history of the Turks. He seemed dreadfully bored, and we all were relieved when the Father signalled to him to give it up. At the close of the meal the habitual casuistical riddle was sent round the table. It was taken from St. Alfonso, and dealt with the problem of a full-grown man working as a carpenter in his father's shop, who was forced to hand over all his gains to his father, only to receive back an inadequate wage. Might he reserve, without his father's knowledge, the amount that was really and justly due to him? I sat quaking lest the riddle should come round to me for an answer, and was greatly relieved at a slashing final verdict given against the son by Father Newman. Only unluckily St. Alfonso's judgment which was then read out from the book went dead the other way. I was rather disconcerted by this *contretemps:* I gazed severely at my plate, but nobody seemed to mind it. After a while we withdrew to the Common Room. And then I was put next to the Father, who laid himself out to talk freely and delightfully to me, until the time came for me to bolt for my train. The talk was all about Oxford. He could not tire of the smallest detail of news from there. Every little touch was of interest to him. Had I seen Dr. Pusey lately? I told him of a University Sermon which the Doctor had just delivered in a voice choked for minutes at a time by hurricanes of coughing. "Ah yes! he never could manage the voice. The first time that he had asked him to read the lessons in St. Mary's, he had spoken out of his boots, and coming out I said to him, 'Pusey, Pusey! this will never do.'" I think he got him to coach with some expert. I mentioned that Oriel was in difficulty over its roof, and had to patch up its gables with plaster, having no money to do more. "Yes! the beams in the roof were always rotten." He had got a little broken bit of one in his room now. A Keble man had been drowned out of a Canoe in a curious corner of a backwater in Magdalen Meadows. He had tracked the whole thing out from the Papers, and had made out the precise spot where it had happened. He was quite pleased to find from me that he had got it right. So the urgent enquiries went on, in silvery whispers, keen and quick. It was, of course, wonderful and beautiful to me, that he should treat me with such kindly deference, and should invest me, so delicately, with something of the halo that belonged to any one who brought a touch of Oxford with him. I had to fly for my train, and sped home tingling with the magic of a presence that seemed to me like the frail embodiment of a living voice. His soul was in his voice, as a bird is in its song. It was his spiritual expression. And listening to these soft swift subtle tones, "the earth we pace appeared to be an unsubstantial fairy place," meet home for the mystery of the lyrical cry.

'For the rest I came away with a great feeling of sadness. For these were the days when he was still under a cloud: and as I eagerly pressed my Oratorian friend to tell me how they lived, and what they did, I got very little told me. At every turn, the answer came, "Oh! we must keep quiet. We cannot do much. We cannot write books. We might get Father Newman into trouble." They evidently had to tread very warily: and I, who had gone there all agog with the Oratorian Ideal returned home with my ardour rather damped.

'But I had had my opportunity, and the memory of it passed into my life. H. S. HOLLAND.'

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1873.

From an Engraving by Joseph Brown.

CHAPTER XXXI

AFTER THE COUNCIL (1871–1874)

THE Vatican Council was a crisis in the history of the Church. It was the culmination of a drama. The battle between Liberals and Ultramontanes had been raging—more especially in France and Germany—for nearly twenty years. Now Pius IX. had carried his intervention in the contest—an intervention which had begun with the Syllabus of 1864—to its furthest possible limit. Pius stood before his generation as an heroic figure amid his misfortunes, a singularly lovable personality; and loved doubly for the persecution which had realised St. Malachi's prophecy that his reign would be signed by the cross.[1] Masterful in action, filled with a sense of his Divine mission, he had now brought to bear his great personal influence in rallying to his standard all the forces of Catholic loyalty. The result had been that the Liberals were routed. The grave fears of wise men as to the consequences of the Pope's action had no driving power which could compete, in influencing Catholic opinion, with the appeal of the saintly successor of Peter, persecuted, speaking with the single-heartedness of a martyr and the assurance of a prophet. One of the most influential of the opponents of the definition—Bishop Hefele of Rottenburg, himself a saintly man—for a time withheld his submission, avowing his hope that the Bishops of the minority would take concerted action. Other Bishops, too, preserved for some months an attitude of hesitation and expectancy. Newman, though himself accepting the definition, did not at once regard it as obligatory on others. The Council was not yet terminated. Its resumption might give opportunities for explanations of importance which should be waited for. Will the minority act together as a constitutional body? Will the Council, in deference to their attitude, in any way qualify its decision? Such were the questions which at first occurred to him.

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[1] 'Crux de cruce' was St. Malachi's motto for Pius IX. Leo XIII. was 'Lumen in Coelo'; Pius X. 'Ignis ardens'; his successor 'Religio depopulata.'

But the Council was not to reassemble in that generation. The enemy at the gates of Rome entered by the *Porta Pia* in September. Pius directed that not a blow should be struck. Victor Emmanuel took up his residence at the Quirinal. Rome became the capital of the new Italian kingdom. Henceforth no longer a temporal sovereign, Pius did not set foot outside the Vatican. A fresh and intense wave of sympathy was evoked from Catholic Christendom. It was not a moment when Catholic feeling was ready to tolerate any action which was even in appearance opposed to the cherished ideals of the martyred Pontiff.

And in point of fact the only firm stand taken up against the definition was made, not by holy men like Hefele or Dupanloup, not by powerful Bishops of the minority acting in concert as rulers of the Church, but by extreme and fanatical Liberals like Professor Friedrich and his friends. When the opposition to the definition was organised by the Congress at Munich in 1871 the 'old Catholic' community (as it was called) was founded on a schismatical basis, against the express wish of Döllinger, who held aloof from the movement, though he rejected the dogma. The old Catholics had henceforth their own separate churches. Their Bishop, Dr. Reinkens, was consecrated by the Jansenist Bishop of Deventer. The German Government gave him a salary and patronised the schismatics. Protestant and Erastian in its character from the first, the old Catholic sect bore rapidly the fruits whereby its character was manifested. The laws of the Church on fasting and confession were tampered with or set aside. A married clergy was instituted. Professor Friedrich himself eventually withdrew from the movement, from which Döllinger had all along consistently held aloof.

On the other hand, Hefele, confronted with the prospect of a schism, submitted in 1871 and promulgated the Vatican decrees in his diocese. It was not doubtful on which side of such opposing powers Newman would be found. The dogma of Papal Infallibility he had always held. Submission to authority had ever been the corner-stone of Catholic loyalty in his eyes. He very soon treated the dogma as of obligation, and urged on all his friends the duty of submission. Nevertheless, like Bishop Hefele and others who had opposed the definition, Newman was very anxious as to its probable consequences. This anxiety was greater, not less, because, as the Bishops of the minority took no concerted action, he so soon came to regard the acceptance of the definition as obligatory. It was, therefore, a very great relief to him when Monsignor Fessler, the Secretary-General of the Vatican Council, published with Papal approval his book on 'True and False Infallibility,' in which he took a view of its extent even more moderate than that advocated in Father Ryder's pamphlet against W. G. Ward. It was true that works containing more stringent interpretations also received Papal approval. But the liberty which Newman judged to be necessary was secured by Fessler's view being admitted as allowable. The official countenance of Fessler's weighty theological judgment was a reminder that the co-operation of theologians of different views—the theological Schola—secured the constitution of the Church against absolutism and the excesses of individuals. The Holy Father was ruler, and to him it appertained to declare what was in conformity with the revelation of which he, as head of the Church, was guardian; but he did not set aside or oppose the theological school, and the reconciliation of details of his declarations with other authoritative *dicta*, their interpretation so as to leave such *dicta* intact—in a word, the assimilation of a single Papal utterance to the rest of the Church's teaching—appertained again to the discussions of the Schola. So, too, lawyers had to interpret new Acts of Parliament and reconcile their working with that of already existing Acts—all emanating from the Legislature, which had supreme jurisdiction over the lawyers themselves as the Pope had over the theologians. Thus even if a Pope or Council should issue a decree with insufficient theological elaboration, the Schola would supply in its interpretation what might have been wanting in its preparation. The theological life and teaching of the Church based on so large a body of authoritative *dicta* was not disturbed or materially changed by a single Papal utterance, which rather presupposed that life and teaching, as governing its interpretation.

'The Catholic Church,' Newman wrote to Lord Blachford, 'has its constitution and its theological laws in spite of the excesses of individuals.

'It is this which, if I understand your letter, is a novel idea to you,—and it is this, which Acton *means* (I consider), though he is unlucky in his language, as not being a theologian, when he says it is no matter what Councils or Popes decree or do, for the Catholic body goes on pretty much as it did, in spite of all—the truth being that the Schola Theologorum is (in the Divine Purpose, *I* should say) the regulating principle of the Church, and, as lawyers and public offices (if I may thus speak *coram te*) preserve the tradition of the British Constitution, in spite of the King, Lords, and Commons, so there is a permanent and *sui similis* life in the Church, to which all its acts are necessarily assimilated, nay, and under the implied condition of its existence and action such acts are done and are accepted. I think, when you were here last, I said to you our great want just now was theological schools, which the great French Revolution has destroyed. This had been the occasion of our late and present internal troubles. Where would Ward have been, if there had been theological schools in England? Again, the Archbishop is not a theologian, and, what is worse, the Pope is not a theologian, and so theology has gone out of fashion. This is the only reason which made me regret not going to Oxford,—and this is why Ward did all he could at Rome, and successfully, to hinder me going. I don't profess to be a theologian, but at all events I should have been able to show a side of the Catholic religion more theological, more exact, than his. Where there is such a lack of theological science, I must not take it for granted as yet that I am out of the wood, for I may still receive some cuff from the political ultra-devotional party,—but I don't think it can be very bad.'[1]

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[1] The same view is presented in the Preface to the *Via Media*, published in 1877. Religion, Newman writes, is 'never in greater danger than when, in consequence of national or international troubles, the Schools of theology have been broken up and ceased to be. . . . I say, then, Theology is the fundamental and regulating principle of the whole Church system. It is commensurate with Revelation, and Revelation is the initial and essential idea of Christianity. It is

Such was the view which the events of the Council led him to express a few years after its suspension. At the time itself he was intent on making the position tolerable to those who were most tried by the doctrine or by the circumstances which issued in its definition. 'Exert a little faith,' he writes to Miss Bowles, 'God will provide,—there is a power in the Church stronger than Popes, Councils, and theologians, and that is the Divine Promise which controls against their will and intention every human authority.'

With those who seceded—Döllinger and his friends, Père Hyacinthe and others—while he condemned their action, he showed a measure of sympathy, and he spoke of them tenderly. 'I will never say a word of my own against those learned and distinguished men,' he wrote of the German seceders in his 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk.' 'Their present whereabout, wherever it is, is to me a thought full of melancholy. . . . They have left none to take their place.' 'You may understand,' he wrote to Lord Acton, in 1871, 'how keenly distressed I am about what is going on in Germany as regards religion. The prospect of taking a middle line there seems so forlorn and hopeless. No one could feel more grieved than myself at the proceedings of the Council,—but the question is in the present state of things what is to be done?'

To Père Hyacinthe, who wrote to him on the state of affairs in the very year of the Council, he replied as follows:

'The Oratory: November 24th, 1870.

'My dear Father Hyacinthe,—I am always glad to hear from you and of you.

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the subject-matter, the formal cause, the expression, of the Prophetical Office, and, as being such, has created both the Regal Office and the Sacerdotal. And it has in a certain sense a power of jurisdiction over those offices, as being its own creations, theologians being ever in request and in employment in keeping within bounds both the political and popular elements in the Church's constitution,—elements which are far more congenial than itself to the human mind, are far more liable to excess and corruption, and are ever struggling to liberate themselves from those restraints which are in truth necessary for their well-being. On the one hand, Popes, such as Liberius, Vigilius, Boniface VIII., and Sixtus V., under secular inducements of the moment, seem from time to time to have been wishing, though unsuccessfully, to venture beyond the lines of theology; and on the other hand, private men of an intemperate devotion are from time to time forming associations, or predicting events, or imagining miracles, so unadvisedly as to call for the interference of the Index or Holy Office.'

'It grieved me bitterly that you should have separated yourself from the One True Fold of Christ; and it grieves me still more to find from your letter that you are still in a position of isolation.

'I know how generous your motives are, and how much provocation you, as well as others, have received in the ecclesiastical events which have been passing around us. But nothing which has taken place justifies our separation from the One Church.

'There is a fable in one of our English poets, of which the moral is given thus:

'"Beware of dangerous steps; the darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away."

'Let us be patient; the turn of things may not take place in our time; but there will be surely, sooner or later, an energetic and a stern Nemesis for imperious acts, such as now afflict us.

'The Church is the Mother of high and low, of the rulers as well as of the ruled. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.* If she declares by her various voices that the Pope is infallible in certain matters, in those matters infallible he is. What Bishops and people say all over the earth, that is the truth, whatever complaint we may have against certain ecclesiastical proceedings. Let us not oppose ourselves to the universal voice.

'God bless you and keep you.

'Yours affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

On the other hand, Newman for months busied himself in so explaining the definition to those who consulted him, as to show its reasonableness, and to distinguish it from the extreme opinions of some of its most zealous promoters. He wrote on the subject to Mrs. Froude in March 1871:

'As to your friend's question, certainly the Pope is not infallible beyond the Deposit of Faith originally given—though there is a party of Catholics who, I suppose to frighten away converts, wish to make out that he is giving forth infallible utterances every day. That the Immaculate Conception was in the *depositum* seems to me clear, as soon as it is understood what the doctrine is. I have drawn out the argument in my "Letter to Dr. Pusey." The Fathers from the beginning call Mary the Second Eve. This has been the dogma proclaimed by the earliest Fathers. There are three especially witnesses to [it] in three or four or five countries widely separated. St. Justin Martyr speaks for Syria, St. Irenaeus for Asia Minor and Gaul, and Tertullian for Rome and Africa. Nothing is included in the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception which is not included in the Eve character of Mary—nay, not so much, for Eve in Paradise did not need redemption, but Mary was actually redeemed by the blood of her Son so much as any of us, and the grace she had was not like Eve's grace in Paradise, but simply a purchased grace.

'Certainly we all hold the "Quod semper, quod ubique" &c., as much as we ever did, as much as Anglicans do. It is a great and general principle, involving of course a certain range of variation in the fulness in which it has been, here and there, now and then, received and exemplified. For instance, the eternal pre-existence of the Divine Son was taught far more consistently after the Council of Nicaea in A.D. 325, than before it, and in some cases, as, for instance, the validity of baptisms by heretics, and the like, there have been remarkable differences of opinion; but the Rule is a great and useful one on the whole. There is no rule, against which exceptions cannot be brought. As to the question of development in the doctrines of the *depositum*, that is provided for in the Rule expressly. You know the Rule comes from Vincentius Lerinensis, who wrote at the end (I think) of the 4th century, and who illustrates and enforces it with great eloquence. He says (I use Charles Marriott's, as I think it is, translation), "Let the religion of our souls imitate the nature of our bodies, which, although with process of time they develop and unfold their proportions, yet remain the same that they were. The limits of infants be small, of young men great, yet not diverse, but the same. No new thing doth come forth in old men, which before had not *lain hid* in them, being children. The Christian doctrine must follow these laws of increasing, to wit, that with years it was more sound, with time it became more capable, with continuance it became exalted, yet remains incorrupt and entire. Lawful indeed it is, that those ancient articles of heavenly philosophy be, in process of time, trimmed, smoothed and polished; unlawful that they be mangled and maimed. And, albeit they receive perspicuity, light and distinction, yet they necessarily must retain their fulness, and soundness, and propriety. Keep the deposit, quoth he, O Timothy, O Priest, O Teacher; that which men before believed obscurely, let them by this exposition understand more clearly. Let posterity rejoice for coming to the understanding of that by thy means, which antiquity without *that understanding* had in veneration, yet *for all this*, in such sort deliver the same thing which thou hast learned, that, albeit thou teachest after a *new manner*, yet thou never teach new things." I have written down not consecutive sentences, but as they have caught my eye.

'As to Eugenius 4th's Letter to the Armenians about the form and matter of the Sacraments, I think it is a difficulty certainly. It is one of those points, which made me earnestly desire that the definition should not be made last year; for, though it does not weigh with me myself, yet it is very trying to a great many people. It is common, I think, to say that it was not a doctrinal decree—but a practical instruction to the Orientals, and therefore not included in the cases, in which infallibility is claimed for the Holy See.

'John the XXII. is nothing to the purpose. He put nothing forward in any formal way, and, I think, repented of his private sentiments before his death. Of course, if he *had* been called upon to speak *ex cathedra*, he would (humanly speaking) have defined an error, but he did not. And this will just illustrate what is meant by the gift of infallibility. As Balaam wished to curse, but opened his mouth with blessings, so a Pope may all his life be in error, but if he attempts to put it forth, he will be cut off, or be deterred, or find himself saying what he did not mean to say.

'I have no hesitation in saying that, to all appearance, Pius IX. wished to say a great deal more (that is that the Council should say a great deal more) than it did, but a greater Power hindered it. A Pope is not inspired; he has not an inherent gift of divine knowledge. When he speaks *ex cathedra*, he may say little or much, but he is simply protected from saying what is untrue. I know you will find flatterers and partizans, such as those whom St. Francis de Sales calls "the Pope's lackies," who say much more than this, but they may enjoy their own opinions, they cannot bind the faith of Catholics.

'As to St. Cyprian's quarrel with the Pope, strong letters came from the Pope to him. He certainly did not think the Pope infallible in those letters. I cannot tell without hunting them up, whether they look like *ex cathedra* letters. I should think not. I doubt very much whether the point of the Infallibility of the Pope was clearly understood, as a dogma, by the Popes themselves at that time; but then I also doubt whether the Infallibility of a General Council was at that time understood either, for no General Council as yet had been. The subject was what Vincentius calls "obscurely held." The Popes acted as if they were infallible in doctrine—with a very high hand, peremptorily, magisterially, fiercely. But, when we come to the question of the *analysis* of such conduct, I think they had as vague ideas on the subject as many of the early Fathers had upon portions of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. *They acted in a way which needed infallibility as its explanation.*'

While he held that the newly defined dogma had its roots in the past, he looked to the future for a formal disclaimer of exaggerated interpretations of its scope. On this subject he wrote to Miss Holmes on May 15, 1871:

'As to the definition, I grieve you should have been tried with it. The dogma has been *acted on* by the Holy See for centuries—the only difference is that now it is actually *recognised*. I know this is a difference—for at first sight it would seem to invite the Pope to *use* his now recognised power. But we must have a little faith. Abstract propositions avail little—theology surrounds them with a variety of limitations, explanations, etc. No truth stands by itself—each is kept in order and harmonized by other truths. The dogmas relative to the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation were not struck off all at once—but piecemeal—one Council did one thing, another a second—and so the whole dogma was built up. And the first portion of it looked extreme—and controversies rose upon it—and these controversies led to the second, and third Councils, and they did not *reverse* the first, but *explained* and *completed* what was first done. So will it be now. Future Popes will explain and in one sense limit their own power. This would be unlikely, if they merely acted as men, but God will overrule them. Pius has been overruled—I believe he wished a much more stringent dogma than he has got. Let us have faith and patience.'[1]

Döllinger's action he condemned unequivocally, though he felt for the German historian acutely.

'I know nothing of the German party,' he wrote (October, 1871) to Mrs. Froude. 'Doubtless there are many good religious people who agree with Döllinger—but I much suspect they are all private persons, of the Upper Middle or higher ranks, and I suspect that he, as a public man, is by himself.

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[1] Some more letters on this subject will be found in the Appendix at p. 556.

'It is a most cruel position both for him and them. They seem to me powerless. The bulk of the lower class people (Catholics) follow the Pope. The Professors and literary men go much further than Döllinger—they either are for a schism or for simple indifferentism. I don't see how he can keep his ground, or, if he does, will have more than a handful with him.'

The fall of the Papal sovereignty in Rome afforded matter for reflection, and Newman intimated his view of the past and the future in another letter to Mrs. Froude.

'As little as possible,' he writes, 'was passed at the Council—nothing about the Pope which I have not myself always held. But it is impossible to deny that it was done with an imperiousness and overbearing wilfulness, which has been a great scandal—and I cannot think thunder and lightning a mark of approbation, as some persons wish to make out, and the sudden destruction of the Pope's temporal power does not seem a sign of approval either. It suggests too the thought, that to be at once infallible in religion and a despot in temporals, is perhaps too great for mortal man. Very likely there will be some reaction for a time in his favour, but not permanently—and then, unless the Council, when re-assembled, qualifies the dogma by some considerable safeguards, which is not unlikely, perhaps the secularly defenceless state of the Pope will oblige him to court the Catholic body in its separate nations with a considerateness and kindness, which of late years the Holy See has not shown, and which may effectually prevent a tyrannous use of his spiritual power. But all these things are in God's hands and we are blind.'

Newman's work from 1871 to 1874 was mainly the revision of his writings—including those published while he was still an Anglican, to which he added notes and appendices which supplied what he considered necessary to make them orthodox, or to answer the criticisms on the Catholic Church which they contained. Much of this work was done at Rednal, and he rejoiced in the interludes of country life thus afforded him.

His Journal shows that he had at this time some recurrence of the feeling that Catholics looked at him askance owing to his opposition to the Vatican definition. On the other hand he notes that he is far more read and better understood among Anglicans than of old. This led him perhaps to cleave more closely to such old Anglican friends as R. W. Church and Sir Frederick Rogers, with whom he kept up a constant correspondence.

In February 1871 Rogers lost his mother, and Newman wrote to sympathise. His letter is printed below, together with his reply to an announcement by Rogers some months later that he was going to visit Rome in the course of a summer holiday.

To Sir Frederick Rogers.

'The Oratory: Feb. 18, 1871.

'My dear Rogers,—I guessed the sad intelligence of your letter from its outside. Someone told me, I think Wilson, that your dear mother was sinking gradually. One can but once lose a mother. I don't forget, I never have, how kind you were to me when I lost mine. How many years have passed, how many events, since then, but it seems to me like yesterday. What a dream life is! It does not make it a less sorrow to you that you must have all expected it so long. The freshness of her mind and the continuance of her strength, for so long, which will be so pleasant to look back upon, perhaps have made the gradual changes of the last year more sad to your sisters. I hope to say Mass for her on Monday morning.

'You know that on Tuesday I am 70. By fits and starts I realise it; but usually it seems incredible to me.

'Ever yours affectionately,
John H. Newman.'

'The Oratory: Aug. 1, 1871.

'My dear Rogers,—I am glad you are going abroad, and hope you will be as much delighted and refreshed by the beauties of Italy, as you were the first time you saw it. Also, it is pleasant to think that you and your wife will have a quiet month with your sisters at Lucerne. I say "quiet," for such, I think, Lucerne is especially, with its broad silent lake, and its graceful mountains on either side, neither of them frightening one's eyes with snowy peaks.

'There is one thing I want to ask you before you go. I want to ask your brother's acceptance of my new edition of "The Arians," the brother who was so kind as to go to the British Museum for "One Tract more"—But I have got into a puzzle whether it is Edward or John. I thought it was the one I knew at Oxford, the Clergyman.

'I know no one, I have no acquaintance whatever, at Rome. No wonder—Rome changes its (ecclesiastical) inmates as much as Oxford does, where three years is an undergraduate's life, and seven years a Fellow's. Besides I have not been there for more than 23 years, except once (in 1855–6) for a fortnight. Moreover, just now, I suppose, everything is topsy turvy and nobody is anywhere.

'Thank you for your offer of fetching and carrying for me thither or thence—but I can think of nothing, even if I try.

'I wonder what you will be able to prophesy about the future of the city. That in this generation the Pope and the Italian power cannot get on together, I should have thought certain. Perhaps before the future comes, there will be fresh revolutions one way or the other, which make present conjecture impossible, as destroying present data.

'Ever yours affectionately,

John H. Newman.

'P.S.—I congratulate you on your new "Honours."'

These last words refer to the peerage which Rogers had just been offered and accepted.

Both Rogers and R. W. Church at this time received promotion from Mr. Gladstone's Government—the one being raised to the House of Lords with the title of Lord Blachford, the other named Dean of St. Paul's. There is in Newman's incidental references to these honours—in his letters to Rogers—just a touch of that unsympathetic attitude towards official rank which was so general in the old Tractarian party; and it must be remembered that this was also the tradition of the Oratorians, who were restrained by rule from accepting ecclesiastical dignities except by command of the Pontiff.

'The Oratory: Dec. 3, 1871.

'My dear Rogers,—I cannot screw myself up yet to call you anything else. Give me time. However I most heartily congratulate you on your title, and it is a shame to say it takes away my breath, for you have done more to deserve it than all but a few who gain it, and it is particularly gratifying that you should be the first to open what is a new path to the highest honours that the State can give.

'To my mind the only drawback is that your mother did not live just long enough to witness it. She always seemed to me to live in the desire that you should have full justice done you in the world, and I think she would have allowed that her desire was now granted her. . . .

'Ever yours affly,
J. H. NEWMAN.'

Of Church's promotion he wrote thus to Lord Blachford:

'June 14, 72.

'I don't and didn't doubt at all that Church would do the Dean well. I was marvelling at him two years ago at the Frome Station, at his dealings with the railway porters about my luggage—he showed such quiet calm decision—but I want him to write more than he can at St. Paul's—(though Milman did write there)—and therefore I am sorry he is not at Winton or Salisbury or the like. And I grieve at dignities which have a tendency to rub off the bloom of the peach, which a country life preserves, and which London life, which the dome of St. Paul's, which the *aurata laquearia* of the House of Lords, destroy. I suppose it is in the nature of things that blushing honours are the death of blushing. I know that high ecclesiastics, too, may have donnishness as others—also I know and understand that age has a gravity and dignity of its own, and that even the stiffness of joints and the dimness of the senses induce a dull and unlovely soberness of manner in country people also, and I know too that my own ingrained contemptible shyness makes me irritable at the sight of self-possession—but still after all I have an animosity and antipathy to the effect of London on the character, which is almost a moral sense with me.'

'I hope,' he writes to Church himself, 'you are not suffering from your banquetings. I sincerely feel for you. They would, I think, kill me.' A year earlier Newman had dedicated to Rogers his republished 'Essays on Miracles,' and now he was sending each fresh volume as it was published to his more intimate acquaintance. In 1872 he republished 'Present Position of Catholics' and sent a copy to R. W. Church. They exchanged letters, and Church pressed Newman to come and see him at the Deanery. Newman in return urged both the Dean and Rogers to come for a day or night to Rednal.

TO DEAN CHURCH.

'The Oratory: June 7, 1872.

'I never come to town except under dire necessity, for many reasons—because it is sure to knock me up from the mere "fumus strepitusque" of London—because there are so many persons I am simply obliged, both by propriety and by friendship, by duty and by true attachment, to call upon—because I am sure to make a fool of myself, being so shy, and go away gnawing my heart at the thought of the many gaucheries and absurdities I have committed.

'I had thought of coming to you for a day or two at the beginning of June; but now I have got to go to Rednal with a host of papers, which occupy five baskets, tin cases and bags, and which will take me weeks. . . .

'I suppose you never could run down here for a night, if the weather becomes summerly. I would take you over to Rednal for an hour or two.'

A week later he writes from Rednal to Lord Blachford urging him to accompany Church and spend a 'happy day' at the Oratory.

But Church was on the point of leaving England for a holiday, and a visit to Rednal was anyhow at the moment difficult. Still the idea was not abandoned. Newman's letters on the subject have something of the minuteness and anxiety which we have noted in those which prepared the way for the visit to Keble at Hursley seven years earlier.

A visit from Newman to the Deanery at St. Paul's did come off before Church left England; and a visit to Lord Blachford's house in London was arranged for July.

Newman, still feeling acutely the events of the Vatican Council and the sadness of the estrangements to which it led, welcomed Blachford's proposal that he should on the occasion of his visit meet Lord Acton at dinner.

'The Oratory: July 6th, 1872.

'My dear sive Blachford malueris vocari sive Rogers, may I not thus accost you, as Horace would accost *plane presentem Deum?* I shall be most happy to meet at dinner anyone you please, especially Lord Acton—but I suppose Monday morning when you get this will be late for an invite. I have had the greatest liking for Acton ever since I knew him near 20 years ago; but, alas, we have never quite hit it off in action. And now I don't know where he stands as regards this sad Vatican question. There is only one *locus standi*—and I think in time he will see that; but mind I shall *rejoice* to meet him—So should I to meet Liddon, whom I don't know—I believe he is a champion for dogma, which is the backbone of religion, and, as such, I wish him God-speed in this evil day.

'My love to Church—I rejoice I shall not be too late for him.

'Ever yours affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Newman read in this year with great interest and admiration Dean Church's 'Gifts of Civilisation,' especially the part which dealt with his own favourite subject, the Christianising of the Roman Empire.[1] In return for the 'Gifts of Civilisation' he sent Church the 'Grammar of Assent,' hoping that it would not 'bore him'—an expression to which naturally the Dean in his letter of thanks demurred, forwarding to him at the same time the following paragraph from a Somersetshire paper with inquiries as to the truth of its contents:

'ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL. A few weeks since one of the vergers of the Cathedral accosted a poorly clad, threadbare looking individual who stood scanning the alterations of the sacred edifice with "Now then move on, we don't want any of your sort here!" It was Dr. Newman!'

Newman confessed the substantial accuracy of the paragraph:

'St. Stephen's day, 1872.

'My dear Dean,—. . . Yes, I was morally turned out and I told you at the time. I did nothing but what you might have done at Chester or Carlisle, where you might not be known. I stood just inside the doors listening to the chanting of the Psalms, of which I am so fond. First came Verger one, a respectable person, inquiring if I wanted a seat in the choir, half a mile off me. No, I said,—I was content where I was. Then came a second, not respectful, with a voice of menace—I still said No. Then came a third, I don't recollect much about him, except that he said he could provide me with a seat. Then came No. 2 again in a compulsory mood, on which I vanished.

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[1] He had already written an important letter on another line of thought, touched on by its author in this volume and in a sermon:

'You indirectly touch upon what is so wonderful,' he wrote, 'and which men ought to consider more than they do, our Lord's clear announcement of what His religion was to do, and what it was not. It was to be a light upon a hill—it was to be a leaven—but it was to gather of every kind—it was to be the occasion of great scandals—it was to be a cause of discord—but it was never to fail; and so on. Put the gospels as late as the Antonines (for argument's sake), you cannot destroy the prophecy. Even if these were its realized initial characters before the gospels were written, yet how is it they continue to be such to this day? And so about the Old Testament, I want to see Davison's line of argument applied on a large scale to its books. There is an orderly growth of revelation, and a structure in the prophecies. Can any one believe that the books were all written after Ezra, or great part of them, so as to exhibit the scheme of progress intentionally? How is it, for instance, we do not find the doctrine of a future life in the Pentateuch, if it was garbled, interpolated, enlarged, at a late date?'

'I am sure if I was a dissenter, or again one of Mr. Bradlaugh's people, nothing would attract me more to the Church of England than to be allowed to stand at the door of a Cathedral—did not St. Augustine, while yet a Manichee, stand and watch St. Ambrose? no verger turned him out.

'Of course, knowing the nature of those men, I was amused, and told you and Blachford in the evening. You were annoyed, and said it was just what you did *not* wish, and that you would inquire about it.

'I have not a dream how it got into the Papers—as mine is a Somersetshire one, I thought the paragraph had trickled out from Whatley. Ever yrs affly,

J. H. N.

'All Xmas blessings to you and yours.'

But the paragraph in the Somersetshire paper, while relating a fact which was substantially true, had spoken of Newman's costume as 'threadbare.' This serious inaccuracy he corrected with some emphasis in a subsequent letter:

'Dec. 28, 72.

'My dear Dean,—On the contrary, it was simply a bran new coat, which I never put on till I went on that visit to you—and which I did not wear twice even at Abbotsford—I thought it due to London. Indeed, all my visiting clothes are new, for I do not wear them here, and I am almost tempted, like a footman of my Father's when I was a boy, who had a legacy of clothes, to leave home, as he his place, in order to have an opportunity of wearing them. *They* (the clothes) must wish it, I am sure—for they wear out a weary time themselves in a dark closet, except on such occasions, few and far between.

'Don't fancy when I talked of a "bore," that I had any other than that *general* feeling, which I ever have, that giving away one of my books is an impertinence, like talking of the shop. I used to say at Oxford that lawyers and doctors ever talked of the shop—but parsons never—now I find priests do—I suppose that, where there is *science*, there is the tendency to be wrapped up in the profession. An English clergyman is primarily a gentleman—a doctor, a lawyer, and so a priest is primarily a professional man. In like manner the military calling has been abroad a profession, accordingly they never go in mufti, but always in full military fig, talking as it were, *always* of the shop. Now I have a great dislike of this shoppism personally. Richmond told some one that, when he took my portrait, I was the only person he could not draw out.

'Now have I not really been talking of the shop enough for a whole twelvemonth, having talked of my dear self? But you see I have a motive—viz. lest you should dream you have trod on my toes, and so elicited from me the complaint that you have been bored by me.

'Ever yrs affly,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

From the middle of 1872 onwards began in earnest for Newman the great trial of those who live to be old—the death of friends, many of them dear and lifelong friends. His letters are full of the sad thoughts which such partings brought. Death visited the Dominican Sisterhood at Stone in the spring. Amelia Mozley went in August, John Mozley in October, and Hope-Scott's illness was soon after pronounced to be mortal. Serjeant Bellasis died at the beginning of 1873, Henry Wilberforce followed, and then Hope-Scott died. Another great friend, the Duchess of Argyll, passed away a little later. Newman was in constant dread that others would follow, and the renewed illness of Pusey and Church led to anxious inquiries. 'What a year this has been of deaths,' he wrote to Sister Mary Gabriel on his own patron's feast, St. John's Day, 1873: 'The shafts have been flying incessantly and unexpectedly on all sides of us and strewing the ground with friends. It makes one understand St. John's dreary penance in living to be 90. Well might he say: "Amen, veni Domine Jesu."'

The loss of his Mozley relations recalled the dear associations of early home life to which he clung so closely; while the death of his tried and faithful friends struck him no less hard.

In the course of letters at this time we find the record of these losses.

To Sister Mary Gabriel.

'Easter Monday 1872.

'I grieve indeed at your news. I said Mass for dear Sister Mary Agnes this morning, and propose to do so every week. I am sure I owe a great deal to her prayers, and am very grateful to her.

'I cannot grieve for *her*. She is going to the reward of her long service to our dear Lord and His Blessed Mother. She is going to the company of those great Saints, whose traditions and whose work she has done her part, with such loyal fidelity, to uphold and continue in this her day.

'Of course it is for all of you that we must feel. And we feel it the more from that sympathy which arises from our own prospective anxieties. Not indeed, God be praised, that we have any immediate cause of anxiety here; but so many of us are getting old, that one is tempted to ask "O Lord, how long?" How long are we to enjoy that calm and happy time which Thou hast granted us so long? When is it to be, that that tranquil unity is to be broken up which we have so long enjoyed, and we are to be parted one from another till that day, if we are vouchsafed it, when we meet again never to be separated in the Kingdom of our Father? As we suffer with you now, do not forget us when our time comes.'

'So dear Amelia Mozley is gone,' he writes to Dean Church on August 22. 'I knew her from her birth.'

To Blachford, the intimate friend of Hope-Scott, he communicated the sad tidings of his breaking health:

'The Oratory: Nov. 4th, 1872.

'My dear Blachford,—I sent to you a message by Church, in case he wrote to you, about Hope-Scott. . . .

'I suppose, humanly speaking, he is at what is called the beginning of the end, though the time may be sooner or later. . . . He has never held up his head since his wife died. When I saw him here last spring, 16 months after his loss, he could not command his feelings—and there is no doubt that it was his distress that developed his complaint. His little boy is not two years old.

'You know my sister has lost her husband; after 36 years of happy uneventful married life—after his five sons have started in life—and with a painless gradual decay. How different are our fortunes—what a contrast is this to

Hope-Scott's career, so brilliant externally, yet with such domestic affliction.

'Yours affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

The new edition of the University Sermons, with its dedication to Dean Church, appeared early in 1873.

'The Oratory: Jany. 29, 1873.

'My dear Dean,—Will you look at the Dedication in the inclosed pages, and, if I have worded it rightly, send them on as directed.

'I felt your kindness in informing me about Pusey. The latest and best news is very anxious. It is now more than forty years since he lay in bed and could not speak, and I advised Mrs. Pusey to send for Dr. Wootten, who brought him round. . . .

'Serjeant Bellasis has been taken from us. He was one of the sweetest-tempered, gentlest, most affectionate persons I ever knew.

'Ever yours affly,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

TO LORD BLACHFORD.

'The Oratory: April 21st, 1873.

'Before you receive this, I suppose dear H. Wilberforce will have left us. I went over to see him 3 weeks ago. It is well I did not wait till after Easter, as at one time I thought of doing. I found him looking like a man of 80, and so unlike himself, and so like his father, that I did not know how to speak to him, when I first saw him. His mind was quite his own, but he slept a good deal—he had very little pain. I took leave of him, as if for good, as it will be.'

TO DEAN CHURCH.

'The Oratory: May 2, 1873.

'My dear Dean,—Thank you for your kind considerateness. When I got back from H. W.'s funeral, I found a telegram telling me that Hope-Scott was just gone. He went, just as I was getting into the train at Woodchester to return home, 7 P.M.

'He had fallen off a day or two before—but at last he took every one by surprise. He had blessed his daughter and sent her away for the night—but at the end of the hour, she returned to witness his death.

'There were to be great doings at Arundel Castle. He had lingered so long, that the Duke had fixed the Wednesday (April 30) for the opening of his new Church there, which is said to be the finest in the kingdom. A large party had assembled the evening before, and were just sitting down to dinner, when a telegram came, which caused the Duke, his mother, his sisters, and the children all to go to town at once. They were too late. He died just as they started. To the Duchess this was especially trying. The doctors had not allowed her to see him, it so affected his heart—so he died without taking leave of her. I don't know *when* they had met—perhaps not for months. Lord Howard was left to receive and to despatch the guests at the Castle. It was to have been a great event. [The Duke] has spent great sums upon the Church—and it is to be dedicated to St. Philip Neri. He had asked me to preach the Sermon—but, though I had declined, some of our party were there.

'[Hope-Scott's] daughter . . . tells me that, after death till the time she wrote, he looked most beautiful, just (she is told) as he used to look thirty years ago.

'She adds "He loved you so." I know he did, and I loved him. His death was most "peaceful and calm." So was H. Wilberforce's—so was Bellasis', as sunny as his life. May I be as prepared as they when my time comes.

'Ever yrs affly,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

To LORD BLACHFORD.

'The Oratory: May 25, 1873.

'It is very kind in you to write to me about Church. A paragraph in the paper startled me, and I was on the point of writing to Mrs. Church to ask about its meaning. The worst penance of men in office or station, is that they cannot nurse, but must be taking part in meetings and at dinners, when they ought to keep at home. I dare say this has been Church's case.

'It is almost like an Epicurean in me to feel thankful for my own freedom from such troubles.

'Also I thank you for your kind sympathy. These successive losses have been, and are, a great trial to me—but they are the necessary penalty of living long. Scripture says David died "at a good old age" and I used even to think so. But now it comes upon me that after all he was only 70, and that that is the "age of man"—and I am two years beyond it.'

To Dean Church.

'The Oratory: March 6, 1874.

'As for my personal friends I never have had such a time for losses, ever since my brother-in-law died. Decr. 1, Jany. 1, Feb. 1 each was marked with the death of an intimate friend, close to us, and of 20 years intimacy, prematurely and unexpectedly. And now the Duchess of Argyll is gone, not prematurely nor unexpectedly, but she was an intimate friend, and always spoke of her being of the same age as myself—and now Woodgate, an *aequalis*, is ill too, and will never get well—(this ought not to be repeated)—I went to take leave of him about a fortnight ago.

'I am quite well myself;—which is the sadder, to die before, or to live after, one's friends? The latter is the sadder, but it is very sad too not to know the fortunes in time to come of those you leave behind. For instance, Woodgate has ten children—hardly one of them *seems* to me settled in life; but I don't know much about his sons. One of them is in the Gold Coast War—I saw him here last September with his family at the Triennial Music Meeting—what a contrast—woods, savages, bivouacs & fevers in January, and a country parsonage and a circle of sisters in the last August!'

It was at this time that Lady Coleridge executed her well-known drawing of Newman. Lord Coleridge, the son of the judge who had passed sentence on him at the Achilli trial, had been for years a faithful admirer and friend.

'I could not,' Newman writes to Church, 'in common gratitude decline Coleridge's proposal, even if it had been an onerous one, instead of being at once so light and so complimentary. And Lady C. had actually advanced in what I felt to be so kind, and only wanted my presence to be able to complete it. But I use the word "gratitude" with a special and more positive meaning,—for 21 or 22 years, from the time of his Father's speech over me, when so many gave me up, he took me up, and has not ceased from speaking of, and to me kind things all that long time—and this is a thing one can't forget.'

The loss of so many old friends bound Newman the more closely to those who remained.

The invitation to Church and Blachford to spend a day at the Oratory was renewed in the summer of 1874, with a note of pathetic anxiety lest they should find it a bore:

'Rednal: June 12, 1874.

'My dear Church,—I do so much fear we may be at cross purposes—you and B. finding yourselves unwilling to refuse me, and I on my part fearing I should seem to decline you.

'There seems to me a great difficulty in your or his *finding time*. I can't bear the thought of his hurrying down *after* you—I can't bear the supposition, (which never entered into my head) of your *finding your way* here from Birmingham, not only without him, but without *me*.

'Should weather be good, and both of you at liberty, and you could come *together*, then I can fancy it pleasant to you and to me—but for you to make an effort, would be cruel.

'No—do as I wish you to do. You can't take me by surprise between this and July 15, *if you give me 24 hours notice*. If you see the way clear before you, for any time the next 6 weeks, telegraph to me "we, or I, shall be at the Birmingham station at such an hour to-morrow—" and I will meet you there—but the idea of Blachford putting himself into a train after the trouble of a Privy Council meeting!

'However, if after my saying all this, you *still* mainly keep to your proposal, I modify it *thus:*—Come *both of you* on Wednesday afternoon or evening; drive from the Station to the Oratory. I will give you beds there. (I could not give beds at Rednal.) Next morning, Thursday, we would drive over to Rednal, lunch, and then return by a midday train to London, in time for 7.30 dinner.

'If you *assure* me that such an absence from London will be a refreshment to you, not a fatigue, you will remove the only difficulty to it (and it is a great one) which I have—but *till* you say so yourselves, I don't know how to believe it.

'Ever yrs affly,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

The visit did come off in July, though I have no record of its exact date.

'I have not yet got over my refusal to play the fiddle to you and Blachford,' Newman writes to Church on July 20—'I think I should have played had I had time—but we felt we had not a minute to spare, and I could not screw up my courage as I could my pegs, that is, all at once.'

Newman had in these years an interesting correspondence with Principal Brown, of Aberdeen, on the great subject of the desirableness of union among Christians in view of the spread of infidelity. Principal Brown in the first instance sent Newman his life of Dr. Duncan, and Newman's expression of his thanks led to a further interchange of letters. In the first two, Newman urged that the study of the Gospels was the best road both to union and to faith in an evil day.

To Principal Brown.

'The Oratory: October 24th, 1872.

'Pray do not suppose that my delay in answering your very kind letter has arisen from indifference to it. I feel extremely and thank you for the warmth of your language about me, and I wish to return it to you. What a mystery it is in this day that there should be so much which draws religious minds together, and so much which separates them from each other. Never did members of the various Christian communions feel such tenderness for each other, yet never were the obstacles greater or stronger which divide them. What a melancholy thought is this,—and when will a better day come? . . .

'It seems to me the first step to any chance of unity amid our divisions, is for religious minds, one and all, to live upon the Gospels.'

'The Oratory: January 11th, 1873.

'I thank you for the copy of your Lecture, which I was glad to have. It seems to me to take the true and the normal way of meeting the infidelity of the age, by referring to Our Lord's Person and Character as exhibited in the Gospels. Philip said to Nathanael "Come and see"—that is just what the present free thinkers will not allow men to do. They perplex and bewilder them with previous questions, to hinder them falling under the legitimate rhetoric of His Divine Life, of His sacred words and acts. They say: "There is no truth because there are so many opinions," or "How do you know that the Gospels are authentic?" "How do you account for Papias not mentioning the fourth Gospel?" or "How can you believe that punishment is eternal?" or, "Why is there no stronger proof of the Resurrection?" With this multitude of questions in detail, they block the way between the soul and its Saviour, and will not let it "Come and see."[1]

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[1] Writing to another correspondent in the following year Newman carefully guards this view from possible exaggerations. 'Protestants maintain,' he writes, 'that Our Lord Himself is all in all—evidence and proof, as well as Object, of our faith; that we desire no better assurance that He is God Incarnate than is

'We act otherwise in matters of this world,—a judge says: "I am not satisfied with affidavits—I want to see the witnesses face to face." In the novel, the Duke of Argyll thought nothing better than to introduce Jenny Deans to her Majesty, and let her speak for herself. Such was the effect of Our Lord's presence that His hearers said: "Never did man speak like this man." But this is just what we should not be allowed to do at all, if these new lights had their way. All one can say is, that, miserable as it is, it is so unnatural, that I should think it cannot have success for any long time, but common sense will assert its sway over men's minds.

'I hope you will excuse me for thus running on. As to the remarks in your letter, I wish I saw as hopefully as you do the prospects of Christendom, relative to its mutual divisions. I can understand that infidelity has no vitality. But what will kill the vigorous life whereby those whom I agree with hold the Catholic Church to be the work of God and whereby other men consider it the work of the evil one?[1]

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conveyed in His own voice, "It is I." This I put into their mouths, nor have I, as I think, said anything in the pages which follow in disapproval or depreciation of such an answer to my question.

'I may be wrong, but I think it is this that you mean in your letter by "experience"—or an experimental knowledge of Christ—and so far from at once putting it aside, I should myself consider that this personal hold upon Him is the immediate evidence of divine truth to every true consistent Christian, who has no need of having his answer in hand to every one of the multiform, many headed objections which from day to day he may hear urged against his faith.

'But I consider too that the Lover of Souls and Searcher of hearts has not thought it enough for us, has not felt it safe for our poor nature, to have no other safeguard for our faith than this. Religious experiences and convictions, when right, come from God—but Satan can counterfeit them, and those may feel assurances to which they have no claim, and, in matter of fact, men who have professed the most beautiful things and with the utmost earnestness and sincerity believed in their union with Our Lord, have often slipped away into one or other form of error on the grounds of their new inward experiences and convictions;—not only into one or other form of misbelief, but into scepticism and infidelity. Looking over the letters of acquaintances or strangers of past years, who are now unbelievers, I have before now come upon the expression of their faith and hope in Christ so simple and fervent, and of their experimental certitude so vivid, as to fill me at once with awe and tearful pity at the vision of such a change.

'Here it is that I see the wisdom and mercy of God in setting up a Catholic Church for the protection of His elect children. But it is enough to have carried my explanation thus far.'

[1] Newman opposed consistently an unreal ignoring of differences between the various confessions. 'You need not be afraid of hurting me by what you may say in contrariety to my own religious belief,' he writes a week later; 'I may think, as of course I do, that I am right and those who differ from me wrong—but it does not

God's grace can do all things—but how is either party to give up their own tenet on the point without losing their Christianity?'

But, though not hopeful as to the prospect of external union, Newman did see something hopeful in the growing desire for it.

'Sad as it is to witness the ineffectual yearnings after unity on all hands, of which you speak,' he writes in the following November, 'still it is hopeful also. We may hope that our good God has not put it into the hearts of religious men to wish and pray for unity, without intending in His own time to fulfil the prayer. And since the bar against unity is a conscientious feeling, and a reverence for what each party holds itself to be the truth, and a desire to maintain the Faith, we may humbly hope that in our day, and till He discloses to the hearts of men what the true Faith is, He will, where hearts are honest, take the will for the deed.'

There is a strain of similar hopefulness in the last letter of the correspondence which I have found, written a little more than a year later:

'Jan. 14, '75.

'It is indeed to me strange that, being as the world would say at your antipodes, still in those all-important points, about which you write, I should be one with you; and I rejoice in it as one compensation of the cruel overthrow of faith which we see on all sides of us, that, as the setting of the sun brings out the stars, so great principles are found to shine out, which are hailed by men of various religions as their own in common, when infidelity prevails.

'It rejoices me to find you insisting that emotions cannot stand of themselves and but presuppose an object, also that no man can worship, love, or trust in a probable God. Also, as you seem to argue in the case of Dr. Martineau that we cannot cut off half of Scripture, and believe the other half, when it is only the chance of our personal criticism taking this or that direction that has left that other half standing—

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mend matters for us to conceal our mutual differences—and nothing is more unmeaning, as well as more untrue, than compromises and comprehensions. Of course unreal, and but verbal differences do exist between religious men—but such are not the differences which exist between Catholics and their opponents. It would be best, if they did not exist—it is next best to confess them, plainly though in charity.'

and your argument against him, as brought out in your letter, seems to me very strong, nor does he attempt to answer it in his.'[1]

Thus Newman passed the time between 1871 and 1874, in writing to old friends and correspondents who sought his advice; in receiving occasional and welcome visits from them; in mourning and praying for those who year by year passed away, and preparing to join them when the inevitable summons should come; in reviewing and editing early writings and inserting comments and corrections[2] so that he could leave them with a safe conscience to be read by the generations which would come after him. Of adding anything new to his published works he had no thought.

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[1] Some further letters indicating Newman's thoughts at this time on the prospect of a spread of infidelity and of the desirability of co-operation on the part of all Christians against it will be found at pp. 415 *seq.*

[2] *The Plain and Parochial Sermons* were Newman's first republication of his Anglican works. They were, at his request, edited by W. J. Copeland. His subsequent republications were edited by himself, but with notes when he considered that the text called for correction. 'You have been of the greatest use to me,' he writes to Copeland in April 1873, 'in the matter of the Sermons, and I only regret you have had so much trouble: but you have not had it for nothing. Unless you had broken the ice, I could have republished nothing which I wrote before 1845–6. The English public would not have borne any alterations—and my own people would have been much scandalized had I made none. They murmured a good deal at the new edition of the Sermons, as it was—but, since you, not I, published them, nothing could be said about it. After this beginning, I took courage to publish my Essay on Miracles, and the *British Critic* Essays, uncorrected, but with notes corrective of the text. This too made some disturbance, but very little. And then I published at Rivington's my University Sermons; and then I went on to mix Anglican and Catholic Essays together; and now I hear no criticisms on these measures at all—and I have even dedicated a volume of my Historical Sketches, half of it written as an Anglican, to an Irish Bishop.'

CHAPTER XXXII

THE GLADSTONE CONTROVERSY (1874–1878)

Newman had said of the 'Grammar of Assent' that he expected it to be his 'last work.' And we have seen that the thought of further intervention in public matters was far from his mind in these years.

An attempt was made to draw him into public controversy on Mr. Gladstone's Irish University bill of 1873 but it failed. 'It is 14 years,' he wrote to the gentleman who approached him on the subject, 'since I was across St. George's Channel, and any words of mine would not be worth much more as regards the Irish question of 1873 than would have been a political tract of one of the seven sleepers on his waking from his long slumber at Ephesus.' He did however express to the same correspondent—Mr. Fottrell—in a letter dated December 10, 1873, a strong opinion as to the necessity of giving the Catholic laity their full share of influence in any scheme for University education, if it was to have a chance of success. His words on the subject were strong and weighty and deserve to be quoted:

'One of the chief evils which I deplored in the management of the affairs of the University 20 years ago when I was in Ireland was the absolute refusal, with which my urgent representations were met, that the Catholic laity should be allowed to co-operate with the Archbishops in the work.

'So far as I can see, there are ecclesiastics all over Europe, whose policy it is to keep the laity at arms-length, and hence the laity have been disgusted and become infidel, and only two parties exist, both ultras in opposite directions. I came away from Ireland with the distressing fear, that in that Catholic country, in like manner, there was to be an antagonism as time went on between the Hierarchy and the educated classes.

'You will be doing the greatest possible benefit to the Catholic cause all over the world, if you succeed in making the University a middle station at which laity and clergy can meet, so as to learn to understand and yield to each other, and from which, as from a common ground, they may act in union upon an age which is running headlong into infidelity, and however evil in themselves may be the men and the measures which of late years have had so great a success against the Holy See, they will in the Providence of God be made the instruments of good, if they teach us priests that the "obsequium" which the laity owe religion is "rationabile."'

While responding thus with sympathy and interest to private communications on matters of importance, his main work continued to be the re-editing of his own writings and the arrangement of his past correspondence. He was putting his house in order before leaving it.

Yet two Memoranda dated respectively August 30, and October 14, 1874, show that he did not feel even now quite happy at his comparative inactivity:

'I have so depressing a feeling that I have done nothing through my long life, and especially that now I am doing nothing at all. Anglicans indeed rather think more of what I have written than they did, if I may judge from letters I receive—but, as to Catholics, they would not deny that I have done some good service towards bringing Anglicans into the Church, nay am perhaps doing so still; but as to the great controversies of the day, about the divinity of Christianity &c., they think I am *passé*. At least this, (perhaps rather) that I have taken a wrong line in respect to them. At least I think the Jesuits do. They would think my line too free and sceptical, that I made too many admissions &c. On the contrary I cannot at all go along with them—and since they have such enormous influence just now, and are so intolerant in their views, this is pretty much the same as saying that I have not taken, and do not take what would popularly be called the Catholic line.

'I may seem inconsistent or ungrateful to them in this,—that I must grant, that, in spite of their violence against Rosmini, Ubaghs &c. they have never fallen upon me—the contrary—yet I think they have not felt the same since the Vatican Council and the "Grammar of Assent"—certainly not if their sentiments towards me are to be measured and interpreted by my feelings towards them. They certainly seem to me to be too powerful for the health of that Divine Body out of which they grow and which it is their business and duty to subserve.

'But then I think—what is this to me? God will provide—He knows what is best. Is He less careful for the Church, less able to defend it than I am? Why need I fash myself about it? What am I? my time is out. I am *passé.* I may have done something in my day—but I can do nothing now. It is the turn of others. And if things seem done clumsily, my business is, not to criticise, but to have faith in God. The 130th is the psalm that suits me. Alas! we never read it in the office—"Non est exaltatum cor meum, neque &c. Neque ambulavi in magnis, neque in mirabilibus super me—Sicut ablactatus est super matre sua, ita retributio in anima mea." It is enough for me to prepare for death, for, as it would appear, nothing else awaits me—there is nothing else to do.

'And He Who has been with me so marvellously all through my life will not fail me now, I know, though I have no claim upon Him. I certainly feel much weaker and less capable than I was—and whether this *adunamia* will rapidly increase upon me or not, I must give up the thought of the next generation & think of myself.'

'October 14, 1874.

'I have been startled on considering that in the last 15 years I have only written two books, the "Apologia" and the Essay on Assent—of which the former was almost extempore. What have I been doing with my time? though I have never been idle. The last four or five years I have been busy with my reprints—and my Essay on Assent took up four years from 1866 to 1870. Then my smaller publications since 1859 (viz. "Occasional Sermons," pp. 75; "Letter to Pusey," pp. 140; on "Ecce Homo," pp. 36; on St. Ignatius, pp. 36; on Anglican Orders, &c., pp. 40; on causes of Arianism and on Apollinarianism, pp. 190; and Theodoret, pp. 56), amount to pp. 572; that is, to (at least) a volume and a half—but these have been mostly done in the course of the last four years which have been already taken into account. Seven years (from 1859 to 1866) remain, with only the "Apologia," done in nine weeks (between April 10 and June 12), and the letter to Pusey and Sermon on Weedall; what was I doing all that time?—First, must be recollected, all through the fifteen years the great number of letters I wrote, whatever be their worth, most of them certainly ephemeral or of no permanent value

—next the time I have given to the schoolboys, especially in preparing and editing four Latin Plays for their use (but I did not begin these till 1864);—thirdly the time I gave through 1860 to the alterations, &c., in the Church, which were almost my *occupation*—fourthly my state of health for good part of 1861. Still the fact remains that, whereas before 1859 I wrote almost a book a year (viz. 30½ volumes from 1826 to 1859—33 years), in the last 15 I have written between three and four—though such powers of writing as I may have are not less, to say the least, than they were.

'This is an unpleasant thought—more than unpleasant—what have I been doing? I have not mentioned above one occupation which has taken a great deal of time, though there is not much to show for it—viz., the transcription I have made of my own and my friends' letters. But *cui bono?*

'The cause of my not writing from 1859 to 1864 was my failure with the *Rambler*. I thought I had got into a scrape, and it became me to be silent. So they thought at Rome, if Mgr. Talbot is to be their spokesman, for, referring to the "Apologia" to Ambrose in 1867, he said of me: "He had ceased writing, and a good riddance—why did he ever begin again?" I certainly had myself in 1860 anticipated his view in 1867 of my services to religion. *Vide* my remarks above. . .

'Another reason, closely connected with this, was my habit, or even nature, of not writing and publishing without a *call*. What I have written has been for the most part what may be called official, works done in some office I held or engagement I had made—all my Sermons are such, my Lectures on the Prophetical Office, on Justification, my Essays in the *British Critic*, and translation of St. Athanasius —or has been from some especial call, or invitation, or necessity, or emergency, as my Arians, Anglican Difficulties, "Apologia" or Tales. The Essay on Assent is nearly the only exception. And I *cannot* write without such a *stimulus*. I feel to myself going out of the way, or impertinent, and I write neither with spirit nor with point. As to the "Assent," I had felt it on my conscience for years that it would not do to quit the world without doing it. Rightly or wrongly I had ever thought it a duty, as if it was committed to me to do it. I had tried to do it again and again, and failed; and though at length I did it, I did it after all with great difficulty. But it was a great relief to me in 1870 to have done it. But to return, this is the real account of my silence from 1859 to 1864—viz., I said to myself, "In 14 years (from 1845 to 1859)

I have written nine volumes, and have got no thanks for my labour—rather have been thought inopportune—why should I go on blundering?" On occasion of my "Apologia" Hope-Scott said, "Now you have got the ear of the public—take care not to lose it again by your silence."'[1]

A month after these words were written there did come a 'special call' on him once more to enter the arena. He had to defend his co-religionists against an attack almost as virulent as that of Kingsley ten years earlier.

Mr. Gladstone had in 1874 retired from the leadership of his party, and employed the leisure thus gained in writing a strong attack on the Vatican decrees of 1870. The Irish Bishops had defeated his Irish University Bill of 1873, and in Catholic circles the publication of his pamphlet was associated with his irritation at their action. He had taken, largely owing to his friendship with Lord Acton, a close interest in Döllinger's attitude of resistance to the definition. 'It makes my blood run cold,' he wrote to Mrs. Gladstone, 'to think of his being excommunicated in his venerable but, thank God, hale and strong old age.' He wrote to one of the Irish Bishops (Dr. Moriarty) that he regarded the definition as 'the most portentous (taking them singly) of all events in the history of the Christian Church.'

Mr. Gladstone first published an article in one of the magazines, in which occurred the often-quoted statement that 'Rome had substituted for the proud boast of *semper eadem* a policy of violence and change in faith,' and that since the events of 1870 'no one can become her convert without renouncing his mental and moral freedom, and placing his civil loyalty and duty at the mercy of another.' His charge was that Rome had 'equally repudiated modern thought and ancient history.'

In November 1874 his attack was renewed and amplified in his 'political expostulation' entitled 'The Vatican Decrees in their bearing on Civil Allegiance.' Mr. Gladstone made capital out of Archbishop Manning's recently published lecture on 'Cæsarism and Ultramontanism,' in which the undying contest between the Pope and the civil power, between 'Peter and Cæsar,' was dwelt on in mystical language and with extreme emphasis. This lecture—so Gladstone argued—represented the outcome of the Vatican decrees as 'understood by the most favoured ecclesiastics.' Lord Morley tells us that the pamphlet was 'meant for an argument that the doctrine of infallibility aimed a deadly blow at the old historic scientific and moderate school' of Catholics; that 'it was a degradation of the episcopal order; it carried to the furthest point the spirit of absolutist centralisation in its measure as fatal to the organic life in the Church as in the State.' The reader will at once see the special interest of this charge to Dr. Newman. Mr. Gladstone, in effect, treated the definition as identifying the Catholic Church for ever with the policy and spirit of such men as Manning, and Ward, and Louis Veuillot. Newman was in his own person the most complete refutation of Mr. Gladstone's contention. He not only loyally accepted the definition, but had held the doctrine which was defined by the Vatican Council ever since he was a Catholic at all. And yet he was in the strongest degree opposed to the centralising and absolutist extremes which so many of its champions had favoured. Many Catholics who sympathised in his view urged him to take the opportunity which Providence had put in his way for speaking out. Like Kingsley's attack, the Gladstone pamphlets gave him an excuse for answering Catholic extremists under cover of replying to the misrepresentations of an assailant of the Church. And in spite of his resolution not to write again, here was a chance which must not, he felt, lightly be thrown aside.

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[1] 'Feb. 27, 1876. Curiously enough the foregoing page (about writing not without a call) was written but a few weeks before the call made on me by Gladstone's pamphlets, and my consequent *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk.*—J. H. N.'

To Lord Blachford he wrote thus in October:

'Gladstone's excuse is, I suppose, the extravagance of Archbishop Manning in his "Cæsarism," and he will do us a service if he gives us an opportunity of speaking. We can speak against Gladstone, while it would not be decent to speak against Manning. The difficulty is *who* ought to speak?'

By December he had resolved to speak himself. He confided the secret to Dean Church:

'The Oratory: December 10, 1874.

'I am writing against time, and my old fingers will not move quick. I am most dismally busy. *Don't tell*, for I wish nothing said from me as yet, but I am *trying*, as the Papers report, to answer Gladstone, but I don't like to commit myself till I have actually done. I have had so many urgent requests, asking me to do so. And I feel I must do so, if I can, for my own honour. I grieve indeed that he should have so committed himself—I mean, by charging people quite as free in mind as he is, of being moral and mental slaves. I never thought I should be writing against Gladstone! but he is as unfair and untrue, as he is cruel. It is a marvel. I think men like W. G. Ward have in part to answer for it—but he should have had clearer notions of what we hold and what we don't, before he sent 100,000 of his pamphlet through the country.

'I thought I should be in peace for the remainder of my life—and now I am in controversy again!'

The reason why Newman hesitated at once to reply to Mr. Gladstone was the very fact that his doing so must involve an explicit protest against what he regarded as the exaggerations and aggressions of the editors of the *Univers* and of the *Dublin Review*. He had made a compact with himself to speak plainly if he wrote at all. To do this without giving offence in powerful quarters was he knew most difficult. But it was a case of 'now or never.' And so he wrote with great anxiety, but under a sense of duty. 'You may suppose how anxious I am what will be thought of my pamphlet,' he writes to Miss Bowles. 'For if I am to write, I am not going to utter commonplaces.'

The 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk'—such was the form of his pamphlet—is well known. It is unnecessary to attempt any full analysis of it. The spirit of generous loyalty which breathes through its pages won the day with his fellow-Catholics. A few critics did isolate and quote with disapproval the passages which contained his protest against extreme views. But their efforts fell flat. The general spirit of the whole was so loyal to Rome, his arguments against Gladstone so powerful, that he was able to bring in his protests incidentally without the evil consequences he had feared. Thus in the course of a forcible and eloquent argument on behalf of the essential reasonableness of the papal claims and of the Vatican definition he denounced the 'tyrannous ipse dixits' of the *Dublin Review:* he urged the dangers of the 'maximising' tendency which introduced into the theology taught to all Catholics alike those pious beliefs which often indeed expressed the generous zeal and loyal spirit of certain minds, but yet might eventually prove not to be founded on fact. He emphasised also points long recognised in the theological schools, which the party of Louis Veuillot often forgot or denied, and he expressed opinions of his own which explained his action at the time of the Council.[1]

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[1] In the following passages he repudiates extreme views:

He quotes from a declaration of the Swiss Bishops, approved by Pius IX. himself, to the effect that 'it in no way depends upon the caprice of the Pope, or upon his good pleasure, to make such and such a doctrine the object of a dogmatic definition.'—*Difficulties of Anglicans*, ii. 339.

'. . . If I am obliged to bring religion into after-dinner toasts, (which indeed does not seem quite the thing) I shall drink,—to the Pope, if you please,—still, to Conscience first, and to the Pope afterwards.'—p. 261.

The whole of section 5 is devoted to the elaboration of the supremacy of conscience—'not,' he is careful to note, 'as a fancy or an opinion, but as a dutiful obedience to what claims to be a Divine voice speaking within us.'—p. 255.

Newman lays down, however, at pp. 257-8 with great care the stringent conditions on which alone it is lawful to oppose 'the supreme but not infallible authority of the Pope.'

'Archbishop Kenrick says, "His power was given for edification, not for destruction. If he uses it from the love of domination (quod absit) *scarcely will he meet with obedient populations.*" '—p. 243.

He quotes Bellarmine as saying 'As it is lawful to resist the Pope, if he assaulted a man's person, so it is lawful to resist him if he assaulted souls, or *troubled the state* (turbanti rempublicam), and much more if he strove to destroy the Church. It is lawful, I say, to resist him, by not doing what he commands, and hindering the execution of his will' (*De Rom. Pont.* ii. 29).—p. 243.

'Other, and they the highest Ultramontane theologians, hold that a Pope who teaches heresy *ipso facto* ceases to be Pope.'—p. 359.

'Now the Rock of St. Peter on its summit enjoys a pure and serene atmosphere, but there is a great deal of Roman *malaria* at the foot of it.'—p. 297.

'. . . There are partisans of Rome who have not the sanctity and wisdom of Rome herself.'—p. 300.

'Of course Mr. Gladstone means Theologians—not mere courtiers or sycophants, for the Pope cannot help having such till human nature is changed.'—p. 378.

'I am not referring to anything which took place within the walls of the Council chambers; of that of course we know nothing; but even though things occurred there which it is not pleasant to dwell upon, that would not at all affect, not by a hair's breadth, the validity of the resulting definition.'—p. 300.

'They [the minority at Ephesus] had opposed it [the definition] on the conviction that that definition gave great encouragement to religious errors in the opposite extreme to those which it condemned; and, in fact, I think that, Though anxious as to the effect of his pamphlet, Newman seems to have felt the happier for having spoken out, and he left the issue with God.

The 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk' appeared in January. Its favourable reception among Catholics was immediate and marked. He writes to Lord Blachford within a week of its appearance:

'Feb. 5th, 1875.

'Of course I was much interested with your remarks on my letter, which you can fancy I was most reluctant to write. But I was bound to write from my duty to those many men who had been more or less influenced in their conversion by my own conversion—and whom I fancied saying to me, "Is this what you have let us in for?" And I certainly have had my reward on the other hand from the old Catholics,[1]

humanly speaking, the peril was extreme. The event proved it to be so, when twenty years afterwards another Council was held under the successors of the majority at Ephesus and carried triumphantly those very errors whose eventual success had been predicted by the minority.'—p. 306.

'Though the Holy Ghost has always been present in the Church to hinder error in her definitions, and in consequence they are all most true and consistent, yet it is not therefore to be denied that God, when any matters have to be defined, requires of the Church a co-operation and investigation of those matters, and that, in proportion to the quality of men who meet together in councils, to the investigation and diligence which is applied, and the greater or less experience and knowledge which is possessed more at one time than at other times, definitions more or less perspicuous are drawn up and matters are defined more exactly and completely' (quoted from *Molina*).—p. 307.

'"Faith justifies when it works," or "there is no religion where there is no charity," may be taken in a good sense; but each proposition is condemned in Quesnel, because it is false as he uses it.'—p. 295.

'None but the Schola Theologorum is competent to determine the force of Papal and Synodal utterances, and the exact interpretation of them is a work of time.'—p. 176.

'. . . Instances frequently occur, when it is successfully maintained by some new writer, that the Pope's act does not imply what it has seemed to imply, and questions which seemed to be closed, are after a course of years re-opened.'—p. 333.

'. . . I think it a usurpation, too wicked to be comfortably dwelt upon, when individuals use their own private judgment, in the discussion of religious questions, not simply "abundare in suo sensu," but for the purpose of anathematizing the private judgment of others.'—p. 346.

He speaks of 'that principle of minimizing so necessary, as I think, for a wise and cautious theology.'—p. 332.

These passages should all be read in their context. They are none of them directed against even the most generous recognition of the Pope's powers as set forth by the majority of theologians, but against exaggerations which he held to be untheological and impossible to maintain in serious controversy.

[1] The hereditary Catholics as contrasted with the converts were spoken of as 'old Catholics.'

from Bishops, Jesuits, Dominicans, and various clergy, who have with one voice concurred in what I have written, as a whole and in its separate parts.

'I don't see that Gladstone's article in the *Quarterly* (tho' I have not seen it yet) touches me, as certainly it does not personally affect me. If in private "the Pope's lackies" (as St. Francis de Sales calls them) butter the Pope, and he, an old cruelly treated man allows it, and Gladstone comes down upon the Don Pasquales (is not that the name?) who publish all this to the world, I leave Don P. to answer Gladstone, and consider it no business of mine.'

The success of the pamphlet in the end surpassed Newman's most sanguine expectations. One circumstance helped largely to disarm opposition in a quarter where it was to have been expected. The subject was especially W. G. Ward's, and strong theological opposition from the *Dublin Review* would have been most unfortunate. Newman had considered this. With extraordinary skill, while maintaining the substance of Father Ryder's position in his 'Idealism and Theology' and its practical outcome, he had so stated the case as apparently to leave W. G. Ward's main abstract principles intact. Newman did not insist primarily on denying to this or that Pontifical document the character of an *ex cathedra* utterance, but rather argued that the determination as to precisely what was defined irreformably in such utterances appertained solely to the Schola Theologorum and was a matter of time. The issue he chiefly dwelt on was not the authority of this or that Pontifical document, but the precise scope of what it determined. His plea was for interpretation by experts after full discussion. The result was that W. G. Ward—whose main contest with Ryder had ostensibly turned only on the question What Papal utterances are *ex cathedra?*—finding his own principle apparently conceded, was far from critical as to details. He spoke in the *Dublin Review* with great cordiality of Newman's pamphlet, and expressly denied that its positions could be charged with the 'minimising' tendency he had denounced. This gave the note for others who belonged to his school of thought, and the pamphlet was welcomed almost without a dissentient voice.

Newman had sent his pamphlet to W. G. Ward at the outset with a letter in explanation of the few passages in which he had alluded expressly to Ward's attitude in terms of strong disapproval. 'Bear with me where I allude to you,' he wrote. He added that, if he wrote at all, he must in conscience say out what he had felt so strongly, and that he had ever recognised and admired Ward's own straightforwardness, while he deplored his extreme views. The letter was signed 'with much affection, yours most sincerely,' and Ward, with his curious combination of sensitive love of Newman with public opposition to his ecclesiastical policy complained to his friends that the 'yours affectionately' of so many years was dropped. He wrote a sad reply, declaring that, since his breach with his old leader, he had felt himself a kind of 'intellectual orphan.'[1] After the publication in the *Dublin Review* of Ward's friendly review of the 'Letter,' Newman wrote him a letter of thanks both for the review itself and for appreciative and affectionate references to his writings in the *Dublin*, which in the heat of controversy he had overlooked until Bishop Ullathorne had at this time called his attention to them. The 'yours affectionately' reappeared in this letter, and although Ward later on published an *apologia* for the policy of the *Dublin Review* which Newman had deplored, active opposition between them was henceforth at an end.

Newman was eager to claim allies among the trained theologians, and welcomed an argument from Canon Neville of Maynooth, which took up ground somewhat different from his own, yet supported one of his conclusions. Some of his friends, who found his own arguments more persuasive than those of Dr. Neville, misunderstood his acquiescence in the Maynooth professor's argument—as we see in the following letter:

To Lord Blachford.

'The Oratory: Ap. 11, 1875.

'My dear Blachford,—. . . As to my pamphlet, what you say of its success agrees, to my surprise as well as my pleasure, with what I hear from others. What surprises me most is its success among my own people. I had for a long time been urged by my friends to write—but I persisted in saying that

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[1] The text of this letter is given in the Appendix at p. 565.

I would not go out of my way to do so. When Gladstone wrote, I saw it was now or never, and I had so vivid an apprehension that I should get into a great trouble and rouse a great controversy round me, that I was most unwilling to take up my pen. I had made a compact with myself, that, if I did write, I would bring out my whole mind, and specially speak out on the subject of what I had in a private letter called an "insolent and aggressive faction"—so that I wrote and printed, I may say, in much distress of mind. Yet nothing happened such as I had feared. For instance, Ward is unsaying in print some of his extravagances, and a priest who with others has looked at me with suspicion and is a good specimen of his class, writes to me, "I hope everybody will read it and re-read it. . . I may also congratulate you that you have carried with you the Catholic mind of England, and made us feel but one pulse of Ultramontane sympathy beating in our body—May God give you length of days &c." In Ireland Cardinal Cullen spoke of me in the warmest terms in his Lent Pastoral, read in all the churches of his diocese, and my friend Dr. Russell of Maynooth, who had been frightened at the possible effect of some of my pages, wrote to me, after being present at a great gathering of bishops and priests from all parts of Ireland, on occasion of Archbishop Leahy's funeral, that I had nothing to fear, for there was but one unanimous voice there, and that was in my favour.

'Of course as time goes on "the clouds may return after the rain"—but anyhow I have cause for great thankfulness—and I trust that now I may be allowed to die in peace. Old age is very cowardly—at least so I find it to be.

'As to Canon Neville's passage, you must recollect what a strong thing it is to tell the party spirit, and the enthusiasm, and the sentiment unreasoning and untheological, of Catholics, that the Pope is ever to be disobeyed—not to speak of the political partisans of his cause and the tyranny of newspaper editors. To quote a Maynooth professor who could say that the Pope need not be obeyed in the critical case of an English war against him, that his command was to be resisted on *any* motive, for *any* reason, that this was the *rule* in such a case, was to possess a great ally, who would block any attack, any annoyance, which my words might have caused. Recollect, the contract under which soldiers are bound holds as soon as it is found to be lawful. And Canon Neville's argument secures its legality. Nor did I at all mean, as the *Saturday* thinks, to *withdraw* my *own* ground.

'The Jesuits, as usual, have stood my friends. One of them only, F. Botalla, without the sympathy of the body, has made, in a Liverpool paper, five charges against me—but we have stood to our guns and all but silenced him.

'I don't forget that you have done all in your power to get me to Devonshire, but an old man is a coward in physical action as well as in moral; I am afraid of accidents. During that week last September when I was away from home I had or nearly had two. In the dark, getting out of the railway carriage, my foot dived into the space between the carriage and the platform—and on getting out of a chaise I fell and barely escaped its wheel. And besides, why I don't know, I am always well at home, scarcely ever when I leave it.

'I am so grieved at what you say of your sister. She is before me as she was near forty years ago, when last I saw her. What a dream life is! Ever yours affly,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'[1]

Mr. Gladstone published a second pamphlet in April, and Newman rejoined in a postscript which further explained and developed some of the positions he had maintained in his letter.

The success of the 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk' led Newman to feel that the work of Monsignor Fessler, Secretary-General to the Vatican Council, on 'True and False Infallibility,' of which he had made effective use in his pamphlet, ought to be available for English readers. Ambrose St. John threw himself with energy into the work of translating it. He knew—as perhaps none of the other Fathers did—how deeply Newman had at heart the work of spreading a strictly theological analysis of Catholic doctrine, such as would win the wider and deeper minds of the coming generation. It was a moment of great and unexpected success and bright hope. And then suddenly came a blow, crushing and overwhelming. St. John broke down from overwork. There were fears lest he might permanently lose his reason. Then for a moment there were hopes of recovery—followed by his death, which was sudden at the last, at Rednal in May. Of this loss of the dearest friend of his later life Newman writes as follows to Lord Blachford:

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[1] Further letters relative to the *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk* and Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet will be found in the Appendix at p. 559.

'The Oratory: May 31, 1875.

'My dear Blachford,—I cannot use many words, but I quite understand the kind affectionateness of your letter just come. I answer it first of the large collection of letters which keen sympathy with me and deep sorrow for their loss in Ambrose St. John have caused so many friends to write to me. I cannot wonder that, after he has been given me for so long a time as 32 years, he should be taken from me. Sometimes I have thought that, like my patron saint St. John, I am destined to survive all my friends.

'From the first he loved me with an intensity of love, which was unaccountable. At Rome 28 years ago he was always so working for and relieving me of all trouble, that being young and Saxon-looking, the Romans called him my Angel Guardian. As far as this world was concerned I was his first and last. He has not intermitted this love for an hour up to his last breath. At the beginning of his illness he showed in various ways that he was thinking of and for me. That illness which threatened permanent loss of reason, which, thank God, he has escaped, arose from his overwork in translating Fessler, which he did for me to back up my letter to the Duke of Norfolk. I had no suspicion of this overwork of course, but which reminds me that, at that time, startled at the great and unexpected success of my pamphlet, I said to him, "We shall have some great penance to balance this good fortune."

'There was on April 28 a special High Mass at the Passionists two miles from this. He thought he ought to be there, and walked in a scorching sun to be there in time. He got a sort of stroke. He never was himself afterwards. A brain fever came on. After the crisis, the doctor said he was recovering—he got better every day—we all saw this. On his last morning he parted with great impressiveness from an old friend, once one of our lay brothers, who had been with him through the night. The latter tells us that he had in former years watched, while with us, before the Blessed Sacrament, but he had never felt Our Lord so near him, as during that night. He says that his (A.'s) face was so beautiful; both William Neville and myself had noticed that at different times; and his eyes, when he looked straight at us, were brilliant as jewels. It was the *expression*, which was so sweet, tender, and beseeching. When his friend left him in the morning, Ambrose smiled on him and kissed his forehead, as if he was taking leave of him. Mind, we all of us thought him getting better every day. When the doctor came, he said the improvement was far beyond his expectation. He said "From this time he knows all you say to him," though alas he could not speak. I have not time to go through that day, when we were so jubilant. In the course of it, when he was sitting on the side of his bed, he got hold of me and threw his arm over my shoulder and brought me to him so closely, that I said in joke "He will give me a stiff neck." So he held me for some minutes, I at length releasing myself from not understanding, as *he* did, why he so clung to me. Then he got hold of my hand and clasped it so tightly as really to frighten me, for he had done so once before when he was not himself. I had to get one of the others present to unlock his fingers, ah! little thinking what he meant. At 7 P.M. when I rose to go, and said "Good-bye, I shall find you much better to-morrow," he smiled on me with an expression which I could not and cannot understand. It was sweet and sad and perhaps perplexed, but I cannot interpret it. But it was our parting. W. N. says he called me back as I was leaving the room, but I do not recollect it.

'About midnight I was awakened at the Oratory, with a loud rapping at the door, and the tidings that a great change had taken place in him. We hurried off at once, but he had died almost as soon as the messenger started. He had been placed or rather had placed himself with great deliberation and self-respect in his bed—they had tucked him up, and William Neville was just going to give him some arrowroot when he rose upon his elbow, fell back and died.

'I daresay Church and Copeland, and Lord Coleridge, will like to see this—will you let them?

'Ever yours affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

His friends among the holy women dedicated to the religious life gave him a sympathy which he gratefully appreciated.

To Mother Imelda Poole, the Prioress of the Dominicans, he writes:

'I thank God for having given him to me for so long.

'I thank Him for taking him away when there was a chance for him of a living death.

'I thank Him for having given me this warning to make haste myself and prepare for His coming.'

He writes to Sister Maria Pia:

'What a faithful friend he has been to me for 32 years! yet there are others as faithful. What a wonderful mercy it is to me that God has given me so many faithful friends! He has never left me without support at trying times. How much you did for me in the Achilli trial, (and at other times) and I have never thanked you, as I ought to have done. This sometimes oppresses me—as if I was very ungrateful. You truly say that you have seen my beginning, middle, and end. Since his death, I have been reproaching myself for not expressing to *him* how much I felt *his* love—and I write this lest I should feel the same about you, should it be God's will that I should outlive you.[1] I have above mentioned the Achilli matter, but that is only one specimen of the devotion, which by word and deed and prayer, you have been continually showing towards me most unworthy. I hope I don't write too small for your eyes.'

There are allusions to his loss—for the most part brief and significant in their brevity—in many letters of this time.

He writes to Miss Holmes: 'This is the greatest affliction I have had in my life, and so sudden. Pray for him and for me.' 'I doubt not,' he writes to another friend, 'or rather perceive, that this most severe blow was necessary to prepare me for death, for nothing short of it could wean me from life.' To another he says: 'I do not expect ever to get over the loss I have had. It is like an open wound which in old men cannot be healed.'

For a moment, in a letter of June 5 to Father Walford, he allows himself to dwell a little more fully on the thought of the past.

To the Rev. John Walford, S.J.

'The Oratory: June 2, 1875.

'I cannot be surprised that after so long a period as thirty-two years Our Lord should recall what He had given me. Was it not wonderful that, when I was stripped of friends, God should have given me just one who was ever to be faithful to me and to supply all needs to me? In 1847 at Rome they used to call him, as being fair and Saxon-looking, my Angel Guardian, and certainly he has been to me "Azarias the son of Ananias." This, of course, made me love him; but what has so greatly moved me and made me fear that I shall be so far below him if I ever get to Heaven that he will not notice me, is his fulness in good works. He was ever doing something good. I could not take a walk with him except on Sundays, for he was always visiting the sick or the like, when he went out. He seemed never to have recreation when he was at home,—though his asthma, &c., forced him from time to time abroad—so punctual [was he] in his devotions; and again in his studies; and he was ever doing too much in the school. In this illness, he took up with him to Ravenhurst some work of St. John of the Cross to translate—and what was the cause of his illness and death was his translation of Fessler in the midst of other work.'

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[1] He did outlive her. Miss Giberne died in December 1885.

After Ambrose St. John's death others may have seemed lesser events by comparison; but they came, and they deepened the sorrows of Newman's declining years. William Wilberforce went in the summer; so too did the faithful matron of the Oratory School, Mrs. Wootten. Father Caswall in the following year was pronounced by the doctors to be hopelessly ill. Others, once his friends, though now either long separated from him or estranged, passed away—as Richard Simpson and J. D. Dalgairns. Newman's letters dwell constantly on these losses. A new degree of sadness and solemnity is apparent in them, little relieved by brighter thoughts.

TO LORD BLACHFORD.

'August 10th, 1875.

'. . . I was in London on my way to Surbiton to bid farewell to W. Wilberforce and his wife. They both have had strokes of paralysis—but hers is a gradual decay, while he (as it appears) will be carried off suddenly. He feels very much being stripped of all his brothers, and nearly all his friends. It is 48 years this month since I made his acquaintance at Hampstead, when I was coaching Henry Wilberforce and Golightly (aged both of them 20 I think) before I knew you. Her I have known in a way for 70 years, for my grandmother's house was next to her father's and the children in that way got acquainted—nearly all I recollect about it, however, is the boys sending off a rocket on the 5th of November.

'W. W.'s little son, whom you recollect a fair-haired little boy, has the look of an elderly man, seamed in face, and with the effect of having lost his teeth. The grandson is a fine tall fellow of (say) 24. Thus "one generation passeth away and another cometh" and everyone is his own centre as if he were not one of a throng—and it is all *vanitas vanitatum.*'

To Sister Mary Gabriel.

'December 27, 1875.

'You refer to St. John's age. Yes, I often think, can it be God's will that, as the beloved disciple outlived all his brethren, I too am to have a portion of that special cross of his? Dear Mrs. Poncia, who went so unexpectedly two years ago, used to say on this day to me "Many, many returns of it": I used to answer, "You don't wish me to outlive you all"—and she answered, "Yes, till 90 or 100 years"—Then I said, "O how cruel!"

'Of late I have often thought whether it was God's will that I should have the trial of seeing those I loved die before me—but it was a very ungrateful thought to be suggested to me by God's great mercy in keeping me so well in health. Was it not enough to provoke Him to visit me with sickness and suffering? Well, I am in His Hands—and I can but repeat what I found among dear Father Ambrose's morning prayers, "Do with me what Thou wilt; I shall ever be in peace if I live and die in Thy love."

'May God be with you also as He has been with me; not only for 25 years, but, as He has been with you for so long a time, so also to the end—and with me too, till we all meet in the bosom of our God.'

To Sister Maria Pia.

'I am now entering a series of anniversaries of friends. Tomorrow, the 19th, died my oldest friend, Richard Westmacott—on the 21st my greatest school friend, Hans Hamilton—on the 22nd Samuel Wood—on the 23rd Henry Wilberforce—on the 24th Henry Woodgate—and on May 1st Isaac Williams.

'Only may we be ready, when our time comes!'

To Mother Imelda Poole.

'December 29, 1876.

'We are losing one of our great props, to speak humanly, Father Caswall. He is one of four who one after another have generously thrown themselves and all they had into my hands—and whose loyalty and love God only can repay—my dear Father Ambrose St. John, Father Joseph Gordon, Mrs. Wootten, and Father Caswall. Three have gone, the fourth is going. I trust they may do something for me according to God's Blessed Will in compensation for my bereavement in losing them. And when am I to join them? What a thick darkness is over the future! Pray that I may be ready whenever the time comes.'

To Sister Maria Pia.

'The Oratory: Jan. 22, 1878.

'It is natural that you should look with anxiety towards the future. The better you are, the more will the prospect before you be solemn. Again, the older you are, the more you realize what is to come. To younger people the unseen state is a matter of words—but as to people of our age they say to themselves, "For what I know I shall be in that unknown state tomorrow—" and that is very awful.

'So you must not allow yourself to be disturbed—but the more you feel that you have to give an account, you must look in faith, hope and love, towards our Lord Jesus, the Supreme Lover of souls, and your abiding Strength, towards the Blessed Virgin, and to St. Francis. They won't forsake you in your extremity, and your Guardian Angel will be faithful to the end. . . .'

His general gloom in these years showed itself in melancholy thoughts concerning the future of the world and the immediate prospects of the Church. His keen eye discerned the spread of principles, in the society of the day, which must issue in the widespread decay of Christian belief and in all the sadness of a world of sorrow without hope, which those who hailed the prospect as an emancipation realised so little. The following letters are samples of many such belonging to this period:

To Mrs. Maskell.

'The Oratory: Jan. 4, 1876.

'I thank you very much for your most kind letter, and reciprocate your good wishes for the New Year with all my heart, both as regards yourself and Mr. Maskell. The beginning of the year has always something very impressive in it, from the darkness which closes it in and only retreats day by day. Such mystery, though exciting in the case of the young and vigorous, has a very different effect upon us when we have got old—but, just at this time, its most solemn thought is when it is dwelt upon in connection with the fortunes of the Church. What a future, what awful events lie under that cloud. I don't mean as to happen in this very year, but as awaiting their birth in the years which lie before us. I don't know if you are well acquainted with the "Christian Year"—if so, you will know that present always to the Author's mind was "the awful future as it nearer draws"—and though I don't mean to say that the end is coming, at least we are soon to enter upon a new cycle of sacred history. Also, we are told that, when the end actually does come, there will be the same high hopes, promise of good, jubilation, mutual congratulations, prosperity, and self confidence, to the virtual or actual denial of God, which is at present so rife and so growing.'

To the Same.

'The Oratory: Jan. 6th, 1877.

'As to the prospects of the Church, as to which you ask my opinion, you know old men are generally desponding—but my apprehensions are not new, but above 50 years standing. I have all that time thought that a time of wide-spread infidelity was coming, and through all those years the waters have in fact been rising as a deluge. I look for the time, after my life, when only the tops of the mountains will be seen like islands in the waste of waters. I speak principally of the Protestant world—but great actions and successes must be achieved by the Catholic leaders, great wisdom as well as courage must be given them from on high, if Holy Church is to (be) kept safe from this awful calamity, and, though any trial which came upon her would but be temporary, it may be fierce in the extreme while it lasts.'

To Dr. Noble.

'June 16th, 1877.

'Thank you for your thoughtful and valuable paper. The spread of scepticism is portentous—and the great mischief is that there is a general antecedent leaning to the side of unbelief, as the more reasonable and probable. A notion prevails that great changes are coming, so that men believe atheism before they have discovered revelation. As you say, Authority at least has a claim that the *onus probandi* should not be thrown upon its side. You are taking at Manchester a more useful and important line for your Academia, than they have chosen in London, as it seems to me.'

To Mr. A. H. Cullen.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: July 12th, 1877.

'Your letter is a very good one—very much to the point and deserving a serious answer, but that answer cannot be given in few words.

'It is quite true that Christianity should be far more effective to make men what it preaches than it is. This will not always be so, if we interpret the prophecies rightly—but that it was to be so at least at first, and for a season, is plain from our Lord's and St. Paul's intimations. Our Lord speaks of the Church as a net which gathered all kinds of fishes, good and bad; of the sower and his failures; of the wheat and cockle; of the foolish virgins; of the evil servant who ate and drank with drunkards. St. Paul of dangerous times, when men shall be covetous, without affection, incontinent, &c., &c. And the Corinthians, his converts, were guilty of sins which are marvellous in their strangeness under the circumstances.

'Then as to Catholics being worse than Protestants, &c., I think you must recollect that the *corruptio optimi est pessima*. And in our Lord's day, though "salvation was of the Jews," they seem to have been as a people in a worse state than the Samaritans.

'It is a wonderful phenomenon—but I think history tells us that the fierce Goths, &c., who came down upon the Roman Empire had the moral virtues as the Roman Christians had them not.

'One is led to say that those Christian people, forming the Roman State, were visited with the scourge of God, on account of their sins.

'And one is led to fear a similar judgment for similar reasons is sweeping, or will sweep, over the Church now.

'But of course I speak under the correction of those who have a right to speak with decision.'

To Baron von Hügel.[1]

'Rednal: July 30, 1877.

'I quite understand your great anxiety. And of course you make me anxious what to say also—what to say, that is, *controversially*.

'I fear I must go very deep and say this to the friend who made such an objection. Do you or do you not believe in a Personal God and Moral Governor? If you do not, then it is useless arguing—for if there is no God, there is no Revelation, no Church.

'But if you do, then do not all such difficulties resolve themselves in the great difficulty of the origin of evil?

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[1] Baron von Hügel had consulted Dr. Newman as to the best reply to be given to one who felt that the scandals in Church history were a decisive argument against the claims of the Church.

'If indeed you say, "The existence of evil proves there is no Almighty Ruler," then, I repeat, I have not to defend Revelation, for if there is no God, there is no Revelation, but if there be a God in spite of the fact of evil, then why do you make an objection to particulars, which are all included in the fact of evil? What wonder, if evil is so strong as it is, that Revealed Truth should have a hard battle with it? This is indeed the Scripture account of it. It says "the world *lieth in evil*," S. John V, 19. I can quite understand, shocking as it is, a man's saying "The existence of evil by itself proves there is no God,"—*there* is the field of battle—but to argue, "the existence of evil in the Church is a proof that the Church is not from God," is not going to the root of the matter, but trifling with a mere instance of a great and fearful fact instead of going straight to that fact itself.

'The fact of evil cannot be denied—the whole of Revelation not only allows, but requires it. All through Scripture a warfare with evil is made the very *raison d'être* of a Revelation. There need have been no Revelation, except for the existence of evil. The disasters and defeats of the Church are presupposed in Scripture. A time indeed is predicted when Truth will prevail, but that time is known to God alone.

'I am always doubtful whether what I feel myself will strike another. Write to me again if you think I can say anything to the purpose. All kind thoughts of the Baroness and the little child.

'Ever yours most sincerely,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Newman's principal solace lay in work—in continuing the task of revising and editing his early writings.[1]

'Wonderful,' he writes to Dean Church, 'if I am kept to see a second generation here. I want to get through my papers, and to revise the volumes which remain as I published them, the "Prophetical Office," "Athanasius," and "Doctrinal Development," and fancy I shall then hail my *Nunc dimittis*.'

Two of the reprints referred to in this letter had special importance. The 'Essay on Development' was his greatest contribution to religious thought and also contained the main argument which brought him to the Catholic Church. It had (as we have seen) been attacked as in part at variance with the traditional teaching of the Roman schools. He had ever maintained that this view was based on a misconception. And he had ever held the argument of the Essay to be essential to any satisfactory reply to modern agnosticism. To make himself then once more responsible for its contents, by reprinting it with notes and alterations as a contribution to Catholic theology, was a step of great importance. But almost equally important in the event proved his republication of the Tracts and lectures in which he had sketched the Via Media he had marked out for the Church of England in the heyday of the Oxford Movement. He had again been speaking, as he did before writing the 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk,' as though his work were done, and he was waiting in daily expectation of his passing bell; but once more circumstances led him to break his resolution. To what he began as a reprint, with notes, of his Anglican Tracts, he was led in the end to add an introductory Essay of high importance.

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[1] From his correspondence at this time some further extracts are given in the Appendix at p. 566.

When Newman came to revise his own attack on the Roman Catholic system, written in the days of the Oxford Movement, he found that a great deal of it was sound and true. But, as he now recognised, it was in reality a criticism not on the Church itself, or on the Catholic religion, but on the action of Catholic peoples or rulers in special circumstances. Since he had been a Catholic he had himself had experiences which greatly tried him. He had therefore found consolation in recognising this distinction. And in a letter to Lord Blachford, written in 1867, he had further traced the source of his trial to another fact. The Catholic Church was a body politic, as well as the maintainer of a special creed and theology. The ecclesiastical rulers had to consider the life of devotion among the many, and the interests of order and of self-defence for the community, as well as accuracy in the intellectual statement of beliefs involved in the Catholic religion. Rule, devotion, and theology were three separate aspects of Catholic life, each necessary, and yet often having conflicting interests. He regarded his very latest trial—namely, the events accompanying the Vatican Council—as a case illustrative of this general fact. The doctrine of Papal Infallibility had been, he complained, regarded by a certain party as a 'luxury of devotion.' It supplied a great rallying cry, and made for loyal devotion and *esprit de corps*. The definition was, moreover, held to be an important practical step in the existing state of ecclesiastical politics—a check on the dangerous 'Liberal Catholic' movement in Germany, which apart from its more scientific aspect was sometimes marked by a censorious and even disloyal attitude towards the Roman See; and this was a moment when Rome was in trouble and needed a united phalanx of defenders. Thus the interests of rule and of devotion were in favour of the definition. And Newman's complaint had been that the interests of intellectual accuracy—the exhibition of the consistency of the dogma with acknowledged theological principles and historical facts—had been inadequately attended to. Conflicting interests had been apparent in his earlier trials also. In the difficulties presented in his early Catholic life by the Oratorian Saints' Lives also, the interests of popular devotion had been on one side, those of scientific treatment of evidence on the other. Athwart both these interests had come a third—guarded especially by the Bishops—namely, prudent rule and consideration for the feelings of the hereditary English Catholics, to whom foreign devotional literature appeared extravagant. Again, the rule of Propaganda, which he had regarded as at times injurious to intellectual interests, arose from England's holding technically the position of a missionary country. The same system did not act badly in other missionary countries where the condition of society was ruder. This was again an instance of rules made for the Church as a polity proving injurious to theological efficiency.

The whole modern Ultramontane movement, inaugurated by Joseph de Maistre, was indeed largely one of sentimental loyalty to the central authority, affecting devotion and rule far more than theology. Critics external to the Church identified these several interests. Ultramontanism was spoken of as aggressive. Regarded as a theology the term was quite inapplicable. The doctrine was that of the gentle Fénelon, and Newman himself had ever held it. It was not more aggressive than Gallicanism in its typical representatives. Bossuet was certainly not less militant than his great rival. It was the attempt to utilise Ultramontane doctrine in the cause of undue centralisation, and practically to suspend the functions of the theological schools, which was aggressive and tyrannical in Newman's eyes. And this was a defect not of the doctrine itself or of Catholic theology as such, but of over-enthusiastic individual rulers and followers. It did not relate to the Catholic creed or its analysis, but to the Catholic polity and its action. If there was much in the existing state of the Church that was trying to one like Newman, to whom the interests of exact and deep Christian thought as a breakwater against infidelity were all-important, this did not, provided that the above distinctions were kept clear, cast any slur on the truth and sanctity of the Catholic religion. Yet friends and foes alike were apt to lose sight of such distinctions, and to identify interests which were in reality disparate. They were apt to regard the militant action of a Church in time of persecution, as normal, and due rather to the nature of the Catholic religion than to the circumstances of the time.

Owing to the fact that intellectual interests were not, in his opinion, given full and fair play, Newman had hitherto considered, as we have seen, that it was only in the shape of polemical writing, rebutting the exaggerated charges of outsiders, that he could successfully advocate a wider and more comprehensive view than was generally current. It was as the advocate of the Catholic cause against its critics rather than of the interests of theological accuracy, that he could best carry with him the sympathy of his co-religionists. He had done so successfully in 1864 in answer to Kingsley. He had done so again in 1866 in reply to Pusey, and yet again in 1875 in answer to Gladstone. Now there was indeed no eminent living assailant of the Catholic Church to reply to. But in reading, with a view to their republication, the old Tracts of 1837, he found in his dead Anglican self the foe whom he sought. He prefixed to the republished Tracts —which he entitled 'Via Media'—an introduction of high interest and value, called by him only a 'preface,' and inserted with no display and little suggestion of its special importance. In it he mapped out the plan of the Church, drawing the all-important distinction between the three fields of Catholic action.

'Christianity,' he wrote in this Prefatory Essay, 'is at once a philosophy, a political power, and a religious rite; as a religion it is Holy; as a philosophy, it is Apostolic; as a political power, it is imperial, that is One and Catholic. As a religion, its special centre of action is pastor and flock; as a philosophy, the Schools; as a rule, the Papacy and its Curia.

'Though it has exercised these three functions in substance from the first, they were developed in their full proportions one after another, in a succession of centuries; first, in the primitive time it was recognised as a worship, springing up and spreading in the lower ranks of society, and among the ignorant and dependent, and making its power felt by the heroism of its Martyrs and confessors. Then it seized upon the intellectual and cultivated class, and created a theology and schools of learning. Lastly it seated itself, as an ecclesiastical polity, among princes, and chose Rome for its centre.

'Truth is the guiding principle of theology and theological inquiries; devotion and edification, of worship; and of government, expedience. The instrument of theology is reasoning; of worship, our emotional nature; of rule, command and coercion. Further, in man as he is, reasoning tends to rationalism; devotion to superstition and enthusiasm; and power to ambition and tyranny.

'Arduous as are the duties involved in these three offices, to discharge one by one, much more arduous are they to administer, when taken in combination. Each of the three has its separate scope and direction; each has its own interests to promote and further; each has to find room for the claims of the other two; and each will find its own line of action influenced and modified by the others, nay, sometimes in a particular case the necessity of the others converted into a rule of duty for itself.

'"Who," in St. Paul's words, "is sufficient for these things?" Who, even with divine aid, shall successfully administer offices so independent of each other, so divergent, and so conflicting? What line of conduct, except on the long, the very long run, is at once edifying, expedient, and true? Is it not plain, that, if one determinate course is to be taken by the Church, acting at once in all three capacities, so opposed to each other in their idea, that course must, as I have said, be deflected from the line which would be traced out by any one of them, if viewed by itself, or else the requirements of one or two sacrificed to the interests of the third?

What for instance, is to be done in a case when to enforce a theological point, as the Schools determine it, would make a particular population less religious, not more so, or cause riots or risings? Or when to defend a champion of ecclesiastical liberty in one country would encourage an Anti-Pope, or hazard a general persecution, in another? or when either a schism is to be encountered or an opportune truth left undefined?

'All this was foreseen certainly by the Divine Mind, when He committed to His Church so complex a mission; and, by promising her infallibility in her formal teaching, He indirectly protected her from serious error in worship and political action also. This aid, however, great as it is, does not secure her from all dangers as regards the problem which she has to solve; nothing but the gift of impeccability granted to her authorities would secure them from all liability to mistake in their conduct, policy, words and decisions, in her legislative and her executive, in ecclesiastical and disciplinarian details; and such a gift they have not received. In consequence, however well she may perform her duties on the whole, it will always be easy for her enemies to make a case against her, well founded or not, from the action or interaction, or the chronic collisions or contrasts, or the temporary suspense or delay, of her administration, in her three several departments of duty,—her government, her devotions, and her schools,—from the conduct of her rulers, her divines, her pastors, or her people.'

The interests of devotion, in so far as devotion depends on preserving the most fundamental religious beliefs, are the most essential. The securing of intellectual accuracy in matters less fundamental is not so important. The first condition of the influence of religion, is to preserve for the many their hold on the reality of the world behind the veil and their general trust in Christianity. Such fundamental beliefs are protected for them by the existing theology. The customary interpretation of Holy Writ, and the well-worn explanations in the theological text-books, become for many minds, by force of habit, inseparably bound up with their faith in the supernatural. To throw doubt on this or that detail in the existing structure by introducing novel opinions might be (Newman argues) for such minds to shake or destroy the whole —truth and incidental error alike. Great caution was thus a duty when questioning long-accepted views as to the meaning of Holy Writ, lest the faith of the many should be imperilled. Views which have long been in possession must not be lightly set aside on the strength of ingenious scientific hypotheses.

'To the devotional mind,' he writes, 'what is new and strange is as repulsive, often as dangerous, as falsehood is to the scientific. Novelty is often error to those who are unprepared for it, from the refraction with which it enters into their conceptions.'

As to the upsetting effect on faith, of new discoveries at variance with traditionary beliefs, the Galileo case was the stock instance which he naturally quoted. And it could ever be used with effect for more than one reason. It brought about in its time a change as drastic in the received theological opinions, and in the interpretation of Scripture, as any which the more recent scientific hypotheses demanded. The theologians long resisted the change. They finally yielded. Thus the incident was an excellent illustration, at once of the conservative genius of Catholic theology as against mere hypothesis, and yet of its capacity to so far modify its seemingly uncompromising attitude as eventually to assimilate those hypotheses should they become proved facts.

Newman loyally defended a certain reserve and tenderness for the weak, in conducting theological discussions. Nevertheless he plainly indicated his own view that the danger of the time in which he lived lay in carrying this principle too far. 'I know well,' he writes, 'that "all things have their season," and that there is not only "a time to keep silence," but "a time to speak," and that, in some states of society, such as our own, it is the worst charity, and the most provoking, irritating rule of action, and the most unhappy policy, not to speak out, not to suffer to be spoken out, all that there is to say. Such speaking out is under such circumstances the triumph of religion, whereas concealment, accommodation, and evasion is to co-operate with the spirit of error;—but it is not always so.'

Now again, as when he replied to Gladstone, if he wrote at all on these great questions he held it to be his duty to express his dissatisfaction with the polemics of some of his co-religionists. Hence we find in the Preface the following significant sentence:

'It is so ordered on high that in our day Holy Church should present just that aspect to my countrymen which is most consonant with their ingrained prejudices against her, most unpromising for their conversion; and what can one writer do against this misfortune?'

The Preface to the 'Via Media' (as he called the republished lectures) naturally did not arouse any such wide attention as the 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk' had called forth. But it was well received among Catholics, the Jesuits in the *Month* and W. G. Ward in the *Dublin Review* speaking of it with special admiration.

At the end of 1877, while Newman was still hard at work, feeling that his time was short, and anxious before he died to complete the revision of all his works, there came amid the sorrows of loss the happier accompaniments of extreme old age—namely, the tokens of public recognition of his life of devotion and high example.

His old college (Trinity) made him an honorary Fellow;[1] R. W. Church announced another mark of honour shortly to come from Oriel. Mr. James Bryce was eager to present to him his picture painted by a great artist—Mr. Ouless. A similar request came from his own parishioners in Birmingham. Gladstone referred to him in a public speech in terms which were so laudatory as to seem to him extravagant. 'Although,' he writes to Church, 'I am truly grateful for Gladstone's kindness, I am frightened at it. It was to most men's apprehensions out of place, and I dread a reaction.'

But these manifestations of respect and sympathy did something to soothe one of his temperament amid all the heavy trials of advancing life. 'I do not know when I have been so much pleased,' he writes of the offer from Trinity. But before accepting it he notified the occurrence to his Bishop, Dr. Ullathorne, giving him thereby an opportunity of raising any objection to his acceptance of what was offered if he saw one.

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[1] Mr. Raper, now Senior Fellow of Trinity, first suggested this graceful compliment. The thought came to him, he tells me, when looking at Newman's picture in the Common room.

'The Oratory: Dec. 18, 1877.

'My dear Lord,—I have just received a great compliment, perhaps the greatest I have ever received, and I don't like not to tell you of it one of the first.

'My old College, Trinity College, where I was an undergraduate from the age of 16 to 21, till I gained a Fellowship at Oriel, has made me an Honorary Fellow of their Society. Of course it involves no duties, rights or conditions, not even that of belonging to the University, certainly not that of having a vote as Master of Arts, but it is a mark of extreme kindness to me from men I have never seen, and it is the only instance of their exercising their power since it was given them.

'Trinity College has been the one and only seat of my affections at Oxford, and to see once more, before I am taken away, what I never thought I should see again, the place where I began the battle of life, with my good angel by my side, is a prospect almost too much for me to bear.

'I have been considering for these two days, since the offer came to me, whether there would be any inconsistency in my accepting it, but it is so pure a compliment in its very title that I do not see that I need fear its being interpreted by the world as anything else.

'Begging your Lordship's blessing, I am your obedient and affectionate servant in Christ,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

'P.S.—The Pope made me a D.D., but I don't call an act of the Pope's a "*compliment.*"'

The new edition of the 'Essay on Development' was ready, and Newman wished to dedicate it to the Fellows of Trinity as a thankoffering for the honour they had conferred on him. His letters on this subject to R. W. Church—whom he commissioned to sound Mr. Wayte, the President, as to how far the offering would be acceptable to the college—are very characteristic in their minute thoughtfulness for others, and as showing Newman's desire to do precisely what would be most agreeable to all those concerned as well as what was congenial to his own grateful feelings.

'The Oratory: Decr. 20, 1877.

'My dear Church,—A happy Xmas to you and yours. The Trinity Fellows have made me an Honorary Fellow of their Society. The first they ever made.

'Yours affectly
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

To the Same.

'*Private.* Jan. 21, 1878.

'I am on the point of publishing afresh a volume, which, having no dedication, I thought I would ask leave to dedicate to the President of Trinity.

'This seemed to me a bright thought—but soon came a fatal obstacle, as I fear—not simply is it a work in favour of the Church of Rome—for in the Dedication I might have parried this difficulty, but it is my Essay on Development of Doctrine, which though from beginning to end grave and argumentative, just *at* the beginning and *at* the end is not so.

'Now it would be a sad damper for me to offer it and Wayte to be obliged to decline it. Yet on the other hand it is just possible that, if I passed the idea over, he, at some future time on hearing it, might say "Why did you not tell me? I should not have cared for it at all." But *I* in *his* position think I *should* decline it, and that for two reasons.

'I should say

'1. "Dr. Newman will make people think he is beginning a crusade."

'2. "It is unfair to Trinity College, and will do it harm in the world. It interprets their generous act in the Papistical sense."

'If you take this view with me I shall quite acquiesce in it.

'I send a sketch of the proposed Dedication, and of the beginning and the end of my book.'

To the Same.

'Jany. 23, 1878.

'I return Mr. Ouless's letter. These honours, if you are right about Oriel, have a great significancy in them. To use sacred words, they are an anointing for the burial,—and when I think that, when the curtain is drawn, the first will be last and the last first, the prospect makes one dizzy.

'Since I wrote to you the day before yesterday, it has struck me that I might do this:—print a dedication in presentation copies to the President and to Trinity Library, but in no others; the published copies having *no* dedication. In that case it would be as much a private act as "from the Author," then, in better times, if there was a new edition, the Dedication might be printed and published. Think of this.'

A visit of Mr. Wayte to Birmingham gave Newman an opportunity of consulting him directly as to the publication of the dedication of the 'Essay on Development.'

To Dean Church.

'March 1, 1878.

'I am very thankful to you, but very much ashamed, that you should for me have so laborious a day as you had the day before yesterday.

'I also write to pay you thanks for the letter from you which I found on my table on my return. Bryce rather pressed me whether I had said to you Yes or No—and I seemed to myself very ungracious to a kind questioner not to answer him. But I think you understand me, and I could not say to him what I said to you. I don't like to be made an artistic subject; and Mr. Ouless' saying he will come down here for nothing is as if he paid me for sitting. I am afraid of writing thus, lest I should say something rude—yet I want to defend myself.

'I have not told you the result of my calling on Wayte. I opened by saying that if he decided the Dedication should not be published, he would not disappoint me, for in so delicate a matter not to publish was the safest course,—and, were I in Wayte's place I should say no. Then he said "I should like to think it over, and will give you my answer by six o'clock, but at first sight I must say that I am against your publishing the Dedication."

'I left the volume with him—he returned it as he promised with a note which began thus: "My second and I hope better thoughts are that 'you should publish.' I have tried in the intervals of a meeting of business, since I saw you, to weigh pros and cons, but I will not trouble you with my reasons."

'So you will receive a copy with the Dedication in.'

The Dedication—which was thereupon published—was one of those happy efforts of this kind in which Newman had few, if any, rivals. It ran as follows:

'To the

Rev. Samuel William Wayte, B.D.,

President of Trinity College, Oxford.

'My dear President,—Not from any special interest which I anticipate you will take in this volume, or any sympathy you will feel in its argument, or intrinsic fitness of any kind in my associating you and your Fellows with it,—

'But, because I have nothing besides it to offer you, in token of my sense of the gracious compliment which you and they have paid me in making me once more a member of a college dear to me from undergraduate memories;—

'Also because of the happy coincidence, that whereas its first publication was contemporaneous with my leaving Oxford, its second becomes, by virtue of your act, contemporaneous with a recovery of my position there:—

'Therefore it is that, without your leave or your responsibility, I take the bold step of placing your name in the first pages of what, at my age, I must consider the last print or reprint on which I shall ever be engaged.

'I am, my dear President, most sincerely yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

The Trinity Fellows invited Newman to pay a visit to the college, and he did so in February. He visited his old rooms and found the walls adorned by its existing occupant with pictures of lights of the theatrical world. His former tutor, Thomas Short, was still alive, in his 89th year, and the meeting between them is remembered to have been very affecting.

Mr. James Bryce (now our Ambassador at Washington), who proposed his health in an after-dinner speech which is remembered as a masterpiece, thus recalls the event in a letter to myself:

'In response to the toast of his health he made a speech of perhaps ten minutes in length or a little more in a delightfully simple, natural and genial vein. My recollections of what he said are now unfortunately comparatively faint, but I remember the exquisite finish of his expressions and the beautiful clearness of his articulation and the sweetness of his voice. The subject was so far as I recollect mainly reminiscences of his college days at Trinity, and in particular he referred to one occasion when he went to call upon one of the former tutors who was still living, but who, if I remember right, had become so feeble in body that he was not able to come to the dinner. He was then Senior Fellow. That was Mr. Thomas Short, who was the Cardinal's senior by, I should think, 8 or 10 years. He mentioned to us that he found Mr. Short at lunch, and I remember how he entertained us by conveying indirectly and by a sort of reference that Mr. Short was lunching off lamb chops. I do not think he mentioned directly that the lunch consisted of lamb chops, but he played round the subject in such a way as to convey that lamb chops were on the table. He spoke with the greatest respect and reverence of Mr. Short, who by that time had outlived all his contemporaries. There were other pleasing little recollections of Trinity as it was in those days, but I cannot at this moment recollect the substance of them.

'What struck us most was the mixture of sadness and pleasure with which he came among us and recalled his early days. The reference in one of his writings to his rooms in the college and to a plant of snapdragon which grew upon the wall opposite the window of the room in which he lived, on what we used to call the "kitchen staircase" will occur to your readers. I think the reference is in the "Apologia."

'There was something tenderly pathetic to us younger people in seeing the old man come again, after so many eventful years, to the hall where he had been wont to sit as a youth, the voice so often heard in St. Mary's retaining, faint though it had grown, the sweet modulations Oxford knew so well, and the aged face worn deep with the lines of thought, struggle and sorrow. The story of a momentous period in the history of the University and of religion in England seemed to be written there.'

Miss Giberne, eager to hear all about this memorable visit to Oxford, wrote to him for particulars and impressions, reminding him of a graphic account by St. John Chrysostom of some of his own experiences, and hoping that Newman would tell with similar fulness the story of the Oxford visit. She received the following very characteristic reply:

'The Oratory: In Fest. S. Joseph, 1878.

'My dear Sister M. Pia,—Your letter just received made me both sigh and smile. I can only say with the "needy knife grinder," "Story? heaven bless you, I have none to tell you—" I assure you I made no record of my feelings when I went to Oxford, and recollect nothing. I know it was a trial to me and a pleasure—but I could not say more, if you put me on the rack. And, when you talk of my writing, you must recollect that it is trouble to me to write now, a trouble both to head and hand—and, there are so many letters which I am obliged to write, that, unless necessary, I shirk it.

'Now I might sit for an hour till I had bitten the top of my pen holder off, without being able to put down on paper my "impressions, pains and joys and reception." If, "like St. John Chrysostom," I was called to suffer, perhaps I might have something to say about my visit; but an Oriental is not a silent Englishman, nor a Saint any earnest or token of what a humdrum mortal is in the reign of Queen Victoria.

'I can but tell you that the Trinity Fellows seem to be a pleasing set of men and very kind to me, but I suppose they are very far from the Church—that the Keble College people were very friendly and showed me over the magnificent buildings which they have erected, and that Pusey, whom I have not seen since 1865, looks much older. I had no time to go to Littlemore—or indeed to do anything beyond calling on Pusey, at Oriel, and at Keble College.

'Ever yrs affly
J. H. N.

'I don't forget what I owe to your prayers.'

The Oratorian Fathers who remember that time speak of the years between 1875 and 1879 as very sad ones for Newman. His silence and depression were very noticeable to those who lived with him. The death of Ambrose St. John cast a shadow which could not be removed, and it was deepened by the loss of other friends. What is there to look forward to?—was the thought that would come as years advanced and strength diminished. The solemn conviction that he must think no more of an earthly future, but prepare to follow his friends who had gone, was never absent from his mind. Yet what he had done as a Catholic seemed as yet so fragmentary, so incomplete, accompanied with so much of failure! During all these years he had ever repeated 'Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom.' He had hoped to see a path of useful work open out from the surrounding obscurity. 'Have patience and the meaning of trial will be made clear' was the assurance which he constantly preached to himself. Now, however, he was nearer eighty than seventy, and the inexorable march of time seemed to bid him finally to put away further hope so far as this world was concerned. His life had had its successes, and, in later years especially, its heavy trials. The cloud which seemed to hang over him, the evil report in many Catholic circles of his falling short of whole-hearted loyalty to the Church, because his duty to truth had held him back from the extravagant language which was demanded by so many as the watchword of orthodoxy, must be accepted as an irreversible fact. His companions felt that these were years of depression—if of resignation.

The Trinity Fellowship had come most opportunely, and was a real ray of sunshine. April 1878 saw another event which relieved the monotony of his life, namely the election to the Papal throne of Leo XIII. We may well suppose that one who was so ready as Newman to see a providential meaning in coincidences may have recalled words used by him in the 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk.' He had spoken in that letter of the exaggerated interpretations of the great definition at Ephesus which Leo the Great set right by his condemnation at Chalcedon of the Monophysites. And he applied the parable to the exaggerated views on the prerogatives of the Papacy which in the eyes of some were countenanced by the Vatican definition. Should the need arise (he adds) to set right so false an interpretation of its true meaning 'another Leo will be given for the occasion; "in monte dominus videbit."'

The beginning of a new Pontificate was also for other reasons naturally an event which aroused him. And in the first year of his reign the new Pope took an opportunity of sending Newman a picture from his own breviary with his blessing,—a gift which was gratefully recorded in a letter to Miss Giberne.

But Newman soon relapsed into the sadness which had been for a while somewhat dissipated by these two incidents, though he settled down again into the groove of work. William Paine Neville was constantly with him—taking in some sort the place left vacant by Ambrose St. John's death. 'I have only my "Athanasius" to publish now,' he wrote to a friend, 'in order to get all my books off my hands. Then, as far as I can tell, I shall have no more to do with writing books.' Working and praying, sad yet resigned, he awaited the great summons which he felt might come any day.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

From a Painting by W. W. Ouless, R.A., at the Oratory, Birmingham.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE CARDINALATE (1879)

NEWMAN had now, in the revision of his works, reached the final volume—'Athanasius'—and his health was still excellent and his powers unimpaired. It was twenty years since he had written to W. G. Ward that he felt the age had come at which a sudden visitation might terminate his life. Such fears were ever with him, and his prolonged well-being seemed no less than a marvel. His Christmas greetings to Lord Blachford, written on Christmas eve, 1878, show him still well and still at work, but ready at any time for the impending summons:

'I wish you and Lady Blachford were as well as to all appearance I am—but I never can quite get out of my mind the chance of the "ignes" under the "cineri doloso"—tho' the metaphor is unsuitable—I mean the chance of paralysis, which is so insidious and so sudden, and has taken off so many of my friends and acquaintances.

'I am at my last volume, the "Athanasius"—and find it very tough work.'

He had, a little earlier, written what purported to be his last entry in the private journal from which we have so often quoted. That entry recorded a feature in his career with which his friends would have to deal after he was gone. And his solemn words were written for posterity in comment on a long and now completed life:

'I notice the following lest the subject should turn up when I am gone, and my friends be perplexed how to deal with it.

'I have before now said in writing to Cardinals Wiseman and Barnabo when I considered myself treated with slight and unfairness, "So this is the return made to me for working for the Catholic cause for so many years," *i.e.* to that effect.

'I feel it still, and ever shall,—but it was not a disappointed ambition which I was then expressing in words, but a scorn and wonder at the injustice shown me, and at the demand of toadyism on my part if I was to get their favour, and the favour of Rome.

'I knew perfectly well, when I so wrote, that such language would look like disappointment at having received no promotion, and moreover was the worst way of getting it. But I had no wish to get it, and it was my very consciousness that I never had had such aspiration, nor felt any such disappointment, and was simply careless whether they thought I had or no, that made me thus speak. And at other times of my life also I have used words which, when I used them, I saw could be used against me, but did not care whether they were so used or not, from a clear conscience that it would be a mistaken use of them, if they were. When I wrote to the two Cardinals, I had that strength of conviction that I never had had any notion of secular or ecclesiastical ambition for writing my volumes, which made me not hesitate to denounce, if I may so speak, at the risk of being misunderstood, the injustice, for so I felt it, which had been shown towards me. This I did feel very keenly; I was indignant that after all my anxious and not unsuccessful attempts to promote, in my own place and according to my own measure, the Catholic cause, my very first mistake in the *Rambler*, supposing it one, should have been come down upon, my former services neither having been noticed favourably when they were done, nor telling now as a plea for mercy.

'As to my freedom from ambitious views, I don't know that I need defend myself from the imputation of them. *Qui s'excuse, s'accuse.* But in fact I have from the first presaged that I should get no thanks for what I was doing, (a presage which has only come true in that sense in which I did not care about its being true, and which God's undeserved mercy has falsified or rather reversed in a higher sense, for He has heaped upon me the acknowledgments and the sympathies, for what I have written, of friends and strangers far beyond my deserts). But as to my presage that I should gain no secular reward for my writings, I have expressed it many times.[1] . . .

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[1] He proceeds to give instances: '1. In 1836 (as I understand Copeland) in a letter which I wrote to Pusey on occasion of the Hampden matter, and which he has, though I have not seen it.

'2. In 1837 in my letter to the *Christian Observer*: "Never were such words used on one side, but deeds were on the other. We know our place and

'I am dissatisfied with the whole of this book. It is more or less a complaint from one end to the other. But it represents what has been the real state of my mind, and what my Cross has been.

'O how light a Cross—think what the Crosses of others are! And think of the compensation, compensation in even this world—I have touched on it in a parenthesis in the foregoing page. I have had, it is true, no recognition in high quarters—but what warm kind letters in private have I had! and how many! and what public acknowledgments! How ungrateful I am, or should I be, if such letters and such notices failed to content me.'[1]

In the summer of 1878 events were occurring which were to bring about a great change in Newman's position, and to falsify some of these words written in the autumn of 1876. Pius IX. had gone; Leo XIII. had come. It was an acknowledged fact that, in spite of his love for Pius IX., Newman had not sympathised with that Pontiff's policy. And he had been under a cloud in the official Roman world. The natural reaction of opinion—the swing of the pendulum from one Pontificate to another—seemed to some of Newman's friends a golden opportunity for securing for his great work for the Church the formal approval from Rome itself which had so long been withheld. A Cardinal's Hat was suggested in one quarter, and the idea spread rapidly. The Duke of Norfolk was felt to be the natural person to express the wide-spread desire of the English Catholic community. The Duke entered into the idea with the utmost keenness and, in conjunction with Lord Petre and Lord Ripon, secured Cardinal Manning's approval. Manning undertook to broach the subject in Rome. In the event, however, his representations were not communicated to Leo XIII. until after the Pontiff had learnt from the Duke himself how strongly the honour was desired by Newman's friends.

our fortunes, to give a witness, and to be contemned; to be ill-used and to succeed."

'3. In 1845 to Cardinal Acton, *Apol.* pp. 235, 236.

'4. In 1850 in a sermon at St. Chad's, "As to ourselves, the world has long ago done its worst against us. . . . We know our place and our fortunes, &c."

'5. In 1856 in a sermon at Dublin quoted above.'

[1] This entry came to an end at the bottom of the last page of the MS. book. He never kept another journal, and only added some years later these words at the foot of the page: 'Since writing the above I have been made a Cardinal!'

The Duke writes as follows, in a letter to the present biographer, of the feelings which moved him to take action in the matter, and of the interview at which he spoke of it to Leo XIII. himself:

'I was moved very much by the feeling that it was due to Newman himself that his long life of marvellous and successful labour for religion should receive the highest mark of recognition which the Holy See could give him. I felt this all the more keenly because I knew how much had happened to obscure the character of the work he had done and the results of it. I knew that it must be an intense sorrow to him to feel that he and his life's work were not understood in that very quarter of which he had made himself the special champion. But my chief reason for moving in the matter was based on more general grounds. I do not think that any Catholic has been listened to by those who are not Catholics with so much attention, respect and, to a great extent, sympathy as Newman. But while numbers were brought by him to see and to accept the truth, I felt very strongly that the full outcome of his labours was most unhappily limited by the impression which was made to prevail by a certain school of well intentioned people that he did not really speak the mind of the Church or represent the beliefs which the Church called upon her children to accept. It appeared to me then that the same causes which kept from him the full and public approbation of the Holy See were impeding his usefulness to his fellow countrymen. They in their turn persuaded themselves that the arguments and example of Newman could be admired by them as showing what a grand and beautiful and divinely authoritative institution the Catholic Church might be, but that they were not called upon to obey that authority because the opinion held of Newman by many Catholics showed that the Catholic Church was not really what Newman said it was. It appeared to me therefore that in the cause both of justice and of truth it was of the utmost importance that the Church should put her seal on Newman's work.

'It happened, quite accidentally, that I was in Rome when this question was first brought before the Holy See. I believed that representations from myself and others had been submitted to the Pope and I therefore spoke to Leo XIII. on the subject. I found that this was the first mention to him of the matter, and I had therefore to explain the situation as well as I was able. I was very careful to impress upon the Pope that there was a section of opinion in England which would not be in sympathy with my suggestion. I did this not only because it would have been wrong to have led the Pope to believe that everyone was of the same mind with myself or to appear to claim support in quarters in which an opinion different from mine prevailed; but also because I was most anxious that if Newman should be created a Cardinal it should be after the fullest consideration and enquiry on the part of the Holy See, that it should not be a request granted out of complaisance to those who made it, but that what was to be done should be an emphatic act of deliberate judgment.

'I should be sorry to be supposed to be in any way censuring those who looked with doubt or suspicion on much of what Newman had written and who regarded his being made a Cardinal as giving a dangerous sanction to unfortunate teaching. Among those who held this opinion were able and holy men, and on some points and on some occasions I have felt much in sympathy with them. But it appeared to me that they allowed small points to outweigh the great underlying *fact* of all that Newman was doing. They failed to realize that no one was able to bring Catholic truth to the intelligence of his countrymen as Newman could, because, among other reasons, he had shown them that he understood, in a way no other Catholic writer did, the difficulties which perplexed them. I thought too they forgot that there were hundreds who had been brought into the Church by private correspondence with Newman, and that to them it would be an untold consolation and strengthening to see him receive the highest recognition which could be conferred upon him. Many too who were anxious to see the spread of what were called ultramontane views seemed to forget that to no one more than to Newman could they turn for lofty and unflinching testimony to the august majesty of the Holy See and the high claims of the Pope upon our trust and allegiance. Again it was sometimes urged that in Newman intellectual qualities were allowed somewhat to overcloud the simplicity of Catholic faith. But it would be difficult indeed to gather from any other writer than Newman such sublime conceptions of devotion to the Mother of God or of our kindred with the saints; and in all this the high intellectual insight is blended with the most childlike tenderness. I feel very strongly that the action of the Holy See in making Newman a Cardinal brought out this great side of his character, this great lasting teaching of his life, and that in this act our Country received yet another pledge of "Rome's unwearied love."'

The Pontiff listened with attention to the Duke's representations and acceded to his request. But nothing of what had passed was known to the world at large or to Newman himself.

A month had passed since the Christmas letter to Lord Blachford before Newman himself received any intimation of what was proposed. He was in bed nursing a bad cold, when a letter reached the Oratory, urgently summoning him to visit Bishop Ullathorne at Oscott. On receiving news of Newman's indisposition, the Bishop asked to see some specially trusted friend of his, and Father Pope was forthwith despatched to Oscott. He was informed that Cardinal Nina had written to Cardinal Manning intimating the Holy Father's desire to confer on Newman the Cardinal's Hat.

The infirmities of age made it out of the question that Newman should transfer his residence to Rome. Yet all Cardinals who are not also diocesan Bishops or Archbishops reside as a matter of course in the Eternal City. But this mark of confidence from the Holy See, after the prolonged, aching sense of distrust in high quarters, was so unexpected and so signal, as to be the greatest event as well as the crowning reward of Newman's life. 'The cloud is lifted from me for ever,' were the words in which he spoke of it to his Oratorian brethren. It was just this stamp of approval from the Vicar of Christ which would make the whole difference to his power for good.

He had for years been scrupulously loyal alike to truth and conscience, and to ecclesiastical authority. He would not write on the great questions of the day without in some way intimating the things he saw and felt so strongly. And when he considered that outspokenness must involve opposition to the commands of those to whom he owed obedience he did not write at all. In such cases he had realised the power of silence, and in refraining from speech had imitated One Whose spoken words were Divine: he had remembered those passages of the Gospel in which it is written 'Jesus autem tacebat.' When he did speak, while using infinite care to give no offence in the manner of his expression, nevertheless he had given clear indication of views most distasteful to the extreme party of the *Civiltà*, of the *Dublin Review*, of the *Univers*, which was so influential in Rome. Newman was sure that posterity would see the necessity of such conscientious fidelity to historical and scientific fact with a view to preserving the influence of Christianity among the educated classes in the age to come. He trusted to time to justify him. 'To her arms I lovingly commit myself,' he said again and again. But he had finally resigned himself to the conviction that official recognition for his work in his own lifetime was out of the question. Therefore, when his long course of unswerving veracity, submission, and patient waiting was rewarded by the most signal approval Rome could give, he saw in the Pontiff's action the hand of God, Who has promised earthly rewards to those who seek only 'the kingdom of God and His justice.' He felt, as Father Neville used to say, almost as though the heavens had opened and the Divine voice had spoken its approval of him before the whole world. This approval, implied in the Pontiff's desire to raise him to the Sacred College, must remain a fact, whether circumstances would allow him to assume the external splendour of a Cardinal's estate or not. Cardinal Nina's letter, it should be noted, was not an actual offer of the Hat, but a preliminary letter expressing the Holy Father's wish to make such an offer.

Newman wrote at once to the Bishop, expressing his deep gratitude, but pointing out the impossibility at his age of leaving the Oratory and residing in Rome.

'The Oratory, Birmingham:
Feb. 2, Feast of the Purification, 1879.

'My Right Rev. Father,—I trust that his Holiness, and the most eminent Cardinal Nina will not think me a thoroughly discourteous and unfeeling man, who is not touched by the commendation of superiors, or a sense of gratitude, or the splendour of dignity, when I say to you, my Bishop, who know me so well, that I regard as altogether above me the great honour which the Holy Father proposes with wonderful kindness to confer on one so insignificant, an honour quite transcendent and unparalleled, than which his Holiness has none greater to bestow.

'For I am, indeed, old and distrustful of myself; I have lived now thirty years *in nidulo meo* in my much loved Oratory, sheltered and happy, and would therefore entreat his Holiness not to take me from St. Philip, my Father and Patron.

'By the love and reverence with which a long succession of Popes have regarded and trusted St. Philip, I pray and entreat his Holiness in compassion of my diffidence of mind, in consideration of my feeble health, my nearly eighty years, the retired course of my life from my youth, my ignorance of foreign languages, and my lack of experience in business, to let me die where I have so long lived. Since I know now and henceforth that his Holiness thinks kindly of me, what more can I desire?

'Right Rev. Father,
Your most devoted
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

This letter reads like a simple refusal of the proposed dignity; but, as those who lived with Newman knew, his wish was to accept it provided that he was allowed to remain at the Oratory. To express this in a letter was, in his sensitive judgment, to seem to bargain with the Holy Father. In writing he therefore confined himself to indicating his inability to leave home at his great age. The following day, however, he went to Oscott to see the Bishop, and his true mind on the subject of the Cardinalate is placed beyond question in the following letters—the first semi-official, the second private—written by Dr. Ullathorne to Cardinal Manning after the interview:

'St. Mary's College, Oscott, Birmingham: Feb. 3, 1879.

'My dear Lord Cardinal,—Your kind letter, enclosing that of Cardinal Nina, gave me very great gratification. As I could not with any prudence go to Birmingham, I wrote and asked Dr. Newman if he could come to Oscott. But he was in bed suffering from a severe cold, and much pulled down. I, therefore, took advantage of a clause in Cardinal Nina's letter, and asked him to send a Father in his intimate confidence whom he might consult in a grave matter of importance, to whom I could communicate in secrecy the Holy Father's message. Father Pope was sent, and with him I went into the subject, and sent the documents with a paper in which I had written my own reflections.

'Dr. Newman contrived to come himself to-day, although quite feeble. He is profoundly and tenderly impressed with the goodness of the Holy Father towards him, and he spoke to me with great humility of what he conceived to be his disqualifications, especially at his age, for so great a position, and of his necessity to the Birmingham Oratory, which still requires his care.

'I represented to him, as I had already done through Father Pope, that I felt confident that the one intention of the Holy Father was to confer upon him this signal proof of his confidence, and to give him an exalted position in the Church in token of the great services he had rendered to her cause, and that I felt confident also that his Holiness would not require his leaving the Oratory and taking a new position at his great age. But that if he would leave it to me, I would undertake to explain all to your Eminence, who would make the due explanations to Cardinal Nina.

'Dr. Newman has far too humble and delicate a mind to dream of thinking or saying anything which would look like hinting at any kind of terms with the Sovereign Pontiff. He has expressed himself in a Latin letter addressed to me, which I could send to your Eminence, and which you could place in the hands of Cardinal Nina.

'I think, however, that I ought to express my own sense of what Dr. Newman's dispositions are, and that it will be expected of me. As I have already said, Dr. Newman is most profoundly touched and moved by this very great mark of consideration on the part of the Sovereign Pontiff, and I am thoroughly confident that nothing stands in the way of his most grateful acceptance except what he tells me greatly distresses him, namely, the having to leave the Oratory at a critical period of its existence, and when it is just beginning to develop in new members, and the impossibility of his beginning a new life at his advanced age.

'I cannot, however, but think myself that this is not the Holy Father's intention, and that His Holiness would consider his presence in England of importance, where he has been so much in communication with those who are in search of the Truth.

'I have also said to Dr. Newman himself that I am confident that the noble Catholics of England would not leave him without the proper means for maintaining his dignity in a suitable manner.

'Although expecting me to make the official communication, Dr. Newman will write to you himself. I remain, my dear Lord Cardinal, your faithful and affectionate servant,

'William Bernard, Bp. of Birmingham.'

Another letter written on the following day speaks yet more plainly:

'*Private.* St. Mary's College, Oscott, Birmingham: Feb. 4, 1879.

'My dear Lord Cardinal,—I had no time to write you a more private letter after seeing Dr. Newman yesterday. He is very much aged, and softened with age and the trials he has had, especially by the loss of his two brethren, St. John and Caswall; he can never refer to these losses without weeping and becoming speechless for the time. He is very much affected by the Pope's kindness, would, I know, like to receive the great honour offered him, but feels the whole difficulty at his age of changing his life, or having to leave the Oratory, which I am sure he could not do. If the Holy Father thinks well to confer on him the dignity, leaving him where he is, I know how immensely he would be gratified, and you will know how generally the conferring on him the Cardinalate will be applauded. . . .

'My dear Lord Cardinal, faithfully and affectionately yours,

'W. B. Ullathorne.'

It is hardly surprising, considering the extraordinary vacillations of 1856—when, after he had received formal notice from Cardinal Wiseman, written from Rome itself, that he was nominated a Bishop, the appointment was cancelled without the assignment of any reason or even any formal intimation of the fact—that Newman was a little slow to feel absolute confidence that this great honour was to be bestowed. And it almost seemed as though the evil fate which had dogged him on the earlier occasion was again threatening this new proposal.

On February 15 he learnt from Miss Bowles that Father Coleridge had told her of the offer of a Cardinal's Hat and had added that Newman had declined it. Newman promptly replied: 'You may say to Father Coleridge (1) that I know nothing about it. (2) that I believe such an offer binds a man to secrecy, if it is made to him. (3) that I never should reject hastily or bluntly.'

Three days later, however, the same report appeared in a more formidable shape. The *Times* of February 18 published the following paragraph: 'Pope Leo XIII. has intimated his desire to raise Dr. Newman to the rank of Cardinal, but with expressions of deep respect for the Holy See Dr. Newman has excused himself from accepting the purple.'

Although the letter sent to Dr. Ullathorne for Cardinal Nina to see did bear this interpretation *prima facie*, it was addressed to one to whom Newman himself explained its true meaning, and had been shown by the Bishop only to Cardinal Manning, to whom he had carefully conveyed Newman's real wishes. Manning, however, appears to have taken Newman's own written words as decisive, and to have regarded the Bishop's impressions as unauthoritative. Newman was greatly pained by the appearance of such a statement in the papers, and at a loss to account for it. In the ordinary course of things such a paragraph could not have been inserted without Newman's express authority. It consequently conveyed to the world not only an absolute refusal which he had never intended, but a wish on his part to emphasise publicly the fact that he had declined the honour so graciously offered to him. People might infer that he took somewhat lightly a proposal for which he was in reality deeply thankful; and his friends felt that when the paragraph was read at Rome it might actually lead to the offer of the Cardinalate being withheld. Letters reached him daily from Catholic friends expressing deep regret at his reported refusal.

Newman's feeling as to the report is apparent in the following letter to the Duke of Norfolk:

'The Oratory: Feb. 20, 1879.

'My dear Duke,—I have heard from various quarters of the affectionate interest you have taken in the application to Rome about me, and I write to thank you and to express my great pleasure at it.

'As to the statement of my refusing a Cardinal's Hat, which is in the papers, you must not believe it—for this reason:

'Of course, it implies that an offer has been made me, and I have sent an answer to it. Now I have ever understood that it is a point of propriety and honour to consider such communications sacred. The statement therefore cannot come from me. Nor could it come from Rome, for it was made public before my answer got to Rome.

'It could only come, then, from some one who not only read my letter, but, instead of leaving to the Pope to interpret it, took upon himself to put an interpretation upon it, and published that interpretation to the world.

'A private letter, addressed to Roman Authorities, is interpreted on its way and published in the English papers. How is it possible that any one can have done this?

'And besides, I am quite sure that, if so high an honour was offered me, I should not answer it by a blunt refusal.

'Yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'[1]

The report spread that Newman had categorically refused the Hat and it long persevered in many quarters. Father Walford, S.J., writing in the name of Beaumont College on February 27 to offer the congratulations of the masters and boys, concluded with the following words: 'While we should have been glad on our own account and on account of our fellow Catholics in England to see you actually invested with the Sacred Purple, yet, as religious of the Society of Jesus, we cannot but admire and sympathise all the more with the illustrious son of St. Philip, whose love of humility and retirement leads him in the Spirit of his own Holy Father, and in that of ours, to shrink from so exalted a position as that of a prince of the Church.'

This letter gave Newman an opportunity of at once making it known that no official offer had actually come, and of throwing doubt upon the view taken by Father Walford of his attitude towards such an offer:

'The Oratory: March 1, 1879.

'My dear Father Walford,—You must not measure my gratification and my gratitude to your very Rev. Father Rector and the other Fathers and Brothers of your community at Beaumont by the poor words I am putting upon paper; for I am confused and troubled by the greatness of the honour which, from what is so widely reported, I suppose there is a prospect of being offered to me, though in truth I cannot say it has. But nothing can undo the fact that the report has been so kindly received and welcomed by my own people, the Catholics of England, and next by such large bodies of our Protestant fellow-countrymen.

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[1] 'Would it not look odd,' he writes to Mr. Pollen, 'if the Postman here, not only read this, my letter to you, before it got to the receiving office, but put his own interpretation on it, and told first his particular friends about it, and then the general public, leaving you to receive it next morning?'

'It will be a great relief to me if the great offer is not made to me—but, if made, my way is not clear. I have a reasonable apprehension that my refusal would be taken by Protestants, nay by some Catholics, as a proof that at heart I am not an out and out son of the Church, and that it may unsettle some Catholics, and throw back inquirers. I know that Unitarians, Theists, and anti-Catholics generally are earnest that I should decline, whereas I hear of a widespread feeling among Catholics that, if I decline, I am "snubbing the Pope."

'I have suffered so much from the obstinacy of all sorts of people to believe that I am a good Catholic that this wonderful opportunity, if opened on me, of righting myself in public opinion must not be lost except for very grave reasons.

'Yours affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

To much the same effect he wrote to Pusey next day in reply to a letter congratulating him on his reported refusal of the dignity that had been offered to him.

'The Oratory: March 2, 1879.

'We look at things from different points of view. Here have I for thirty years been told by men of all colours in belief that I am not a good Catholic. It has given me immense trouble, much mortification, and great loss of time. It has been used as an argument to keep men back from joining the Church; men have said: "Just you see—his own people do not trust him—the Pope snubs him." When then after this period of penance, and this long trial of patience and resignation, [this offer comes] say, would not you yourself in such a case feel it a call of God not to refuse so great a mercy as a thorough wiping away for ever of this stigma such as the offer of a Cardinal's Hat involves, and feel it a heartless act of ingratitude to the generous offerer of it and to the warm-hearted friends who have laboured for it, if I refused it? . . .

'If the common reports are true, the present Pope in his high place as Cardinal, was in the same ill odour at Rome as

I was. Here then a fellow-feeling and sympathy with him colours to my mind his act towards me. He seems to say:—

'"Non ignara mali, miseris succúrrere disco.'

'How can I not supplement his act by giving my assent to it?

'Thanks for your sermon, which is most valuable, I see.'

Manning had already started for Rome when Newman wrote to the Duke of Norfolk, and the Duke forwarded to him Newman's letter, adding his own strong representations as to the harm which would be done if anything now occurred to make the English public believe that Rome's offer was not really intended. The Duke urged him to make all explanations called for by the unfortunate report circulated by the *Times*, for which beyond doubt Dr. Newman and his friends were not responsible. The Duke's representations had the desired effect. Cardinal Manning explained the situation to the Holy Father, who at once acceded to Newman's request that he might continue to live at the Oratory; and Manning communicated the intelligence both by telegram and by letter to the Bishop of Birmingham.

His telegram arrived on March 2, 1879; and at last all seemed really certain.

'Amid your troubles and anxieties,' Newman writes to Miss Bowles on that day, 'you will be glad to hear that the Pope grants me non-residence, which has not been done since the 17th century. I suppose all is certain now, unless one of the sudden changes take place which have sometimes occurred to me in life.'

Both the Bishop and Newman himself wrote without delay to Manning, making Newman's acceptance of the dignity perfectly clear:

'St. Mary's College, Oscott, Birmingham: March 4, 1879.

'My dear Lord Cardinal,—Your letter, following your telegram, was extremely welcome to Dr. Newman. He wrote to me: "You may fancy how I am overcome by the Pope's goodness." He also said to his own brethren: "The cloud is lifted from me for ever." He accepts with the greatest gratitude the honour and dignity which the Holy Father designs for him, and I am sure that if he can take the journey he will come to Rome. He is still suffering from severe cold, but is wonderfully consoled by the Pope's kindness.

'The whole press of England has been engaged on the subject, and the general disposition is to look upon Dr. Newman not merely as a Catholic but as a great Englishman, and to regard the intention of the Pope as an honour to England.

'Your communications came happily in time to stop the general conclusion that Dr. Newman had declined, upon which the comic papers have founded their illustrations.

'I have considered it prudent, now that all is public, to deny, and cause it to be denied, that Dr. Newman has [declined] or did decline. . . . I remain, my dear Lord Cardinal, Your faithful and affectionate servant,

W. B. Ullathorne.'

'The Oratory: March 4, 1879.

'Dear Cardinal Manning,—I hardly should have thought it became me, since no letter has been addressed to me, to write to anyone at Rome myself, on the gracious message of the Holy Father about me.

'Since, however, the Bishop of Birmingham recommends me to do so, I hereby beg to say that with much gratitude and with true devotion to His Holiness, I am made acquainted with and accept the permission he proposes to me in his condescending goodness to keep place within the walls of my Oratory at Birmingham.

'I am, sincerely yours, kissing the Sacred Purple,

'John H. Newman.'

But even now a letter came from Manning's intimate friend, Lady Herbert of Lea, implying that Newman was still declining the Hat. He replied to her at once:

'The Oratory: March 5th, 1879.

'My dear Lady Herbert,—Your letter is most kind, as kind as it could be, and I thank you for it with all my heart.

'You speak as if I ever had declined the great honour offered me—No, I never did—and that I am persisting in my refusal now. Not at all.

'*I* have not been written to—naturally, but Cardinal Manning says that a letter will soon come to me. I shall answer it at once accepting it, if it comes.

'Most truly yours,
John H. Newman.'

On the same day he wrote a further letter to Manning to place the state of affairs quite beyond doubt:

'The Oratory: March 5, 1879.

'Dear Cardinal Manning,—Wishing to guard against all possible mistake I trouble you with this second letter.

'As soon as the Holy Father condescends to make it known to me that he means to confer on me the high dignity of Cardinal, I shall write to Rome to signify my obedience and glad acceptance of the honour without any delay.

'I write this thinking that the impression which existed some fortnight since, that I had declined it, may still prevail.

'Yours very sincerely,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

'P.S.—This second letter is occasioned by something that came to my knowledge since my letter of yesterday.'

Newman also wrote to Cardinal Howard, who resided in Rome:

'The Oratory, Birmingham.

'My Lord Cardinal,—My only apology for writing to you is the circumstance that Cardinal Manning mentioned your Eminence's name in conjunction with his own in matters which concern me.

'I find the impression still exists in London that I am resisting the most gracious and generous wish of the Holy Father to raise me to the Sacred College. In case this impression prevails anywhere in Rome, I take the liberty of writing to you as well as to Cardinal Manning to say that it is altogether unfounded.

'Kissing the Sacred Purple, I am yours, etc.,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

CARDINAL HOWARD TO DR. NEWMAN.

'Rome: Monday, March 10, 1879.

'Dear Fr. Newman,—I lose no time in answering your kind letter, and to say that the report which you mention as having existed in London, that you were believed to be resisting the wish of the Holy Father to raise you to the Sacred College, does not in any form exist now in Rome. At first a report gained some credence that in your humility for various reasons you had been disposed to decline this honour, but it immediately became known that the Holy Father very decidedly wished to confer the Hat upon you, and thus all doubt ceased to exist upon the subject.

'Let me take this opportunity to offer you my most sincere congratulations and to say how great a pleasure it is to me to have been able to have had some part however [small] in what must cause so much pleasure in England, and confers another honour on St. Philip's children.

'Pray believe me, dear Fr. Newman,
Very truly yours,
EDWARD CARD. HOWARD.'

Manning's replies to Newman's two letters were quite explicit:

'English College: March 8, 1879.

'My dear Newman,—Your letter [of March 4] reached me last night; and I took and repeated it to the Holy Father this morning.

'He charged me to say that the official letter will be sent to you: and that he gives full permission that you should continue to reside in your home at Birmingham.

'He told me to say to you that in elevating you to the Sacred College he intends to bestow on you a testimony to your virtues and your learning: and to do an act grateful to the Catholics of England, and to England itself for which he feels an affectionate interest.

'It gives me much happiness to be the bearer of this message to you.

'Believe me always, yours affectionately,
H. E. CARD. ARCHBP.'

'English College: March 8, 1879.

'My dear Newman,—Your second letter [of March 5] has just reached me. Mine will have been received before this, and you will know that I have not a second time failed to understand your intention. The letter written by you to the Bishop of Birmingham in answer to Cardinal Nina's letter was sent by the Bishop to me with a letter of his own.

'I fully believed that, for the reasons given in your letter, you declined what might be offered.

'But the Bishop expressed his hope that you might under a change of conditions accept it.

'This confirmed my belief that as it stood you declined it.

'And your letter to me of a day or two later still further confirmed my belief.[1]

'I started for Rome, taking with me the Bishop's letters, not knowing what might be done here.

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[1] This letter I have not found.

'In passing through Paris I wrote to the Duke of Norfolk in the sense I have written above.

'I never doubted that impression, received from your letters and the Bishop's, till I received from the Duke a copy of a letter of yours to him, in which you said that you had not intended to refuse what had been proposed.

'The moment I read this I went to the Vatican, and told the Holy Father, and asked his permission to write to the Duke, and to the Bishop of Birmingham.

'But to shorten still further the suspense I telegraphed to both.

'I write this because if I misunderstood your intention it was by an error which I repaired the instant I knew it.

'Believe me always, yours affectionately,
H. E. CARD. ARCHBP.'

Not until March 15 did Cardinal Nina send the official notice[1] that the hat was to be conferred. Manning at once forwarded it to Newman:

'Rome: March 15, 1879.

'My dear Newman,—The enclosed letter from Cardinal Nina has this moment reached me, and I forward it to you with great joy. I hope you may yet have many years to serve the Church in this most intimate relation to the Holy See. From the expressions used by many of the Sacred College to me I can assure you of the joy with which they will receive you.

'I remember in 1854, I think, writing from Rome to wish you joy on another event. I quoted the words "honestavit illum in laboribus et complevit labores illius." I have still greater happiness in conveying to you this greater completion of your many labours.

'Believe me, my dear Newman,
Yours affectionately,
H. E. CARD. ARCHBP.'

The correspondence had in the first two weeks in March become so very definite that Newman no longer hesitated, even before the reception of the official letter, to speak of his future dignity to those who were in the secret as an accomplished fact. Among those to whom he wrote on this assumption was his old friend Father Whitty, who had been among the first to urge in influential quarters the importance in the interests of religion of gaining this recognition of Newman's life-work from Rome itself:

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[1] The text of this notice and of Newman's reply to it will be found in the Appendix to this chapter, at p. 583. In the same Appendix are printed other letters of importance respecting the conferring of the Cardinal's Hat on Dr. Newman, and his acceptance of it.

'The Oratory: March 9, 1879.

'My dear Father Whitty,—I waited to write to you till I had some official notice of the Pope's gracious purpose regarding me—but since it delays, I don't like not to send you a line to thank you for all the zeal which you have shown in my behalf.

'You are an old friend of 33 years standing since the time when I cut my eyebrow at St. Edmund's in the dark, and when I asked you any particulars you knew of the Vincentians in the garden at Maryvale—and you have always been a kind friend, amid all the changes of a very eventful time—And I have no means of repaying you but that of owning my debt and praying that all your kindness may turn to your merit, which, as really done for Christ's sake, it will. Faithfulness is a rare quality in this world, and in being an instance of it, a man shows in a special way like Him, Whose endearing attribute is to be faithful and true.

'I will not say more—but, as I am writing, it strikes me that, in answering the very pleasant letter I had from your Provincial, I used a word which may require explanation. I said I was "surprised" at the kindness of his letter. I meant, surprised that any such persons should think so well of me.

'Excuse a stupid letter—but I am knocked up with letter writing. Yours affectionately in Christ,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

March 11 brought a formal message from the Holy Father confirming the permission for non-residence in Rome. After this Newman felt that he could write quite freely to those friends who had not been in the secret, and the first to whom he wrote was Dean Church:

'*Private.* The Oratory: March 11, 1879.

'My dear Church,—I did not like to write to you till I had something like official notice of my promotion. This comes within this half hour. Yet not so much official as personal, being a most gracious message from the Pope to me.

'He allows me to reside in this Oratory, the precedent for the indulgence being Cardinal de Berulle, founder of the French Oratory in the 17th Century.

'Hæc mutatio dexteræ Excelsi! all the stories which have gone about of my being a half Catholic, a Liberal Catholic, under a cloud, not to be trusted, are now at an end. . . .

'It was on this account that I dared not refuse the offer. A good Providence gave me an opportunity of clearing myself of former calumnies in my "Apologia"—and I dared not refuse it. And now He gave me a means, without any labour of mine, to set myself right as regards other calumnies which were directed against me—how could I neglect so great a loving kindness?[1]

'I have ever tried to leave my cause in the Hands of God and to be patient—and He has not forgotten me.

'Ever yours affly.,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

To Father Gerard, S.J., he wrote next day his thanks for the congratulations of the Community and College at Stonyhurst:

'How very kind your letter is! I thank you and the other members of your Community and College with all my heart for so welcome a message. Of course my first gratification on receiving the great honour, which is the occasion of your writing to me, is the approbation of me which it implies on the part of the Holy Father. But the next, and a very keen source of enjoyment, is to receive the congratulations of friends—and I have been quite startled at receiving so many and so warm—and not the least of these in affectionateness from the houses of your Society.

'Of course I can't expect to live long—but it is a wonderful termination, in God's good Providence, of my life. I have lived long enough to see a great marvel. I shall not forget that I have your prayers. Many thanks for them.'

It was a welcome task, too, to reply to the letter from the new President of Trinity, Dr. Percival (who had recently succeeded Dr. Wayte), written on behalf of himself and the Fellows of the College, congratulating their distinguished colleague on his new honours:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Mar. 30, 1879.

'Dear Mr. President,—I had been looking out, ever since I heard of your election, for the time when you would come into residence, and when I might be allowed to pay my respects to you—and now you anticipate me with so kind an invitation, and with such warm congratulations on my recent promotion, from yourself and your Fellows.

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[1] The same thought appears in his reply to George Ryder's congratulations. 'Of course,' he writes, 'it is a great pleasure to me to have all those various suspicions about the soundness of my theology, which lingered in so many nooks and corners, wiped away at a stroke for good and all, and to have lived to an unusual age to be witness to it.'

'I hope you and they will understand how very pleasant it is to me to find the events which happen to me a subject of such friendly interest to my friends at Trinity, and with what pride I reflect that, if a historical title and high ecclesiastical distinction goes for anything in college estimation, I shall be thought, when the name of a Cardinal appears on your list of members, not to have done discredit to your generous act of last year, when you singled me out for your honorary Fellowship.

'I am, dear Mr. President, with much respect,

Sincerely yours,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

The first of the many public congratulations which Newman arranged to receive was the address of the Irish members of Parliament. This was to take place on April 4 at the house of Mr. T. W. Allies in London. As the time drew near Newman became very despondent, and said to Father Neville, 'It has all come too late. I am unused to public speeches. I am old and broken. It is too late to begin. I fear I shall break down.' He ate little breakfast when the day arrived. Father Neville went with him to the station. As he got out of the carriage Father Neville noted more than usual the stoop which in his old age contrasted so much with the upright carriage that his Oxford friends remembered in earlier years. Newman was limp and seemed to find walking a difficulty—dragging his limbs painfully along. As they walked on the platform he dropped his hat and gloves. Father Neville almost feared he would faint. He made him more than once drink some brandy, and sent him off hoping for the best.

Father Neville met him in the evening at the station on his return in some anxiety. Newman as he left the train walked with firm step and erect figure. 'All is right,' he said; 'I did it splendidly.'

He felt henceforth—Father Neville told me—that after all it was not too late, that he still had the strength and presence of mind which were needed. And these never failed him on the many similar occasions which ensued.

The Irish address was not seen by him before its presentation, and his reply was therefore given without preparation. If it was not in itself specially remarkable, those present were agreed as to its tact and opportuneness, and the happy ease with which it was delivered. The report of it should here be set down as being the first spoken acknowledgment of the good wishes of his friends:

'April 4, 1879.

'Gentlemen,—This is a great day for me, and it is a day which gives me great pleasure too. It is a pleasure to meet old friends, and it is a pleasure to meet new ones. But it is not merely as friends that I meet you, for you are representatives of an ancient and faithful Catholic people for whom I have a deep affection, and therefore in receiving your congratulations of course I feel very much touched by your address; but I hope that you will not think it strange if I say that I have been surprised too, because while it is a great thing to please one's own people, it is still more wonderful to create an interest in a people which is not one's own. I do not think there is any other country which would have treated me so graciously as yours did. It is now nearly thirty years since, with a friend of mine, I first went over to Ireland with a view to the engagement which I afterwards formed there, and during the seven years through which that engagement lasted, I had continuous experience of kindness, and nothing but kindness, from all classes of people—from the hierarchy, from the seculars and regulars, and from the laity, whether in Dublin or in the country. Those who worked with me gave the most loyal support and loving help. As their first act they helped me in a great trouble in which I was involved. I had put my foot into an unusual legal embarrassment, and it required many thousand pounds to draw me out of it. They took a great share in that work. Nor did they show less kindness at the end of my time. I was obliged to leave from the necessities of my own congregation at Birmingham. Everybody can understand what a difficulty it is for a body to be without its head, and I only engaged for seven years, because I could not otherwise fulfil the charge which the Holy Father had put upon me in the Oratory. When I left with reluctance and regret that sphere in which I found so many friends, not a word of disappointment or unkindness was uttered, when there might have been a feeling that I was relinquishing a work which I had begun, and now

I repeat that, to my surprise, at the end of twenty years I find a silent memory cherished of a person who can only be said to have meant well though he did little;—and now what return can I make to show my gratitude? None that is sufficient. But this I can say, that your address shall not die with me. I belong to a body which, with God's blessing, will live after me—the Oratory of St. Philip. The paper which is the record of your generosity shall be committed to our archives, and shall testify to generations to come the enduring kindness of Irish Catholics towards the founder and first head of the English Oratory.'

Newman was ever mindful of St. Augustine's 'Securus judicat orbis terrarum,' not only in its strict theological bearing, but in its more general sense; and the tokens now rapidly multiplying that the Holy Father had in his act given expression to a very widespread gratitude among Catholics for his great services to the Church were intensely acceptable to him. To this feeling he gave expression in his reply to the congratulatory address which came next in order after that from Ireland—that, namely, which the Primate and Bishops of Scotland forwarded to him on April 8. In the course of this address the Bishops used the following words:

'We rejoice that it has pleased the Holy Father, by nominating you to a seat in the Sacred College, to show his sense of the services which by your writings and the influence of example you have rendered to the Church, and we sincerely hope and earnestly pray, that the opportunity of continuing these services may be long granted to you along with the enjoyment of your new and well earned dignity.'

Newman thus replied:

'Next to the approbation of the Holy Father as involved in the high dignity to which he has raised me is the rare token of good opinion and good will which your Grace conveys to me from yourself and your brother Bishops of Scotland.

'It is this echo of the Sovereign Pontiff's voice which brings out to the world the force of His Holiness' condescension, and gives such intenseness to my gratification.

'I expect soon to go to Rome; it is a great support to feel that your special blessing, as conveyed to me in the letter which I am acknowledging, will accompany me into the Holy Father's presence.'

The last address, presented before the Cardinal-elect left England for the Eternal City, came from his neighbours, the seminarists at Olton, near Birmingham. The address was presented by two of the principal students.

'Beyond all our hopes,' one of them wrote to a friend at the time, 'we had an interview of near half an hour with the saintly old man. He took us by surprise, entering the room while we were expecting Father Pope. He sat down with us, and I asked him somewhat abruptly if he would not like to see the address at once. With some little trouble in getting the string undone (Dr. Newman himself went and got us a knife to cut it) we brought forth the address, and put it on the mantelpiece, as it happened, in a position very favourable to its effect. Leaning on the mantelpiece he looked at it for a moment or two, and then commenced to read it. He read it carefully through while we looked on in silence. As he came to the end he said: "It is too much, of course, but I know that it is meant." And then seeing the list of names he expressed his satisfaction, saying that to possess the names was something for the future. He again said that he felt that it was more than he deserved. Upon this I could not keep quiet any longer, and I protested that every word was meant. He then sat down and said, "I am sure of that. Those things are not measured by words, but by the heart." '

On the eve of his departure for Rome Dr. Newman wrote to his old friend Mr. John O'Hagan:

'The Oratory: Easter Tuesday, 1879.

'My dear John O'Hagan,— . . . Of course I view the wonderful change of things as you view it. It was the reason which, when the Holy Father so considerately allowed me to live here, made me put away every other thought and constrained me to accept the honour. I felt that he was generously and tenderly clearing me from the charges which were made against me. I used to say to myself, "Time will set me right. I must be patient, for Time is on my side." But the Pope has superseded Time. How should I not be most grateful to him?

'I set off for Rome to-morrow, and ask you and Mrs. O'Hagan to say a good prayer for me, for I am rather dreading both the journey and the climate.

'Yours affectly.,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Dr. Newman left the Oratory for Rome on the Wednesday in Easter week, accompanied by Father William Neville. Father Pope and Father Paul Eaglesim were to meet him on his arrival. Rome was reached on Thursday, April 24, and the details of the journey are described in a letter written by Newman himself to one of the Fathers on the following day:

'Rome, Hotel Bristol: April 25, 1879.

'You are so good a correspondent yourself, that like other virtuous people you are not quite sensitive of the difficulties which others feel in being so good. I do think it a great virtue in you, and try to practise it—so does William—and we both have proposed to let you know all about us, but, in spite of a good courier, I have always been tired, and William busy.

'We went at one go from Boulogne to Turin—without any discomfort, getting to the latter place by Saturday night. We heard Mass next morning and went to Genoa, where the weather was not good, and I found myself wet and cold. Unable to take wine, the journey was too much for me, and I had to remain two days at Pisa—else, we should have been at Rome on Tuesday night, but we stayed an idle day at Pisa, and another day went no further than Siena—and so got here by half past four p.m. yesterday, Thursday. Our first act was to send a telegram to Birmingham.

'This morning, as we expected, Thomas and Paul[1] made their appearance.

'Every one has been surpassingly kind. William, perhaps Thomas, is to see Cardinal Nina to-night. It is not very warm, yet thunders. We have not settled where to pitch our tent. I make a bad hand at Italian, the easiest of languages. After all, we left behind my coat of arms. I have sent a telegram to Louis to send me at once a copy. Do you recollect in the Vulgate or in A Kempis, the words "Cor ad cor (cordi?) loquitur"? Look into the concordance of the Vulgate, among the books of reference in the Library, and find out if there is any such text in Scripture.'

The Holy Father received Newman in private audience on Sunday, April 27. The interview is described in the following letter to Father Henry Bittleston:

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[1] Father Thomas Pope and Father Paul Eaglesim.

'Via Sistina No. 48: May 2, 1879.

'My dear Henry,—Your letter came safe and thank you for it. I have been laid up with a bad cold ever since I have been here. Yesterday and today I have been in bed. It has seized my throat and continues hard. I have had advice, but it does nothing for me. The weather is so bad—I think it will not go till Spring weather comes. It pulls me down sadly. Here great days are passing, and I a prisoner in the house. It answers to my general experience of Roman weather.

'The Holy Father received me most affectionately—keeping my hand in his. He asked me, "Do you intend to continue head of the Birmingham House?" I answered, "That depends on the Holy Father." He then said, "Well then I wish you to continue head," and he went on to speak of this at length, saying there was a precedent for it in one of Gregory XVI.'s cardinals.

'He asked me various questions—was our house a good one? was our Church? how many were we? of what age? When I said, we had lost some, he put his hand on my head and said "Don't cry." He asked "had we any lay brothers?" How then did we do for a cook? I said we had a widow woman, and the kitchen was cut off from the house. He said "bene." Where did I get my theology? at Propaganda? etc. etc. When I was leaving he accepted a copy of my four Latin Dissertations, in the Roman Edition. I certainly did not think his mouth large till he smiled, and then the ends turned up, but not unpleasantly—he has a clear white complexion—his eyes somewhat bloodshot—but this might have been the accident of the day. He speaks very slowly and clearly and with an Italian manner.

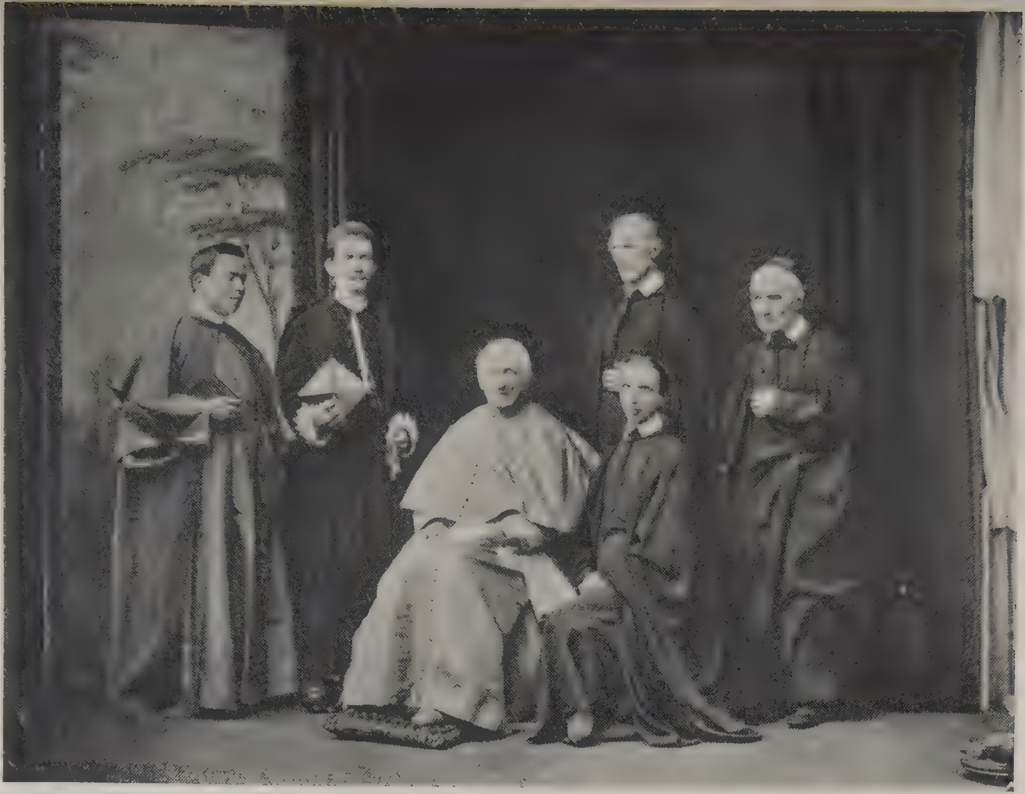
'William has had a letter to Austin on the stocks for some days. I hope it went a day or two ago.

'Love to all. Ever yours afftly.,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Between Newman's audience and the Consistory of May at which the Hat was conferred, by the doctor's advice he hardly left his room, for the weather was bad and his cold severe.

The great day arrived and Father Neville writes of it thus:

'On Monday morning, May 12, Dr. Newman went to the Palazzo della Pigna, the residence of Cardinal Howard, who had lent him his apartments to receive there the messenger from the Vatican bearing the *biglietto* from the Cardinal-Secretary of State, informing him that in a secret Consistory



Group photographed in Rome in May 1879.

The figures from right to left are Father Thomas Pope, Father William Neville (standing), Father Paul Eaglesim, Cardinal Newman, the Cardinal's 'Gentiluomo,' the 'Caudatario' or Trainbearer.

held that morning his Holiness had deigned to raise him to the rank of Cardinal. By eleven o'clock the room was crowded with English and American Catholics, ecclesiastics and laymen, as well as many members of the Roman nobility and dignitaries of the Church, assembled to witness the ceremony. Soon after midday the consistorial messenger was announced. He handed the *biglietto* to Cardinal Newman, who, having broken the seal, gave it to Dr. Clifford, Bishop of Clifton, who read the contents. The messenger having then informed the newly created Cardinal that his Holiness would receive him at the Vatican the next morning at ten o'clock to confer the *biretta* upon him, and having paid the customary compliments, his Eminence replied in what has become known as his "*Biglietto* Speech" as follows:

'"Vi ringrazio, Monsignore, per la participazione che m'avete fatto dell' alto onore che il Santo Padre si è degnato conferire sulla mia umile persona—

'"And if I ask your permission to continue my address to you, not in your musical language, but in my own dear mother tongue, it is because in the latter I can better express my feelings on this most gracious announcement which you have brought to me than if I attempted what is above me.

'"First of all then, I am led to speak of the wonder and profound gratitude which came upon me, and which is upon me still, at the condescension and love towards me of the Holy Father, in singling me out for so immense an honour. It was a great surprise. Such an elevation had never come into my thoughts, and seemed to be out of keeping with all my antecedents. I had passed through many trials, but they were over; and now the end of all things had almost come to me, and I was at peace. And was it possible that after all I had lived through so many years for this?

'"Nor is it easy to see how I *could* have borne so great a shock, had not the Holy Father resolved on a second act of condescension towards me, which tempered it, and was to all who heard of it a touching evidence of his kindly and generous nature. He felt for me, and he told me the reasons why he raised me to this high position. Besides other words of encouragement, he said his act was a recognition of my zeal and good service for so many years in the Catholic cause; moreover, he judged it would give pleasure to English Catholics, and even to Protestant England, if I received some mark of his favour. After such gracious words from his Holiness, I should have been insensible and heartless if I had had scruples any longer.

'"This is what he had the kindness to say to me, and what could I want more? In a long course of years I have made many mistakes. I have nothing of that high perfection which belongs to the writings of saints, viz., that error cannot be found in them; but what I trust that I may claim all through what I have written, is this,—an honest intention, an absence of private ends, a temper of obedience, a willingness to be corrected, a dread of error, a desire to serve Holy Church, and, through Divine mercy, a fair measure of success. And, I rejoice to say, to one great mischief I have from the first opposed myself. For thirty, forty, fifty years I have resisted to the best of my powers the spirit of Liberalism in religion. Never did Holy Church need champions against it more sorely than now, when, alas! it is an error overspreading, as a snare, the whole earth; and on this great occasion, when it is natural for one who is in my place to look out upon the world, and upon Holy Church as in it, and upon her future, it will not, I hope, be considered out of place, if I renew the protest against it which I have made so often.

'"Liberalism in religion is the doctrine that there is no positive truth in religion, but that one creed is as good as another, and this is the teaching which is gaining substance and force daily. It is inconsistent with any recognition of any religion, as *true*. It teaches that all are to be tolerated, for all are matters of opinion. Revealed religion is not a truth, but a sentiment and a taste; not an objective fact, not miraculous; and it is the right of each individual to make it say just what strikes his fancy. Devotion is not necessarily founded on faith. Men may go to Protestant Churches and to Catholic, may get good from both and belong to neither. They may fraternise together in spiritual thoughts and feelings, without having any views at all of doctrines in common, or seeing the need of them. Since, then, religion is so personal a peculiarity and so private a possession, we must of necessity ignore it in the intercourse of man with man. If a man puts on a new religion every morning, what is that to you? It is as impertinent to think about a man's religion as about his sources of income or his management of his family. Religion is in no sense the bond of society.

'"Hitherto the civil power has been Christian. Even in countries separated from the Church, as in my own, the *dictum* was in force, when I was young, that: 'Christianity was the law of the land.' Now, everywhere that goodly framework of society, which is the creation of Christianity, is throwing off Christianity. The *dictum* to which I have referred, with a hundred others which followed upon it, is gone, or is going everywhere; and, by the end of the century, unless the Almighty interferes, it will be *forgotten*. Hitherto, it has been considered that religion alone, with its supernatural sanctions, was strong enough to secure submission of the masses of our population to law and order; now the Philosophers and Politicians are bent on satisfying this problem without the aid of Christianity. Instead of the Church's authority and teaching, they would substitute first of all a universal and thoroughly secular education, calculated to bring home to every individual that to be orderly, industrious, and sober is his personal interest. Then, for great working principles to take the place of religion, for the use of the masses thus carefully educated, it provides—the broad fundamental ethical truths, of justice, benevolence, veracity, and the like; proved experience; and those natural laws which exist and act spontaneously in society, and in social matters, whether physical or psychological; for instance, in government, trade, finance, sanitary experiments, and the intercourse of nations. As to Religion, it is a private luxury, which a man may have if he will; but which of course he must pay for, and which he must not obtrude upon others, or indulge in to their annoyance.

' "The general [nature] of this great *apostasia* is one and the same everywhere; but in detail, and in character, it varies in different countries. For myself, I would rather speak of it in my own country, which I know. There, I think it threatens to have a formidable success; though it is not easy to see what will be its ultimate issue. At first sight it might be thought that Englishmen are too religious for a movement which, on the continent, seems to be founded on infidelity; but the misfortune with us is, that, though it ends in infidelity as in other places, it does not necessarily arise out of infidelity. It must be recollected that the religious sects, which sprang up in England three centuries ago, and which are so powerful now, have ever been fiercely opposed to the Union of Church and State, and would advocate the unChristianising of the monarchy and all that belongs to it, under the notion that such a catastrophe would make Christianity much more pure and much more powerful. Next the liberal principle is forced on us from the necessity of the case. Consider what follows from the very fact of these many sects. They constitute the religion, it is supposed, of half the population; and recollect, our mode of government is popular. Every dozen men taken at random whom you meet in the streets have a share in political power,—when you inquire into their forms of belief, perhaps they represent one or other of as many as seven religions; how can they possibly act together in municipal or in national matters, if each insists on the recognition of his own religious denomination? All action would be at a deadlock unless the subject of religion was ignored. We cannot help ourselves. And, thirdly, it must be borne in mind, that there is much in the liberalistic theory which is good and true; for example, not to say more, the precepts of justice, truthfulness, sobriety, self-command, benevolence, which, as I have already noted, are among its avowed principles, and the natural laws of society. It is not till we find that this array of principles is intended to supersede, to block out, religion, that we pronounce it to be evil. There never was a device of the Enemy so cleverly framed and with such promise of success. And already it has answered to the expectations which have been formed of it. It is sweeping into its own ranks great numbers of able, earnest, virtuous men, elderly men of approved antecedents, young men with a career before them.

'"Such is the state of things in England, and it is well that it should be realised by all of us; but it must not be supposed for a moment that I am afraid of it. I lament it deeply, because I foresee that it may be the ruin of many souls; but I have no fear at all that it really can do aught of serious harm to the Word of God, to Holy Church, to our Almighty King, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, Faithful and True, or to His Vicar on earth. Christianity has been too often in what seemed deadly peril, that we should fear for it any new trial now. So far is certain; on the other hand, what is uncertain, and in these great contests commonly is uncertain, and what is commonly a great surprise, when it is witnessed, is the particular mode by which, in the event, Providence rescues and saves His elect inheritance. Sometimes our enemy is turned into a friend; sometimes he is despoiled of that special virulence of evil which was so threatening; sometimes he falls to pieces of himself; sometimes he does just so much as is beneficial, and then is removed. Commonly the Church has nothing more to do than to go on in her own proper duties, in confidence and peace; to stand still and to see the salvation of God.

'" Mansueti hereditabunt terram
Et delectabuntur in multitudine pacis."'

Father Pope described the scene in a brief note written to Father Ignatius Ryder on the day itself:

'Monday.

'All has passed off beautifully—an immense crowd—the Father made a very fine speech, which you will see *verbatim* in the *Times*, and which is very heartily enjoyed here. How he managed it St. Philip knows best—but he did not cough—and his delivery was very animated, and perfect, as the vehicle of his words. Several Cardinals have come—more will be coming this evening. They are very cordial, and seem very earnestly and sincerely to look on the Father as a glorious addition to their number. One said he read English and knew the "Apologia" &c. well. I am now easy about the Father—I have been at times uneasy. The cough is obstinate and weakness great. He seems to-day quite himself. Old Wagner from Brighton was present.

'The Italian ladies behind me were unanimous that he was: "che bel vecchio! che figura!" &c. &c. "pallido si, ma bellissimo," &c. &c. &c. In short the Father was quite up to the occasion, which is saying a great deal.'

Mr. Wagner himself wrote his impressions of the scene to a friend:

'I write you a few lines just to say that I was present yesterday at the ceremony of Dr. Newman's receiving the Letter from the Pope conferring on him the Cardinalate. He was in Cardinal Howard's rooms, where a considerable number of English were collected to witness the ceremony. After the letter was read, he made a beautiful little address in English to those present, ending with the motto which is in the Lives of the Saints he published at Littlemore. "The meek spirited shall possess the earth, and shall be refreshed in the multitude of peace." I do not know whether the ancient ceremony of giving the Hat to the Cardinal will take place—the last Pope, I believe, dispensed with it in his latter years; if so, I shall hope to get access to the Vatican to see it. Dr. Newman looked ill and faint, but he read the address in a beautifully clear voice, and it was a very touching one, in some respects, to listen to. I have written a line to Dr. Pusey to tell him of it, as I thought he would like to hear something of one whom he loved so much. Dr. Newman's face looked quite like that of a Saint.'

Addresses and presentations from the English-speaking Catholics in Rome followed.

Father Pope describes in another letter the first of these, which took place at the English College:

'Wednesday, May 14.

'The presentation at the English College went off grandly. Abp. McGettigan, Abp. of Benevento, Bp. Clifford, and a host of monsignori—English swarming—the present tasteful and costly—the address feeling and (better still) short—read admirably by Lady Herbert—and the Father's reply short, and very touching. He looked very noble in Cardinal's attire—and we sent to the Vatican for his "gentiluomo" in the picturesque mediaeval dress—with sword—and the Father's biretta on his knees. Two carriages and all in proper form. But the Father is fearfully tired and weak. That grip on the throat and bronchia was a sharp one—and I shall be glad now to see him home again. The Pope wishes him either to pontificate, or assist on the throne, at Chiesa Nuova, on St. Philip's day. But I think he will not.'[1]

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[1] The following is Father Neville's semi-official account of the presentation: 'At eleven o'clock on Wednesday, May 14, his Eminence Cardinal Newman accompanied by Mgr. Cataldi Master of Ceremonies to his Holiness and the Fathers of the Birmingham Oratory who are with him, went to the English College to receive the address and the gifts of the English, Irish, Scotch, and American residents in Rome. He was received at the College by Dr. O'Callaghan, the rector, Dr. Giles, the vice-rectore, and Mgr. Stonor, and conducted into a large upper chamber, already crowded by ladies and gentlemen. At the further end were exposed the complete set of vestments, rich as becoming the intention, but plain in accordance with the Cardinal's desire, a cloth-of-silver cope and jewelled mitre, a Canon of the Mass book, a pectoral cross and chain, and a silver-gilt altar candlestick, for which the English-speaking Catholics at Rome have subscribed as a present to his Eminence, together with a richly illuminated address. On each vestment was embroidered his Eminence's coat-of-arms in proper heraldic colours, with the motto "*Cor ad cor loquitur*." The Cardinal having taken his seat, with Mgr. Moran, Bishop of Ossory, Mgr. Woodlock, Bishop elect of Ardagh, Mgr. Siciliano di Rende, Archbishop of Benevento and Mgrs. Stonor, Cataldi, and de Stacpoole on either side, Lady Herbert of Lea read the following address:

FROM THE ENGLISH, IRISH, SCOTCH, AND AMERICAN RESIDENTS IN ROME.

'My Lord Cardinal,—We, your devoted English, Scotch, Irish, and American children at present residing in Rome, earnestly wishing to testify our deep and affectionate veneration for your Eminence's person and character, together with our hearty joy at your elevation to the Sacred Purple, venture to lay this humble offering at your feet. We feel that in making you a Cardinal the Holy Father has not only given public testimony of his appreciation of your great merits and of the value of your admirable writings in defence of God and His Church, but has also conferred the greatest possible honour on all English-speaking Catholics who have long looked up to you as their spiritual father and their guide in the paths of holiness. We hope your Eminence will excuse the shortness and simplicity of this Address, which is but the expression of the feeling contained in your Eminence's motto, "Heart speaking to Heart," for your Eminence has long won the first place in the hearts of all. That God may greatly prolong the years which have been so devoted to His service in the cause of truth is the earnest prayer of your Eminence's faithful and loving children.'

The effort of receiving such addresses and replying was very great, and Newman soon had again to rest, being thoroughly tired and ill. An affection of the lungs followed which made his doctors really anxious. He had hoped to visit the Holy Places in Rome, to make friends with other members of the Sacred College, and above all to speak often with Leo XIII. All this had to be abandoned. Only twice was he well enough to say Mass, though there was a chapel in the house in which he was staying; only twice could he see the Holy Father. His chief thought now was to get back to his dear home at the Oratory.

He was, however, most eager, so far as was possible, to use the new weight which his position as a Cardinal gave him, and the opportunity of his visit to Rome, to further the great aims to which his life had been so long devoted. Later on we shall speak of his plans for placing before the Holy See as one of its official councillors his views on the contemporary requirements of Catholic education. But while in Rome there was one purpose which haunted him—which indeed Father Neville told me he had planned carefully before his departure from England. His life-long friend William Froude was still a free-thinker. Newman had earnestly hoped and prayed for a change. He had reasoned with him in their intimate correspondence when occasion offered. A Catholic wife and Catholic children were constantly at Froude's side to second Newman's endeavours. But the years had gone on and no change had come. In 1878 Mrs. Froude died. Her husband, broken by the blow, was travelling in South Africa, whence, as it happened, he wrote Newman a letter concerning his religious position, in which he discussed the question of religious certainty which was the great issue between them. This letter Newman had received before starting for Rome, and he had it in his mind that the prayers of a dead wife might now be aided in their effect by himself with new hope of success, and that Froude's heart would be especially open to religious impressions. He would write from Rome itself, as a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church. Arguments which had formerly had only the character of his own personal reflections, might carry new weight when urged by one who now officially represented the Christian tradition of the ages at its main source. In spite of illness Newman persevered in his intention. The letter was written—a marvel of lucidity and careful thought at his advanced age.[1] But while the rough copy was being corrected the news came that William Froude was dead. He had died at Admiralty House, Simon's Town, of dysentery following on drinking some tainted water in the neighbourhood.

Another object near the new Cardinal's heart was to use the sanction which Rome had given to his views, as an instrument for winning back the great Döllinger to the Church. Here again he trusted that the Cardinal's Hat might be of service. The fact that Rome had given as it were her *imprimatur* to his own views on theology and history, might have an effect which mere argument had not wrought in the absence of this significant circumstance. And as a Cardinal he could speak as a matter of duty and without any suggestion of impertinence.

'It was his intention,' writes Fr. Neville, 'to have returned home by way of Germany, for the opportunity he might thus have of personal communication with Dr. Döllinger. . . . In his own new position, it was due, the Cardinal said, from himself to Dr. Döllinger, not to pass through the Continent without going to him. He was very intent upon this, and apparently he connected his object mentally with the solemn Ceremonial of his Creation as giving him authority, and power, and liberty to speak such as he had not had before. It was, however, a subject too grave for many words: his firm and emphatic utterance of the few that he used fully afforded a reading of his mind in their stead. Again, before leaving Rome, his almost silent acquiescence in the decision of his physician, that the cold and laborious route home which he was intending could not in conscience be allowed, was very expressive of his solemn and calm resignation of his purpose to the over-ruling of the will of God. Nevertheless, he would have been very glad indeed to have carried out this intention as a first use of his Cardinalate in the service of God.'

He had promised to pass some days at Autun, on his homeward journey, and see once again, before the inevitable separation of death, his dear and faithful friend, Sister Maria

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[1] The text of the letter is given at p. 587.

Pia. This plan he was loth to relinquish, yet the effort seemed more than he could safely make.

A few days before leaving Rome he wrote to one of the Birmingham Fathers:

'Whitsunday: 48 Via Sistina.

'Thank you for the care you have taken of my rooms, etc. I hope I have left them in a state which allows of their being dusted, when the time draws near for my return.

'The time! when will that be? I was sure that you did not take in how ill I was, though my letters to Lewis and Francis ought, I think, to have struck you. I wanted especially your prayers, and I hate concealment. Think of this fact, that, as Cardinal elect and actual, I have an altar in this house, yet in five weeks I have only said Mass once. However, today I said Mass, but the doctor won't let me say Mass tomorrow. He says I am not safe from a relapse, and, if at Leghorn I am at all unwell, I am to send for him.

'I see the Pope tomorrow, for the second and last time! Alas, how my time, humanly speaking, has been lost here. We shall not get off till Wednesday at soonest. At Leghorn we stay according as we are comfortable there, at the "Anglo-American hotel." I am in a dilemma of the Mont Cenis line, which is too cold, and the Riviera, which is too hot. My visit to Autun, which I can't give up, is a great trouble. I shall remain some days at Dover or the like place. I dread the receptions and answers to Addresses. It was these which knocked me up here. . . . I think I shall return to Birmingham, as you will find, an older man than I went.'

From Leghorn he wrote to Sister Maria Pia on June 9 announcing his impending arrival at Autun.

'Think,' he added, 'of my being at Rome six weeks at such a festive season and with such great saints' days and having said Mass only three times and having been into not more than half a dozen churches. What a disappointment.'

A letter from Father Thomas Pope to a friend at the Oratory tells of the route homewards:

'Hôtel Anglo-Américain, Livourne: June 18, 1879.

'The Father has just received your pleasant letter, and enjoyed it much. The medal looks too much like a Roman Emperor—the Father says like Nero. He was particularly pleased with the letter from the President of Trinity. He walked out yesterday on the *passeggiata* with benefit—and is now, to all appearance, well. He is very weak; and the worst thing is a susceptibility to every change so great, that we can't calculate how he will bear anything. Actual disease there is none—he has a grand constitution, and the capital of it is not nearly exhausted yet. I marvel at the ease with which he has thrown off his several illnesses. Tomorrow we go to Genoa,—Hôtel de l'Italie. If he is well there, and has borne the journey well, Father Paul and I start off, so that we shall reach Birmingham as soon as possible. . . . The Father cannot be at home for St. Peter and Paul, so far as we can see now. He *may* be so much stronger as to get on quicker. But the doctor wants him to leave Genoa on Saturday morning for Nice—to stay Sunday at Nice—Monday to Marseilles—then another stage to Lyons—then to Paris. . . . The Father is very eager to be back—and I think he will return straight to Birmingham—and go back later to London. Even now, as I am writing, Father William is urging a halt at Spezia, lest the whole journey to Genoa be too much.'

When Newman got to Mâcon came another disappointment. The doctor peremptorily forbade, in the inclement weather, the proposed *détour* to Autun.

He broke the news to Sister Maria Pia in a sad letter dated July 3:

'My dear Sister Pia,—We must submit ourselves to the Will of God. What is our religion, if we can't?

'When I got to Mâcon, it was almost determined we should cut across to you next morning. I went to bed with this expectation—but next morning we rose in heavy rain, and my doctor had a great fear that the waiting at the various stations, and change of carriages with the damp, draughts, and worry which accompanied it would bring on fever etc., for you would hardly believe how weak I am, and what very slight imprudences have caused a relapse already. So he felt, as having the charge of me, that he could not leave the direct road to Paris in which there were no stoppages, no change of carriages.

'The season is so exceptional.

'Ever yours most affly.,
JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.'

The Cardinal arrived in Brighton on Saturday afternoon, June 28, and was present at the High Mass on Sunday at the Church of St. John the Baptist, in St. James's Street. In the afternoon he drove round to the various churches in the town and paid visits to their several priests.

On Monday he went to London, breaking his journey at Bramber to see his old friend Dr. Bloxam, of Magdalene, now Rector of Upper Beeding. The Agricultural Show filled the London hotels, and he therefore went to Rugby for the night, reaching his home at the Oratory on the following morning, Tuesday, July 1, the Fathers having been warned of his approaching arrival on Monday by telegram.

The home-coming is described in a letter from Henry Bellasis to his mother, written on the day itself:

'The Father could not obtain a bed in London last night, so travelled on to Rugby and came on this morning by a train arriving at New Street at 10.45. He was met by all the principal gentlemen of our congregation, many priests and a large crowd of people, a first rate carriage and pair was in readiness belonging to one of the ladies and *on the way to the house* he dressed with Fr. Henry's assistance in his red trimmed cassock and pink ferrajuolo which is a sort of cloak—red biretta and skull cap of course—so that when the policeman gave us in a solemn whisper at the front door the news, "They are here sir!" up drove the carriage (pouring with rain, by the bye) and the Father got out in—so to speak —full costume.

'He then went to the Porch of the Church and after the usual ceremonies, kissing a crucifix, incensing, etc.; the procession marched up the Church—the Father under a canopy—and filed off to S. Philip's Chapel where the Blessed Sacrament is kept. After a short prayer the procession returned to the High Altar. Here the Father knelt on a prie-Dieu in the centre of the sanctuary, and, after some short prayers, went to the throne, where we all came and kissed his ring. This over, his throne was taken to the centre of the Sanctuary and he there sat down and delivered a most beautiful and touching discourse. It was to the effect that he had now come *home;* what a deal there was in that word home—he knew there were more heroic lives than that of a *home* life e.g. the Apostles', etc. but a home life was his as a son of St. Philip. Our Lord Himself spent 30 years of His life shewing us what a home life ought to be. When away at a distance he thought he never should return, but God had willed it otherwise, and he had now reached what he might call his long home, which he hoped might end in heaven for all eternity. He then thanked the Congregation for all their prayers and congratulations, saying that his great weakness prevented him from doing so in a manner at all expressing what he really felt. After this he went on to speak of his great privilege of being able to go to the Holy City and see the Holy Father face to face. He spoke of the Pope most beautifully and ended by saying that he was here as his representative, and he prayed God that now, we all, in whatever station or circumstances we might be, might by His Grace show an Example of what Catholic life ought to be etc. etc. He then said he would give us his blessing, which he did solemnly as a Bishop.

'After this the Te Deum was sung and the Ceremony ended.

'I should add that he looks thin and weak from his illness, but this only adds to his magnificent appearance. I wish you could have heard the sermon—it made us all cry more or less.'

'No one I am sure who was privileged to be present,' writes the late Father Ignatius Ryder, 'will ever forget that improvised service of thanksgiving for his safe return in which he took part immediately on his arrival. He was wonderful to look upon as he sat fronting the congregation, his face as the face of an angel—the features that were so familiar to us refined and spiritualised by illness and the delicate complexion and silver hair touched by the rose tints of his bright unaccustomed dress. Leaning his head upon his hand he began to talk to us and must have spoken for some twenty minutes or more. Every word seemed precious—I can only hope they have been preserved—and yet simple to the last degree; about home principally.

'If I remember right he began with the words "It is such a happiness to get home." There was throughout what was often a peculiar charm with him, the impression of aloofness as though it were all a soliloquy or conversation you had innocently surprised.'

No reporter was present, but the following is left by Father Neville among the Cardinal's papers as giving 'as nearly as possible' his words on this occasion:

'My dear Children,—I am desirous of thanking you for the great sympathy you have shown towards me, for your congratulations, for your welcome, and for your good prayers; but I feel so very weak—for I have not recovered yet from a long illness—that I hardly know how I can be able to say ever so few words, or to express in any degree the great pleasure and gratitude to you which I feel.

'To come home again! In that word "home" how much is included. I know well that there is a more heroic life than a home life. We know the blessed Apostles—how they went about, and we listen to St. Paul's words—those touching words—in which he speaks of himself and says he was an outcast. Then we know, too, our Blessed Lord—that He "had not where to lay His head." Therefore, of course, there is a higher life, a more heroic life, than that of home. But still, that is given to few. The home life—the idea of home—is consecrated to us by our patron and founder St. Philip, for he made the idea of home the very essence of his religion and institute. We have even a great example in Our Lord Himself; for though in His public ministry He had not where to lay His head, yet we know that for the first thirty years of His life He had a home, and He therefore consecrated, in a special way, the life of home. And as, indeed, Almighty God has been pleased to continue the world, not, as angels, by a separate creation of each, but by means of the Family, so it was fitting that the congregation of St. Philip should be the ideal, the realisation of the Family in its perfection, and a pattern to every family in the parish, in the town, and throughout the whole of Christendom. Therefore, I do indeed feel pleasure to come home again. Although I am not insensible of the great grace of being in the Holy City, which is the centre of grace, nor of the immense honour which has been conferred upon me, nor of the exceeding kindness and affection to me personally of the Holy Father—I may say more than affection, for he was to me as though he had been all my life my father—to see the grace which shone from his face and spoke in his voice; yet I feel I may rejoice in coming home again—as if it were to my long home—to that home which extends to heaven, "the home of our eternity." And although there has been much of sickness, and much sadness in being prevented from enjoying the privileges of being in the Holy City, yet Almighty God has brought me home again in spite of all difficulties, fears, obstacles, troubles, and trials. I almost feared I should never come back, but God in His mercy has ordered it otherwise. And now I will ask you, my dear friends, to pray for me, that I may be as the presence of the Holy Father amongst you, and that the Holy Spirit of God may be upon this Church, upon this great city, upon its Bishop, upon all its priests, upon all its inhabitants, men, women and children, and as a pledge and beginning of it, I give you my benediction.'

CHAPTER XXXIV

FINAL TASKS (1880–1886)

So far as the weight of nearly fourscore years permitted it, the period which followed the conferring of the Cardinalate was a very happy one. Tokens of universal reverence multiplied on Newman's return from Rome. The formal receptions which were held to do him honour gave opportunity also for expressions of gratitude from the many who had owed to him their Christian faith or their religious peace, and it was brought home to him that during the years which had seemed to him simply years of failure he had in fact been doing a work as real (if less conspicuous) as the work he had done at Oxford.

A great reception was given at Norfolk House, for which others besides the Catholic world accepted invitations in order to meet the new Cardinal.[1] Lord Salisbury came from Hatfield and reopened his London house for the occasion. And many other men prominent in public life availed themselves of the opportunity to pay honour to the new Cardinal. His brethren at the London Oratory also entertained him at Brompton. In the diary of one of the Fathers we read as follows:

'The Cardinal assisted at Vespers and gave Benediction at the London Oratory, and gave an address afterwards to the Brothers of the Little Oratory. I believe it was touching. Lord Emly quite broke down. Anthony Froude wrote a

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[1] Of this reception the Cardinal thus writes to a friend who had received no intimation that it was to take place:

'I did not choose who should come to Norfolk House—nor I believe, did the Duke. I think those came mainly who asked to come. But it necessarily involved great confusion. There was nothing to show who wished to come, or who were in London—and how many days and hours were necessary for open house. I only know that the Duke slaved, nay, the Duchess, and the Ladies Howard, so as to make me quite ashamed and very grateful. Four hundred people came one day.'

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

From a Photograph (*about* 1882).

mournfully affecting letter to the Duke, asking if he might come to the Oratory to hear it. "Since last I heard that musical voice my faith has all been shattered: perhaps if I might hear it again it would at least awaken in me some echoes of those old days." I do not know how far exactly these words are his own; I have them from the account Fr. John gave me in conversation.'

Trinity College, Oxford, invited the new Cardinal to dine at the College Gaudy on Trinity Monday 1880. The Cardinal accepted, and preached on Trinity Sunday at the Jesuit Church in Oxford to a crowded congregation. The dinner on the Monday was a far more stately function than that which he had attended in February 1878, after his election as Honorary Fellow. There were numerous guests, and ladies were invited to a reception in the evening. These were presented in turn to the Cardinal, who received them in semi-royal state. The late Sir Richard Jebb was at the dinner, and told the present writer that Newman's informal speech on the occasion was a model of perfect tact and grace. For half an hour or so, sitting in his chair, he talked to the table of Oxford memories—of Whately, Pusey, Blanco White, Hawkins, and many another, not forgetting his old Trinity tutor Thomas Short, who had passed away since his visit of 1878.

These functions were physically exhausting to the Cardinal, but they were the outward symbols of work done for the good cause and were intensely grateful to him.

Cardinal Newman had no thought of *otium cum dignitate* for his declining years. The whole value of his new position consisted in the influence it gave him. 'His strength,' writes Father Neville, 'which had been so severely tried in Rome, was rapidly regained, his health was good, and he had the happiness of being conscious that the readiness and vigour of his mind were undiminished. But fatigue during exertion came upon him more quickly than heretofore. It was a warning to him that he would have less and less opportunity to make up for loss of time.' He determined forthwith to do his best to make the Holy Father realise the difficulties which had for so many years oppressed him, as to the position of educated Christians, in view of the now rapidly rising tide of anti-Christian thought. The sad question which he had asked in 1877 in respect of tendencies which he deplored, 'What can one writer do against this misfortune?' was no longer in place. There was since then a new Pontiff, whose policy might well depart from the 'non possumus' which Pius IX.'s later history had forced upon him in politics, and which he had sometimes extended to the intellectual movements of the day as well as to the political. And Newman himself, as a Cardinal of Holy Church, might have an influence in high quarters which as a mere writer he could never attain. He meant to lose no time in urging on Rome itself the policy which since the days of his Dublin campaign he had so keenly felt to be necessary for the education of Catholics—of admitting again within the Church something of the free discussions which the thirteenth century had witnessed, with a view to revising the defences of Christianity to meet new dangers. This involved doing full justice to all that was strongest in the anti-Christian arguments, and replying to them, in place of either banishing them as temptations or caricaturing what was cogent as though it were inept. Not that for a moment he desired the average weak mind to face arguments against Christian faith which might easily perplex it. Indeed, some of his most characteristic letters of this time are directed against such intercourse, on the part of Catholics in general, with anti-Christian thinkers as might weaken the hold of religion on their imagination. But there must (he held) be a body of really cogent theological and philosophical reasoning in the Catholic schools, to fall back upon and to inspire confidence in thoughtful men; and this could only be elaborated by frankly and freely testing in actual warfare the strength of the existing apologetic and discarding what was inadequate. 'When I see a clever and thoughtful young man,' he used to say at this time, 'I feel a kind of awe and even terror in thinking of his future. How will he be able to stand against the intellectual flood that is setting in against Christianity?'

In his reminiscences of the thoughts and tasks which occupied the Cardinal in his last years, Father Neville, his constant companion, writes as follows:

'He gave himself much to the aid of persons of high culture and power of thought, whose difficulties were intellectual with regard to the faith, even as to belief in God; yet were earnest to do right if only they could be sure of the Truth. Trials such as these appealed to him especially, and drew forth his most tender sympathy. Moreover, he was conscious that he himself could do much for the relief of these persons, which others ordinarily could not; and he had it greatly at heart to draw them nearer to the Church and nearer to God. To make persons who were Catholics happy in their religion was also, to him, another great aim.

'Services such as these occupied him a great deal, and influenced him very much in works which he undertook to do.'

In a memorandum belonging to his last years Cardinal Newman thus expresses himself:

'From the time that I began to occupy my mind with theological subjects I have been troubled at the prospect, which I considered to lie before us, of an intellectual movement against religion, so special as to have a claim upon the attention of all educated Christians. As early as 1826 I wrote, "As the principles of science are in process of time more fully developed, and become more independent of the religious system, there is much danger lest the philosophical school should be found to separate from the Christian Church, and at length disown the parent to whom it has been so greatly indebted. And this evil has in a measure befallen us," &c. &c. ("Univ. Serm.," p. 14). This grave apprehension led me to consider the evidences, as they are called, of Religion generally, and the intellectual theory on which they are based. This I attempted with the purpose, as far as lay in my power, not certainly of starting doubts about religion, but of testing and perfecting the proofs in its behalf. In literal warfare, weapons are tested before they are brought into use, and the men are not called traitors who test them.'

In another memorandum, a copy of which he sent during his last years[1] to the present writer, the Cardinal urged the necessity of drawing up a systematic statement of the main points on which there was a divergence between the conclusions generally received among men of science, including the Biblical and historical critics, and the generally received opinions in the theological schools. Such a statement ought, he said, to be forwarded to Rome with strong representations as to the urgent necessity, with a view to protecting the faith of the young, that these questions should be fully and candidly discussed among Catholic theologians and men of science with the sanction of Rome itself. Such frank debate would result in the erection of an authority on the subjects in question, which would inspire general confidence.

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[1] It was sent in 1886, but had been written, I believe, a few years earlier.

Newman's first thought was to return to Rome himself and open his mind to his brother Cardinals and, above all, to the Holy Father. In his 'Reminiscences' Father Neville states that 'on the occasion of his visit to Rome in 1879, some of the Cardinals had greatly attracted Newman, and he desired to resume conversation with his colleagues on subjects which had largely inspired his own writings.

'He determined, therefore,' writes Father Neville, 'to return to Rome for a time, as soon as the re-establishment of his health would allow it, looking forward to talking with some who had not followed him in all his writings, and to becoming conversant with many matters of interest and importance. Moreover, and above all things, he desired to open his mind fully to the Holy Father on those educational subjects which had occupied him so much, and concerning which his knowledge and experience were exceptional.

'The earliest days of the approaching March (1880) had been fixed by him for his departure, but disappointment again overtook him; an accident which fractured two of his ribs confined him to his home, and the opportunity thus lost never returned. Each successive year left its deeper mark of age upon him. One thing and another made the prospect of his going to Rome more and more distant, till it became contemplated only in case of some emergency incidental to his position as Cardinal calling him thither; or, should the Holy Father's position become perilous, as at one time seemed not unlikely, then he, as would beseem a Cardinal, would be at his side.'

One extremely interesting fact is recorded by Father Neville in the same connection. A Cardinal was eligible to the Papacy, and Father Neville drew from Newman a statement as to what he should do in the highly improbable, but still not impossible event that he should some day be called on himself to decide the policy of the Church on the questions of the day.

'Speaking in a matter-of-fact manner, but with grave seriousness,' writes Father Neville, 'he went on to say that his time would necessarily be too brief for him to do anything himself, "but this I could do," he said, "appoint and organise commissions on various subjects, and thus advance work for another to take up if he willed. That would be the work for me to do. It would have to begin at once, without any delay." Having said that, then with the briskness and relief as of one now seeing and knowing his way, he made mention of a Pope elected at ninety-three and dying at ninety-six, who had done a great work at that age and in that short time.'

The subjects he specified to Father Neville, as specially needing such commissions for their consideration, were Biblical criticism and the history of the Early Church; and the commissions would have to make a full and candid report to be dealt with by his successor as he should think fit.

While thus anxious for a satisfactory intellectual treatment of the bearing on Christian faith of those researches which were leading so many to reject it, Newman showed in his letters—as I have already intimated—a keen sense of the part played by intercourse with unbelievers in predisposing the mind to exaggerate the force of their arguments.

The following letters illustrate this view. They are addressed to Miss Bowles, who had told him of a common friend who lived much in the intellectual world of London and had ceased to be a Catholic or Christian:

To Miss Bowles. 'January 5, 1882.

'I think those shocking imaginations against everything supernatural and sacred, are as really diseases of the soul, as complaints of the body are, and become catching and epidemic, by contact or neighbourhood or company, (of course the will comes in, as a condition of their being caught, as, on the other hand, in the cures effected by St. Paul's handkerchiefs and aprons, faith would be a condition). But were I deliberately to frequent the society, the parties of clever infidels, I should expect all sorts of imaginations contrary to Revealed Truth, not based on reason, but fascinating or distressing, unsettling visions, to take possession of me. . . . This does not apply to intercourse with hereditary and religious Protestants, but to our Heresiarchs, to the preachers of infidel science, and our infidel literati and philosophers. This leads me on to recur in thought to the fierce protests and shuddering aversion with which St. John, St. Polycarp, and Origen are recorded to have met such as Marcion and his fellows—and, though it may be impossible to take their conduct as a pattern to copy literally, yet I think we should avoid familiar intercourse with infidel poets, essayists, historians, men of science, as much as ever we can lawfully. I am speaking of course of such instruments of evil as really propagate evil.

'As to your very distressing intelligence, which has led to the above, I should hope and pray, hoping with great hope, and praying with great anxiety, that like a bodily complaint it will at length run its course, though the course may be long.

'It yet pains my hand to write.'

To the Same.

'June 15, 1882.

'I do really think it an epidemic, and wonderfully catching. It does not spread by the reason, but by the imagination. The imagination presents a possible, plausible view of things which haunts and at length overcomes the mind. We begin by asking "How can we be sure that it is not so?" and this thought hides from the mind the real rational grounds on which our faith is founded. Then our faith goes, and how in the world is it ever to be regained, except by a wonderful grant of God's grace. May God keep us all from this terrible deceit of the latter days. What is coming upon us? I look with keen compassion on the next generation and with, I may say, awe.'

While, during the years from 1880 to 1884, Newman cherished the hope of going in person to Rome, he resumed the tasks which the Cardinalate had interrupted. He completed the two 'Athanasius' volumes, and from the papers of Mr. William Palmer, brother of the late Lord Selborne, he compiled a volume called 'Notes of a Visit to the Russian Church in 1840–41.' He also projected a Latin version of selections from his own writings with a view to bringing some of his views more easily before his fellow-Catholics in other countries and the authorities in Rome. 'He looked forward with great brightness to the prosecution of this plan,' writes Father Neville. 'Not only would it have been easy to him, but also congenial, inasmuch as he was distrustful of foreign translations giving correct expression to his ideas. He had gone as far in this intention as to make some beginnings as specimens of his plan, when unforeseen causes hindered him, and meanwhile it became too late.'

Death continued to come in these years to relations and intimate friends. The Cardinal knew well that his own time might arrive any day. His mind dwelt constantly (Father Neville used to tell me) on the awful change in prospect, and on all it meant in the light of Christian faith. And in some sense merely human affections paled in that light which he was ever striving to see more clearly. When his sister, Mrs. John Mozley, died on Christmas Day, 1879, he wrote to her children that he had said Mass for her soul. The letter appeared to them to be marked by a certain absence of expressions of affection, and her son sent him a letter in which, while expressing his confidence in the love of the brother for the sister, he recorded the impression made upon the family. The Cardinal wrote thus in reply:

'The Oratory: Feb. 26, 1880.

'My very dear John,—Thank you for your affectionate letter, which I am glad to have, though how to answer it I scarcely know, more than if it were written in a language I could not read. From so different a standpoint do we view things.

'Looking beyond this life, my first prayer, aim, and hope is that I may see God. The thought of being blest with the sight of earthly friends pales before that thought. I believe that I shall never die; this awful prospect would crush me, were it not that I trusted and prayed that it would be an eternity in God's Presence. How is eternity a boon, unless He goes with it?

'And for others dear to me, my one prayer is that they may see God.

'It is the thought of God, His Presence, His strength, which makes up, which repairs all bereavements.

' "Give what Thou wilt, without Thee we are poor,
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away."

'I prayed it might be so, when I lost so many friends thirty-five years ago: what else could I look to?

'If then, as you rightly remind me, I said Mass for your dear Mother, it was to entreat the Lover of souls that, in His own way and in His own time, He would remove all the distance which lay between the Sovereign Good and her, His creature. That is the first prayer, sine qua non, introductory to all prayers, and the most absorbing. What can I say more to you? Yours affectionately,

JOHN H. CARDINAL NEWMAN.'

In the following year Newman lost his dear and faithful friend, Mother Imelda Poole, Provincial of the Dominican Sisters. Shortly after her death he paid a visit to the Convent at Stone that he might say Mass for her in her own home. One of the Sisters has thus described the occasion:

'In the November of 1881 Cardinal Newman had the extraordinary kindness to pay us a visit to console us after the death of our own beloved Mother Imelda, and say Mass for her *here*. After his breakfast, he came to the Community Room, and spoke to us in the most beautiful and touching way, of the *joy* we ought to have in the midst of our bereavement. He said that in spite of great care to forget nothing he would require, he had forgotten his ring, and when vesting for Mass had asked Dr. Northcote whether there was such a thing in the house. Then he heard that on the 2nd of June 1868 Dr. Ullathorne had given the ring with which he had been consecrated Bishop to Mother Imelda as a memorial of her appointment as Provincial. "And *this* ring," he said, "I am wearing now on the occasion of my visit to her children." The consecration of the Bishop of Birmingham was the first occasion on which Mother Margaret and Dr. Newman met: the ring will now have a fourfold association.

'After dinner the Cardinal asked to be taken to the Choir that he might pray by Mother Margaret's and Mother Imelda's graves. He knelt by them for some time in silent prayer, evidently deeply moved. There was a most wonderful hush and silence all the time: no sound indoors or out, but a profound stillness. It was a dull grey morning: but as we still knelt there one clear bright ray of sunshine suddenly darted through the casement and fell directly on the grave of our dearest Mother Imelda. The effect of *that silence* and that sudden *ray of light* was something impossible to describe.

'When he came away he said to Mother F. Raphael, "I would not have missed this for the world."'

Cardinal Newman's feeling as to the true way of looking at death is apparent in the very touching intercourse, two years later, with his old Oriel friend Mark Pattison. They had met but once since 1845, and now the Cardinal heard in December 1883 that his friend was gravely ill, and not likely to live long. The incident is recorded by Father Neville, and I give it in his words:[1]

'A mutual friend had told him that what would be Mr. Pattison's last illness had evidently set in, and that as to religious belief he was in a most desolate state; and, moreover, that no one would be likely to have good effect upon him, unless it were the Cardinal himself. The Cardinal was rather seriously ill in bed with bronchitis when this sad news came, but, at once, he determined to do what he felt would be best—to go himself to the sick man. The doctors gave their forebodings of what would be the result to himself if he went, but he would not be deterred. "Is the little life left me," he said, "to be weighed against the chance of good in a case such as this? Let the doctors say what they will, I shall go!" He set to work in his own quiet way. He wrote at once to Mr. Pattison:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Dec. 27, 1883.

'My very dear Pattison,—I grieve to hear that you are very unwell. How is it that I, who am so old, am carried on in years beyond my juniors?

'This makes me look back in my thoughts forty years, when you, with Dalgairns and so many others now gone, were entering into life.

'For the sake of those dear old days, I cannot help writing to you. Is there any way in which I can serve you? At least I can give you my prayers, such as they are.

'Yours affectionately,
JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.'

The reply came at once:

'Lincoln College, Oxford: Dec. 28, 1883.

'When your letter, my dear master, was brought to my bedside this morning and I saw your well-known handwriting, my eyes filled so with tears that I could not at first see to read what you had said.

'When I found in what affectionate terms you addressed me, I felt guilty, for I thought, would he do so, if he knew how far I have travelled on the path which leads quite away from those ideas which I once—about 1845–1846—shared with him?

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[1] I have added a few of my own, but only as connecting-links to Father Neville's notes.

'Or is your toleration so large, that though you knew me to be in grievous error, you could still embrace me as a son?

'If I have not dared to approach you in any way of recent years, it has been only from the fear that you might be regarding me as coming to you under false colours.

'The veneration and affection which I felt for you at the time you left us, are in no way diminished, and however remote my intellectual standpoint may now be from that which I may presume to be your own, I can still truly say that I have learnt more from you than from any one else with whom I have ever been in contact.

'Let me subscribe myself for the last time

'Your affectionate son and pupil,

MARK PATTISON.'

Even at such a moment the Cardinal evidently felt it his duty not to allow his large-hearted sympathy to be interpreted as an abstract doctrine of latitudinarianism. But he made up his mind to see his friend as soon as he was physically able to do so.

'January 2, 1884.

'My dear Pattison,—On consideration I find it a duty to answer your question to me about toleration.

'I am then obliged to say that what Catholics hold upon it, I hold with them.

'That God, who knows the heart, may bless you now and ever is the fervent prayer of your most affectionate friend. JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.'

'January 4, 1884.

'My dear Pattison,—I am now well enough after a cold, which has kept me to my room or my bed for a month, to ask you whether you are strong enough to see me, did I call on you.

'If you tell me *yes*, or at least do not say *no*, I am strongly moved to come to you next Monday, between 11.58 and 2.48.

'I hope this abrupt letter will not try you.

'Yours affectionately,

J. H. NEWMAN.'

The sick man hesitated at the sudden proposal of a visit which could not but cause deep emotion and perhaps great pain. Nevertheless the Cardinal went and took his chance.

'January 8, 1884.

'My dear Pattison,—As you only said "no" to my coming to see you on *Monday*, but implied I might come to you some other day, I will make a call to-morrow, Wednesday.

'You need not see me if it is too much for you—but my coming will not be *sudden* now, as it would have been then. Yours affectionately,

J. H. CARD. NEWMAN.'

'To Oxford then the Cardinal went,' continues Father Neville. 'He had not had any extraordinary expectations when on his way, for he knew that the distance unbelief had travelled was immense, and that its cancerous wound was too deep, and had been too long lasting, and too long trifled with, to be cured quickly; but when leave-taking outside the house door in the college quadrangle, the appearance of both was singularly striking and pleasing to see. Perhaps the like had never occurred before—a parting such as that—two so far from ordinary men, each at the brink of his grave. They had passed some hours together alone; each knew that neither the other nor himself could live long; neither could say which was the likely one to be first called away.

'The result of the visit will no doubt be asked for, but it will be in vain; for the Cardinal was not the sort of person to say much on what was so grave, so anxious, so private as this, the result of which must be in the hands of God. Never the less, what he did say was expressive of satisfaction and of hope. The journey, far from exhausting him, apparently quite set him up.

'Mr. Pattison died in the spring.'

During these years Newman's thoughts seem to have often turned back to early days. He wrote about the old home at Ham, and he corresponded with some of his relations from whom he had been long separated. On Easter Eve in 1881 he dwells on his early recollections of his mother in a letter to his cousin, Mrs. Deane.

On January 5, 1882, in a letter to his old family friend, Sister Maria Pia, he recalls the loss of his dear sister Mary:

'This is the anniversary of my dear Mary's death in 1828,—an age ago; but she is as fresh in my memory and as dear to my heart as if it were yesterday; and often I cannot mention her name without tears coming into my eyes.'

Very gentle and tender is a letter written in the same year to his cousin and contemporary, Miss Eliza Fourdrinier:

'My dear Eliza,—Your letter has made me very sad, especially at the thought of your solitariness, as being the only one left of your family. Thank you for writing to me. It recalls so many past days and pleasant meetings of which you and I are now almost the sole living witnesses. For many years I have had it in my mind to attempt to find you out, but I am so little from home, and with so many engagements when I am in London, and felt so uncertain of your abode, that I have never succeeded, and now I am too old to think of it.

'I recollect well the last time I saw you, I think [with] Annie, and your dear Mother, who seemed to me to be looking older than when I had last seen her. If I am right, this was July 30th, 1844. She died in 1850. I believe I know the days of death of all of you.

'May God guard and protect you, and be with you now and in the future.

'If I can find a photograph of me, since you speak of portraits, I will send you one.

'Yours affectionately,
JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.'

Before the idea of visiting Rome had been finally abandoned, one or two English Catholics of influence had, with the concurrence of some of the Bishops, re-opened the discussion of the proposal that Catholics should be allowed to finish their education at Oxford. This was one of the very matters which Newman had intended himself to discuss with the Holy Father. Unable to leave England himself, he gladly authorised those who were proposing to make the journey to place his own views on the subject before Pope Leo. In the event he put his opinions in writing. But before quoting his words on the subject it will be interesting to cite a very touching letter in which he responded to an invitation from Lord Braye, who was about to go to Rome himself, to come and discuss the whole subject by word of mouth. The invitation was given by one who when writing it referred sadly to the difficulty he had found in getting such urgent needs attended to—the effort expended, the unsatisfactory result. The Cardinal's health did not allow of his accepting the invitation: but his heart went out in sympathy for his correspondent's complaint. He wrote as follows:

'Birmingham: Oct. 29, 1882.

'My dear Lord Braye,—I thank you for your most touching letter which I think I quite understand and in which I deeply sympathise. First, however, let me say a word about myself. . . . I am thankful to say that I am at present quite free from any complaint, as far as I know, but I am over eighty, and it is with difficulty that I walk, eat, read, write or talk. My breath is short and my brain works slow, and, like other old men, I am so much the creature of hours, rooms, and of routine generally, that to go from home is almost like tearing off my skin, and I suffer from it afterwards. On the other hand, except in failure of memory, and continual little mistakes in the use of words, and confusion in the use of names, I am not conscious that my mind is weaker than it was.

'Now this is sadly egotistical; but I want you to understand why it is that I do not accept your most kind invitations, any more than I have Lord Denbigh's. I decline both with real pain; and thank you both. But I have real reasons, which friends sometimes will not believe, for they come and see me and say: "How well you are looking!"

'Now what can I say in answer to your letter? First, that your case is mine. It is for years beyond numbering—in one view of the matter for these fifty years—that I have been crying out: "I have laboured in vain; I have spent my strength without cause, and in vain; wherefore my judgment is with the Lord and my work with my God." Now at the end of my days, when the next world is close upon me, I am recognised at last at Rome. Don't suppose I am dreaming of complaint; just the contrary. The Prophet's words, which expressed my keen pain, brought, because they were his words, my consolation. It is the rule of God's Providence that we should succeed by failure; and my moral is, as addressed to you: "Doubt not that He will use you—be brave—have faith in His love for you,—His everlasting love—and love Him from the certainty that He loves you."

'I cannot write more today, and since it is easier thus to write, than to answer your direct questions, I think it better to write to you at once than to keep silence. May the best blessings from above come down upon you—and they will. I am, my dear Lord Braye,

'Yours (may I say?) affectionately
JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.'

Bishop Hedley, Lord Braye, and Mr. Hartwell Grissell obtained an audience of the Holy Father early in the year 1883. During the interview the Pope made several inquiries relative to the English Universities, and wished to know if Catholics frequented them. Lord Braye, in pressing for the removal of the prohibition, laid before the Pontiff a translation in Italian of a letter he had received from Cardinal Newman, in which he had urged that a geat opportunity, and a great necessity, for Catholic influence at Oxford was afforded by the existing state of the University.

The letter, dated November 2, 1882, is as follows:

'The cardinal question for the moment is the Oxford question. Dear Pusey is gone. Canon Liddon has mysteriously given up his Professorship. The undergraduates and Junior Fellows are sheep without a shepherd. They are sceptics or inquirers, quite open for religious influences. It is a moment for the Catholic Mission in Oxford to seize an opportunity which never may come again. The Jesuits have Oxford men and able men among them. I doubt not that they are doing (as it is) great good there; but I suppose they dread the dislike and suspicion which any forward act of theirs would rouse. But is it not heart piercing that such an opportunity should be lost? The Liberals are sweeping along in triumph, without any Catholic or religious influence to stem them now that Pusey and Liddon are gone.

'This is what I feel at the moment, but, alas, it is only one out of various manifestations of what may be called Nihilism in the Catholic Body, and in its rulers. They forbid, but they do not direct or create. I should fill many sheets of paper if I continued my exposure of this fact, so I pass on to my second thought.

'The Holy Father must be put up to this fact, and must be made to understand the state of things with us.

'And I think he ought to do this;—he should send here some man of the world, impartial enough to take in two sides of a subject,—not a politician, or one who would be thought to have anything to do with politics. Such a person should visit (not a "visitorial" visit) all parts of England, and he should be able to talk English. He should be in England a whole summer.

'Next, how is the Pope to be persuaded to this? by some Englishman in position; one or two so much the better. They should talk French or Italian, and remain in Rome some months. This would be the first step.'

It remains to add that Leo XIII. listened with great interest to the letter, and said that he would place Newman's views before Cardinal Manning. This letter doubtless prepared the Holy Father's mind for the representations made ten years later, which led to the withdrawal by the Holy See of the law which forbade Catholics to frequent the national Universities.[1]

Cardinal Newman was in these years especially kind and encouraging to those younger men who hoped to continue the work of Catholic and Christian apologetic after he was gone. The writings of Mr. W. S. Lilly had already for some time engaged his close attention. He took a great interest in the Catholic Truth Society, which was being organised by Mr. James Britten. He used his influence to ensure fair play all round in controversial writing; and, while strongly deprecating unfair special pleading on the Catholic side, went out of his way to protest against Dr. Littledale's 'Plain Reasons against Joining the Church of Rome,' which he regarded as an untruthful book.[2]

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[1] See the preface to Murphy's *History of the Catholic Church in England* (Burns & Oates, 1892), in which the question is discussed and the above interview mentioned.

[2] He protested against the book being circulated by a respectable society like the Christian Knowledge Society, with the result that it was struck off their list. 'I am more than pleased,' he writes to Dean Church on December 21, 1881, 'with the result of my drawing attention to the Christian Knowledge Society's shameful circulation of Dr. L.'s book. I say "shameful" because such a Society should not sanction a controversial work till it has gone through a careful revision. Fifty years ago, when Blanco White's work was on the list, no complaint, as I think, could lie against the Society, because he was a *witness* of what he said, and, if he coloured facts, it was not intentionally; but Dr. L.'s book shocks me. However, for this very reason, because it thus affects me, I am sure that it will also, in the same way, more or less, affect others—and I have quite sufficient proofs that it has. . . . I wished to protest against unfair controversy, and thereby to draw attention to it. Even if half of Dr. L.'s book was true, that was no excuse for the other half being untrue.'

Father Ignatius Ryder's book on 'Catholic Controversy' (in reply to Dr. Littledale) received the Cardinal's especial approval. I had my own share in such encouragement, and the circumstances which led to it have a certain interest in connection with the Cardinal's life as they brought about a kind of posthumous reconciliation with my father. My father died in July 1882, and though the Cardinal wrote to the family and said that he had offered Mass for his soul, the letter was not such as to make us feel that my father's opposition to the Oxford scheme and his general attitude in later years towards the leader who had been all in all to him at Oxford was forgiven. In the same year I published in the *Nineteenth Century* a dialogue called the 'Wish to Believe,' and it was partly the interest in it expressed by the Cardinal to a common friend which made me expand it into a book. The Cardinal read it in its enlarged form.

On Christmas Day I received the following letter from him with 'A happy Christmas to you' written across the first page:

'Dec. 20th, 1884.

'Dear Wilfrid Ward,—I thus familiarly address you on the plea that I was familiar with your Father before you were born; also because when an old man feels, as I do after reading your book, great pleasure in the work of another, he may speak of its author and to its author, with a freedom not warranted by personal intimacy. But my fingers move slow, and by this slowness so puzzle my brain that I lose the thread of what I want to say.

'I do really think your Essay a *very* successful one, and I have more to say of it than I have room or leisure to say it in.

'First you are dramatic, which is a quality of great excellence in a dialogue. It would never do for your arguments to profess to be irrefragable, and your opponent simply to be convinced by them. Also, it is the only way in which you can secure a fair and complete hearing for him, and his side of the question debated.

'Next, you are outspoken and bold. You are not afraid of enunciating what so many will consider a paradox. You have the advantage, (and this enables you to be bold) of knowing that you have no chance of hazarding any statement which a rigid Catholic critic could accuse as censurable. This is what makes controversy to a Catholic so difficult.

'As to the matter and main argument of your Essay, it seems to me you mean to say that the same considerations which make you wish to believe are among the reasons which, when you actually do inquire, *lead you prudently* to believe, thus serving a double purpose. Do you bring this out anywhere? On the contrary, are you not shy of calling those considerations reasons? Why?

'You seem to me to insist, with an earnestness for which I doubt not you have some good reason, on the difference between believing and realizing (which is pretty much, I suppose, what in the "Grammar of Assent" I have called "Notional" and "Real" assent) and to be unwilling freely to grant from the first that there *must* be more grounds in reason to a religious mind, whereas in fact a religious mind must always master much which is unseen to the non-religious; (not that there is any real difference of view between us)—thus you allow of two men with the same evidence and equal reasoning powers being *prima facie* likely to come to the same conclusion, whereas I should say to Darlington[1] "Stop there—I can't allow that a religious man has no more evidence, necessarily, than a non-religious." I wonder whether I make myself intelligible. It is only the mode of your stating and arguing on this point which I do not comfortably follow. And you may have reasons I do not know.

'I am very tired. Yours affectly,

J. H. CARD. NEWMAN.'

Marginal note. 'You have expressed just what I want p. 192. "A man who looks," &c.'

To his criticism I replied that while—as he noted in his remark written after the letter was finished—I had actually said what he wanted, the form of my argument called primarily for the delineation of those qualities in the religious mind which made the same facts in some instances more significant to it than they were to the non-religious. That those same qualities also made the mind see additional evidence I had admitted. But both results had to be stated.

I was asked at this time by the English Catholic bishops to give some lectures on modern unbelief at the great College of Ushaw, near Durham, in which the future priests for the north of England are educated. It was in January 1885, while paying a visit to Bishop Vaughan at Salford, that I arranged to do this, and, encouraged by Cardinal Newman's letter of the previous month, I wrote to ask if I might call on him on my homeward way through Birmingham, and talk over the general plan of the lectures with him before delivering them. He responded most kindly, and on January 31 I arrived. Much of our conversation was of interest. But the most interesting thing to me was that when we talked of my father, while he remained quite unmoved when I told him that my father's love for him had never changed, he was very greatly moved on learning that my father had wanted me to read philosophy and theology at the Birmingham Oratory in order to be under his influence. This touched the mainspring of the long estrangement. Want of trust had struck deeper than mere opposition, and an unmistakable sign that very much of the old confidence in the value of his guidance had remained, did far more to obliterate past resentment than the knowledge of any merely affectionate feeling on my father's side.

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[1] One of the speakers in the dialogue.

I subjoin a selection from the record of our talks together made by me at the time:

'I arrived at Birmingham on the afternoon of Friday Jany 30th, and having first left my portmanteau at the "Plough and Harrow" went to the Oratory. I asked for Father Norris, as I thought he could tell me best what was the most likely hour for the Cardinal to see me, but I had not been waiting three minutes in the guest room when the Cardinal himself appeared. He walked without a stick, but feebly and with effort I thought. He first asked "Where is your luggage? Of course you must stay with us some days." I said it was at the Hotel and he wanted to send for it, but I said it was unpacked already, and thanking him very much added that the "Plough and Harrow" was so very near that being there was almost like being in the Oratory. He then said "What are your plans? What are your movements? Can you stay at least over next Tuesday. Tomorrow is a busy day with many and the next day is Sunday, and they would be disappointed not to make your acquaintance. Father Somebody (I forget who) is not coming back till Monday and he would be so sorry to have missed you." All this was evidently meant to show that the invitation was *bona fide*, but I had to say that I was obliged to be in London on Saturday evening. He then arranged that I should stay for dinner. "We will have a good talk tomorrow morning," he said. "Though, thank God, I am wonderfully well, I am not at all strong, and I have to be careful as to when and how long together I talk." He then asked me about the lectures I was proposing to give at Ushaw on Modern Infidelity, about which I had already written to him. I said that my great difficulty was that I felt, from all that I had seen of young men of 18 and 19 in Catholic Schools, that the first step in making them understand the danger at all or take any intelligent interest in the subject, must involve such an exposition both of the reality of unbelief as an existing fact and of its plausibility from a certain point of view, as at first to shake the faith of my hearers possibly, or at least to take away from it, in some cases, its security and repose. He replied that he was very glad I saw this danger, and that being alive to it was the best security that I should be on my guard in the matter. "I have just been corresponding with Dr. Cavanagh," he said, "on this very subject. He wrote to ask my advice as to putting infidel difficulties before young Catholics, and I put before him the very thing you are now saying. I think no one could tread safely on such delicate ground as the foundations of faith with young men of the age of 18 or 22, who was not on his guard as to the danger of unsettling their minds too much and so doing more harm than good." "Still," I said, "you think such lectures desirable?" "Not only desirable," he replied, "but indispensable. I am only pleased, and I confess rather surprised, to learn that Ushaw is alive to the importance of this work. I had thought it sleepy and deficient in intellectual vigour. Young men must be prepared with answers to the intellectual difficulties they will meet with in the world, or in many cases where the strength of the agnostic position is first felt by them in the absence of a very special grace their faith will go suddenly and completely."

'He then said that to him it had always seemed that the whole question between belief and unbelief turned upon the first principles assumed, and the great difficulty is that you *must* assume something; and yet how are you to prove that our assumptions are right and the infidel's wrong? "In trying to prove you *must have* assumptions, thus it is vain to attempt to *prove* your assumptions. If a man says to me conscience does not to me carry any intimation of a Holy God, Christianity does *not* appeal to me as satisfying my highest nature; many of its details seem to be *contrary* to the instincts of my better nature, e.g., eternal punishment and original sin; an eternal destiny seems to me out of proportion to human nature; we are 'over gude for banning and over bad for blessing'—if I say a man comes to me with these first principles I can't answer him, and I certainly can't prove to him Christianity or Theism are true; I can only say I think differently and that I believe him to be wrong." I asked him if he did not believe that a man was *responsible* for his first principles and that wrong first principles were, to a great extent, the outcome of a wrong habit, morally blameworthy *in the long run*, though perhaps *hic et nunc* invincible? "I quite agree with you," he replied, "and that is what you must urge on your young men. But of course you would have a difficulty in convincing an infidel that he was to blame for first principles which seem to him only common sense. I remember being with a dear friend of mine shortly before he died and urging on him the testimony our own consciousness bears to the divinity of Christ's message, and he only replied that he found no such testimony in *his* consciousness, nor did he in any sense feel a yearning for immortality, which was supposed by some to be a proof that we are to look for it; he rather felt that his time was over and that he wished to go to rest 'edisti satis lusisti satis atque bibisti, tempus abire tibi.'" The Cardinal then continued to talk on in this hypothetically sceptical vein until dinner time. "I could talk to you for half an hour," he said, "on the common sense of worldliness and the folly of other worldliness. This life is secure and before us. The Christian ideal of life is disproportionate to our nature as we see it. It is based on unreal enthusiasm. Let us make sure of what is before us. Let us perfect our nature in all its aspects and not give the abnormal and unnatural preponderance to the ethical aims which Christianity demands. We speak of our nature as testifying to Christianity. But is this true? Is it not only a mood which so testifies? Does not the calm sober study of mankind and of human nature *as a whole* lead us to wish for a *mens sana in corpore sano*, a nature healthy and well developed in its artistic, its intellectual, its scientific, its social capacities, as well as in its moral? Is not the ideal Christian life a very risky venture, based perhaps on a conclusion due to prejudice and fanaticism? This is at least too possible a *hypothesis* to make it wise to venture all in the supposition that Christianity is true and give up the certain pleasures of this life for what is at best so uncertain." He went on in this way for some time, and soon I was beginning to press him for advice as to the way in which I should deal with any young man who came to me and talked in a similar strain, when the bell rang for dinner.

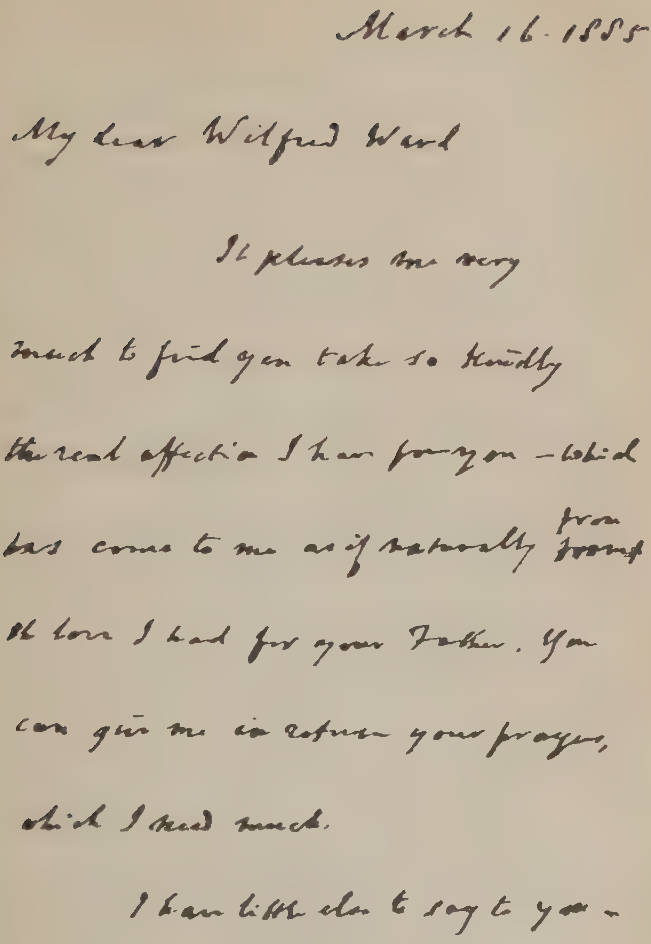
'"We have talked longer than I expected," he said, "but I have much more to say if you will come here at 11 tomorrow morning."

'His memory seemed then hazy and he asked if I knew my room, having forgotten that I was not staying in the house. After dinner the fathers sat round in a semicircle in the recreation room. I talked to Father Ryder and a Scotch Father whose name I forget, the Cardinal sitting silent, but occasionally asking what I said if I referred to matters which interested him. He could not hear clearly, apparently, at the distance I was from him. After about twenty minutes in the recreation room, he got up and committed me to the charge of Father Ryder, saying that he hoped to see me at 11 next day. His manner struck me as indicating that he was tired. He smiled little and his face had that critical and rather unhappy look which one sees in some of his photographs.

'I arrived at the Oratory punctually at 11 o'clock on Saturday morning, and the Cardinal appeared in a very few minutes. I was at once struck by the change in his manner, by an increase of animation and a new brightness in the eye and sweetness of expression. He began at once: "I have been thinking a great deal about you and your lectures, and as my memory is not good now, I will at once mention some of the points which have occurred to me as possibly useful for you. First let us go back to the question of first principles. Of course there can from the nature of the case be no direct proof that one set of first principles is sound, another unsound. But there may be indirect proofs. You may show your young man that if there is a certain earnest and philosophical frame of mind which leads to truth in various subject matters, it is probable that under normal circumstances such a frame of mind will also lead to the adoption of sound first principles. So far as the sceptical habit of mind goes with want of depth and earnestness, you have a strong argument against the probability of sceptical first principles." He then added after a pause, "I am only suggesting a line of thought for you, you must develop it and illustrate it." I was going to speak, but he said: "Let me now go to another point I have thought of for you lest I forget it. My memory is getting so bad. Take now the other side of the question.

Take the first principles assumed by the unbelievers—the undeviating uniformity of nature, the unknowableness of all but phenomena, the inherent impossibility of knowing about God, the derivation of conscience from association of ideas. These are all, or nearly all, pure assumptions, and I should be inclined to say that if (which God forbid) our belief in God Himself were a pure assumption void of any proof, we should be acting not one whit less unreasonably in holding to our religion than these men in the unbelief they adhere to, based on pure assumptions, entirely unproved." After a few other points we got on the question of miracles, in connection with Huxley's denial of their possibility as being (if they occurred) breaches of nature's uniformity. This he said was far more unreasonable than Matthew Arnold's well-known saying "The great objection to miracles is that they don't occur." "Now," he said, "I want to ask your opinion of this argument which has occurred to me. I take this paper-knife, I push the inkstand with it. Here is distinctly, through the action of my free will an interference with the laws of nature. If these laws were left to themselves, the knife would remain still and the inkstand unmoved. Take a stronger case, I fire a gunpowder train. See what a tremendous effect I produce in changing the ordinary course of nature. Now, surely it is little to grant that if there *be* a God, He can do what I can do; and yet, so far as we know, a miracle amounts to no more than this. Is that a good argument?" I said that I thought I had much better listen and learn than try to pass criticisms on his arguments. "No," he insisted, "I want to know. What I feared was that if it has not already been thought of, there must be some flaw in it. Have you seen it anywhere?" I said that Mansel in his Bampton lectures gives substantially the same argument, speaking of the chemist's power of modifying the normal action of natural bodies, and Mill in his religious essays, from the opposite standpoint, to some extent, admits its validity. "That relieves me," he said, "I feared that if none had thought of it, it was not very probable it could be sound." I then said that what I thought would be urged on the other side was this:—When you move the knife and the inkpot, according to the modern phenomenist school, your action is only a *part* of Nature's uniformity, and not an exception to it. The act of your will is due to physical conditions of the brain; those conditions are determined by physical antecedents—health, climate, the objects surrounding and acting on you, &c., &c.; thus the change which you determine is a *part* of the constant cycle of cause and effect in the phenomena world, and no exception to it. Of course, if free will is admitted, then it is an exception, but they do not admit it. The action of God on the other hand is supposed to be due to *no* physical antecedents, and thus is *actually* an interference. Of course their theory is a great assumption, but your action in moving the paper knife can fit in with their assumption and God's cannot. It seemed to me that he did not get hold of this point, tho' it may be that I failed to grasp his answer. He seemed a trifle irritated, and said: "I only contend that what man can do God can do." We then got on rather lighter subjects, and I alluded to the sceptic's definition of faith as "a quality of mind by which we are enabled to believe those things which we know to be untrue." He liked it and said "I wish you would make a book of such sayings. I remember arguing with an Evangelical friend once, and I gave him a text to answer; he hesitated and said: 'That is a very unevangelical part of Scripture'!" [I have forgotten the text.] He soon went back to the lectures. "I would be very particular," he said, "in pressing on the attention of the young men, the *nature* of the proof they are to expect on religious subjects. They must not expect too much. Butler somewhere compares the imperfection of the religious argument to the imperfection of a ruined castle. In many cases the shape of the castle is quite as clearly determined by the ruin which remains as it would be were the castle whole. And so with the proofs of natural and revealed religion. There is enough capable of expression to indicate the *shape* and *character* of the proof, though it is in detail very imperfect." After saying one or two more things, he said: "This is all I have to say to you about your lectures, and I shall pray heartily for their success. And now I want to talk to you a little about your father. I wish you could let me know, for it would be news to me, the real secret of our estrangement latterly. He seemed determined to differ from me. I knew too well how much he had the advantage of me in theological reading—he had begun earlier and had given more time to it—to wish to differ from him. I followed him in all I could. But he seemed determined to make the most of our points of difference. I endorsed one of his letters: 'See how this man seeketh to find a quarrel against me.' Can you tell me more of it?" I did not like to go into many particulars, but I said: "Well, as you ask me—does not the history of the *Home & Foreign Review* suggest something to your mind?" "But surely," he said, "your father never thought I agreed with Acton and Simpson?" "Not entirely," I said, "but he thought they were a great danger to the Church, and that they gained support from your countenance." "But I never really countenanced them," he said. "Still I could fancy that your father may have thought some of their views the outcome and result of my views; and that I ought explicitly to have disclaimed all solidarity with them. I own I was angry with him for not seeming to see the importance of avoiding the danger of alienating such able men from the Church. And perhaps I erred on the opposite side. I say it partly in praise, but perhaps partly in blame of myself, that I had a great tenderness for those learned men and excellent scholars, and wished to do all I could to prevent our losing the great advantage which might accrue to the Catholic cause from their services which we should lose if they were simply treated as rebels. But from first to last my *opinions* were with your father on the questions they raised, tho' I was angry with his tone. Then again, what did he mean by saying to Allies (who repeated it to me) directly the 'Apologia' came out: 'There I *told* you so'?—'so' meaning that I was unsound in my opinions." I said that I thought things ran so high in those days that there was occasionally a want of perspective in my father's way of looking at things—tho' of course it was not for me to speak of the actual points at issue. He seemed at times to exaggerate the importance of things important in the abstract, and not to see that practically people were not logical enough to make the things in question so important in *them*. For instance, where certain decisions of the Holy See were practically accepted, it was possible that his occasionally laying such stress as he did on their actual infallibility, which was at least a matter disputed, might practically give the Pope's words *less* rather than *more* weight, as raising a dispute and arousing party feeling.

'I then said that his affection for the Cardinal had never diminished. "In one sense I knew that," he said, smiling. "In fact I think his theory was that I was all the more dangerous because I was so attractive—that I was a sort of syren of whose fascination all should beware." But by degrees I convinced him that my father's reverence for him, as well as his affection, had never diminished. I told him that my father had wanted me to go to Edgbaston to be under his influence, as he thought I could judge for myself in points of theological difference between them, and that his



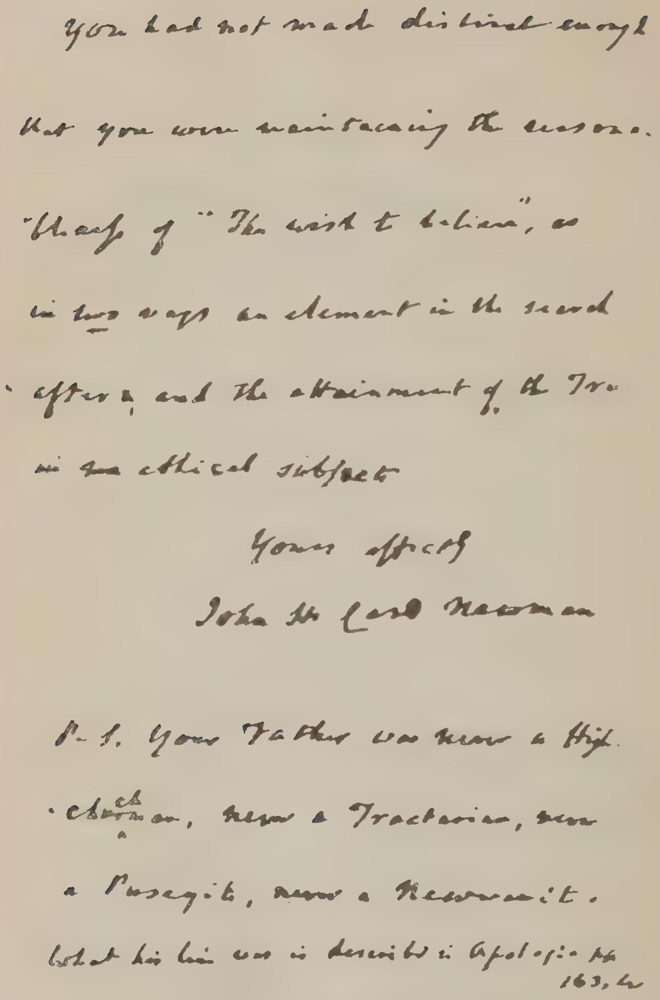
March 16. 1885

My dear Wilfrid Ward

It pleases me very much to find you take so kindly the real affection I have for you — which has come to me as if naturally from the love I had for your Father. You can give me in return your prayers, which I need much.

I have little else to say to you —

Facsimile of the first and last pages of a Letter from Cardinal Newman to Mr. Wilfrid Ward.



You had not made distinct enough that you were maintaining the reasonableness of "The wish to believe", as in two ways an element in the search after it, and the attainment of the Truth in an ethical subject

Yours affect^ly

John H Card^l Newman

P.S. Your Father was never a High-churchman, never a Tractarian, never a Puseyite, never a Newmanite. What his line was is described in Apologia pp 163, &c

personal influence would be invaluable. This touched and surprised the Cardinal extremely. He seemed at first almost incredulous. "It pleases and gratifies me much to hear that," he said. I told him also—which pleased him—that my father said to me on his death bed: "If ever I recover, one lesson I hope I have learnt in all the pain I have suffered, is that of being gentler and more tolerant. There is an inevitable and natural difference between one mind and another for which I have never made enough allowance." After a little further conversation the Cardinal said: "It has been a real pleasure to me to have this talk with you about your father, and I hope you will not forget me and will pray for me." Then he gave me as a parting present the last edition of "The Grammar of Assent" with the added note about eternal punishment.[1] I sent a letter afterwards thanking him for his kindness, and he wrote in reply: "It pleases me very much to find that you take so kindly the real affection I have for you which has come to me as if naturally from the love I had for your father. You can give me in return your prayers, which I need much."'

In the following years I paid several visits to the Cardinal, and had opportunities of learning his views on the questions which so painfully interested him. His mind was perfectly clear, but I gained more by way of confirmation or correction of the inferences from his own writings which I put before him, than from lengthened discourse on his own part, for which he had not sufficient energy. Readers familiar with the last chapter of the 'Apologia,' the 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk,' and the preface to the 'Via Media,' will find little in my recollections for which these works will not have prepared them. Yet, as they make some points more explicit, they are perhaps worth setting down.[2]

His special anxiety was for two classes of men—first the inquiring minds among his own fellow-countrymen who shrank from the movement of religious thought towards agnosticism. He felt that the Catholic Church could give them a support which they could find nowhere else. The visible Church, with its unbroken tradition, appealed alike to the imagination and the reason as bearing witness to religious truth against the unbelieving world. Yet if those very difficulties against the Christian faith which gave power to the agnostic movement were not appreciated by Catholic theologians, inquiring minds who had been affected by that movement could find no home within the Church. In spite of its immense *prima facie* claims as the immemorial guardian of Christian dogma, as the ark rising above the flood of human speculation, its doors would be closed to such men. It would appear to them to demand beliefs which were impossible.

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[1] On the first page he wrote: 'With the affectionate regards of John H. Card. Newman,' adding my name and the date.

[2] These notes are not, like the preceding ones, a contemporary record. I have written them freely, and here and there filled in *lacunæ* from the Cardinal's own writings. He approved an article which I published in 1890 in the *Nineteenth Century*, under the influence of my intercourse with him, called 'New Wine in Old Bottles,' and he expressed a desire that I should, after his death, deal with the papers he left relating to the philosophy of religion. I mention these facts as my justification for setting down my impressions of his meaning, which here and there go beyond his actual words.

The other class consisted of persons of the same kind who were already within the Church—men whose studies made them familiar with the main currents of modern thought and the trend of scientific and historical research, and who found traditional theological expositions on certain matters—expositions handed down from pre-scientific times—inadequate to the needs of the hour. There was a real danger lest such men might cease to be Catholics if the theological schools did not become more closely alive to problems which were exercising the minds of so many.

Two things seemed to him immediately desirable: first, a great development of specialised research among Catholic students; and secondly, fair and candid discussion between the representatives of the special sciences and the theologians. He wished the theologians of the age to be themselves thinkers, or even if possible men of science; for the real trend of scientific research, and its demands, apart from cases where absolute demonstration was possible, could only adequately be appreciated by men with a scientific training. Only men so trained could do justice to the absolute necessity of certain concessions on the part of theology. He dreaded the decay of theology, which must come if theologians ceased to be genuine thinkers, as they had been in the Patristic and Medieval Church, and if they became merely, as it were, lawyers well versed in precedent, who recorded what the schools had or had not regarded as obligatory, forgetting that the *data* of many problems had now changed and the weight of evidence accordingly shifted. It was active thought which he desiderated among them—not a change of theological principles, but their more intelligent application. And he regarded specialists as the only trustworthy witnesses as to where modification was really necessary in the existing teaching. Yet he found that in many quarters theology was mainly a matter of memory, with little accompaniment of candid thought. He deprecated such a fashion, among other reasons, because it alienated the acutest minds altogether from theology—men of the stamp of some of the principal writers in the old *Home and Foreign Review*. Some thinkers who might have been considerable theologians under a more tolerant and enlightened *régime* would revolt from a system of red-tape. They would become free-lances instead of useful soldiers. They would break loose from the restraint of ancient tradition and the caution attaching to the scientific method, and indulge in speculative theories prompted by the thought of the day, but far more at variance with the traditions of the schools than the real necessities of the case demanded. A thoroughly able theology, on the whole conservative, yet taking account of what was generally acknowledged among the representatives of science, would be a great power to hold such speculation in check. And it would be a most valuable weapon in the hands of ecclesiastical authority. Men of goodwill would be ready to defer to it, especially if it were enforced by authority, even when it was somewhat more conservative than their own personal views. But a theology which took no account of much that the scientific experts thought to be highly probable, or even certain, must cease to be respected by those who were alive to the situation. And many would react against it, claiming complete freedom of thought. If authority enforced with penalties the acceptance of a very limited theological outlook, he greatly feared, among some of the ablest specialists and thinkers, either avowed separation from the Church or some insincerity in their professions of allegiance.

At the same time, while deeply anxious for the free and fair discussion that was required in order to form a body of theological thought, adequate to the needs of the later nineteenth century as that of St. Thomas was to those of the thirteenth, the Cardinal was most tender and scrupulous as to scandalising weaker brethren. Some theological treatises might have to be as new in form as were those of St. Thomas Aquinas in his own time; but minds must be gradually prepared for them. Startling language was a crime in his eyes. What he deprecated was not consideration for the less reflective and more simple minds, which are heedless of modern problems, but the seeming identification of the theology and learning of the Church with the limited horizon of such minds—as though the thoughts of Catholics were to be practically determined by those who knew and saw less, in opposition to those who knew and saw more. In general he held the true policy for the training of a nineteenth-century theologian to be in the first place a full study of the ancient masters, with a view to forming the Christian mind on a basis largely uniform in its spirit, yet taking cognisance of varieties of mind and intellect in the past. A mind so formed in early youth would, in assimilating the results of the special studies of our own time, not be likely to drift from its ancient moorings or to fall into excesses in speculation. He hoped that the greater tolerance of the new Pope as contrasted with Pius IX. might afford an opportunity for the developments which were so indispensably necessary, and this hope cheered his declining years. He was always in sentiment on the conservative side in theology, feeling the great religious truths handed down by Christian tradition to be by far the most positively important. Yet there were concessions to modern knowledge which were simply necessary, however little the result contributed to positive religion. This necessity was quite clear to the expert few; and he dreaded the action of zealous men who did not see it, or regarded those who did see it as disloyal to the Church. He welcomed those decisions of authority which laid stress in general terms on the duty of adhering to traditionary Christian thought, but he also welcomed the comparative absence in the early utterances of Leo XIII. of specific theological pronouncements on subjects on which the *data* of progressive sciences were relevant, and at the same time were not yet ascertained with sufficient precision to ensure adequacy or even perfect accuracy of statement. He never forgot, amid all his exhortations on behalf of obedience to authority, that theologians did not allow infallibility even to the reasonings on which infallible definitions were based; while many authoritative decisions laid no claim at all to infallibility. Their adequacy depended on the conscientious use, by those in power, of the scientific means supplied by Providence for elucidating the grave problems before them. He regarded as a sign of the decay of theology the language used by some zealous but loose writers in respect of authoritative decisions,—language which seemed to imply that the ecclesiastical authorities were directly inspired, and that therefore careful and accurate theological reasoning was needless on their part in framing such decisions. Whether they were wise or not, they had indeed to be deferred to; but this did not make it less urgently necessary to do all that could be done to secure that a wise course should be taken in framing them. And as a Cardinal—one of the Holy Father's official advisers—this matter now came within the range of his own personal duties.

His general feeling as to the necessity of basing Christian thought on that of the great masters in theology, is shown in the draft of a letter written to Leo XIII. himself in the early years of his pontificate—whether it was sent I cannot say—welcoming his Encyclical on the Philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas on the ground that at a time of new theories it was all-important to remember the great thinkers of old.

From Cardinal Newman to His Holiness Leo XIII.

'I hope it will not seem to your Holiness an intrusion upon your time if I address to you a few lines to thank you for the very seasonable and important encyclical which you bestowed upon us. All good Catholics must feel it a first necessity that the intellectual exercises, without which the Church cannot fulfil her supernatural mission duly, should be founded upon broad as well as true principles, that the mental creations of her theologians, and of her controversialists and pastors should be grafted on the Catholic tradition of philosophy, and should not start from a novel and simply original tradition, but should be substantially one with the teaching of St. Athanasius, St. Augustine, St. Anselm, and St. Thomas, as those great doctors in turn are one with each other.

'At a time when there is so much cultivation of mind, so much intellectual excitement, so many new views, true and false, and so much temptation to overstep the old truth, we need just what your Holiness has supplied us with in your recent pastoral, and I hope my own personal gratitude for your wise and seasonable act may be taken by your Holiness as my apology, if I seem to outstep the limits of modesty and propriety in addressing this letter to your Holiness.

'Begging the Apostolical Benediction,' &c.

It is interesting to note that it was this Encyclical which led the present Cardinal Mercier to establish in Louvain University a school in close harmony with Cardinal Newman's views—the Institut de St. Thomas—which aimed at that combination of theology with the science of the day which St. Thomas himself achieved under the very different conditions of the thirteenth century.

By the year 1884 the prospect of going in person to Rome had practically passed from the Cardinal's mind. He felt that he must do what he could at home to promote the interests he most cared for. One point on which, as we have seen, he felt that the teaching in the Catholic schools, at that time generally received, needed some reconsideration, was the Inspiration of Scripture. The bearing of recent criticism on this question had to be weighed. Another urgent matter was the treatment of the intellectual grounds for religious belief in such a way as to command the attention of a generation in which agnosticism was an increasing tendency. He wrote in the *Nineteenth Century* in 1883 on the Inspiration of Scripture, as being a burning question of the hour. And on the second question circumstances called on him to speak in 1885.

On the 'Inspiration' question he wrote very cautiously. He did enough to indicate the direction in which reconsideration was desirable and possible. He pointed out that, from the very fact that at the Councils of Trent and the Vatican 'faith and morals' were more than once specified as the sphere in which Holy Scripture teaches the truth, there was evidently some sense in which the Church regarded Inspiration as applying to matters of faith and morals which did not equally apply to matters of fact. Yet he did not for this reason exclude the facts of Scripture as a whole from the guarantee of Inspiration, for those facts were the story of Divine Providence in its dealings with the world and contained the matter for Christian Faith. The main facts narrated in Holy Writ which bear on Faith were guaranteed by Inspiration. But the guarantee was not such as to cover all facts narrated.[1]

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[1] The most significant passage in the Essay runs as follows:

'And now comes the important question, in what respect are the Canonical books inspired? It cannot be in every respect, unless we are bound *de fide* to believe that "terra in aeternum stat," and that heaven is above us, and that there are no antipodes. And it seems unworthy of Divine Greatness, that the Almighty should, in His revelation of Himself to us, undertake mere secular duties, and assume the office of a narrator, as such, or an historian, or geographer, except so far as the secular matters bear directly upon the revealed truth. The Councils of Trent and the Vatican fulfil this anticipation; they tell us distinctly the object and the promise of Scripture inspiration. They specify "faith and moral conduct" as the drift of that teaching which has the guarantee of inspiration. What we need, and what is given us, is not how to educate ourselves for this life; we have abundant natural gifts for human society, and for the advantages which it secures; but our great want is how to demean ourselves in thought and deed towards our Maker, and how to gain reliable information on this urgent necessity.

'Accordingly, four times does the Tridentine Council insist upon "faith and morality" as the scope of inspired teaching. It declares that the "Gospel" is "the Fount of all *saving truth* and all *instruction in morals*," that in the written books and in the unwritten traditions, the Holy Spirit dictating, this *truth* and *instruction* are contained. Then it speaks of the books and traditions, "relating whether to *faith* or to *morals*," and afterwards of "the confirmation of *dogmas* and establishment of *morals*." Lastly, it warns the Christian people, "in matters of *faith* and *morals*," against distorting Scripture into a sense of their own.

'In like manner the Vatican Council pronounces that Supernatural Revelation consists "*in rebus divinis*," and is *contained* "in libris scriptis et sine scripto traditionibus"; and it also speaks of "petulantia ingenia" advancing wrong interpretations of Scripture "in rebus *fidei* et *morum* ad aedificationem *doctrinae* Christianae pertinentium."

'But while the Councils, as has been shown, lay down so emphatically the inspiration of Scripture in respect to "faith and morals," it is remarkable that they do not say a word directly as to its inspiration in matters of fact. Yet are we therefore to conclude that the record of facts in Scripture does not come under the guarantee of its inspiration? We are not so to conclude, and for this plain reason:—the sacred narrative, carried on through so many ages, what is it but the very matter for our faith, and rule of our obedience? what but that

Newman's want of complete familiarity with the usual phraseology in Catholic text-books made it possible for theologians to attack his expressions with some effect. And his article is for this reason not likely ever to find acceptance in the schools. Yet it did much to clear the issues in the eyes of thoughtful men. And his position conceded less to modern criticism than the view now adopted in many ecclesiastical seminaries. But in place of admitting occasional 'error' in matters of fact or *obiter dicta* (as Newman called them), the recognised technical phraseology denies all 'error' to Scripture 'rightly interpreted.' Under the head of interpretation certain historical and scientific statements are treated as quotations, explicit or implicit, from secular historians of the time for the truth of which the sacred writer does not vouch. 'Error' is not owned to in the technical sense, but statements often characterised in popular language as 'errors' are admitted to exist.[1]

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narrative itself is the supernatural teaching, in order to which inspiration is given? What is the whole history, as it is traced out in Scripture from Genesis to Esdras, and thence on to the end of the Acts of the Apostles, what is it but a manifestation of Divine Providence, on the one hand interpretative (on a large scale and with analogical applications) of universal history, and on the other preparatory (typical and predictive) of the Evangelical Dispensation? Its pages breathe of providence and grace, of our Lord, and of His work and teaching, from beginning to end. It views facts in those relations in which neither ancients, such as the Greek and Latin classical historians, nor moderns, such as Niebuhr, Grote, Ewald, or Michelet, can view them. In this point of view it has God for its Author, even though the finger of God traced no words but the Decalogue. Such is the claim of Bible history in its substantial fulness to be accepted *de fide* as true. In this point of view, Scripture is inspired, not only in faith and morals but in all its parts which bear on faith, including matters of fact.'

[1] The Cardinal wrote as follows to Baron von Hügel in connection with his Essay:

'It pleased me to think that my article in the *XIXth Century* had been acceptable to you. Of course it is an anxious subject. It is easy to begin a controversy and difficult to end it. And often one does not wish to say what logically one is obliged to say. If, indeed, I knew exactly where to draw the line in such questions, I should not have had the anxiety which I cannot even now get rid of. . . . It has been a relief to my mind to find what I have written approved of by those whose judgment I respect. I am surprised at some of the statements in Scripture which you consider to need reconciliation, but, I suppose, everyone has his own difficulties. And this fact, that the private judgment of one man comes into collision with the judgment of another, leads one to be suspicious of one's private views altogether.'

To Father Hewit, the American Paulist, he writes:

A more important essay was written by Newman a little later on in reply to Principal Fairbairn, the Congregationalist minister. Principal Fairbairn, writing in the *Contemporary Review* in May 1885, attacked Newman's language concerning the human reason in the 'Apologia' and 'Grammar of Assent' as sceptical.[1] Dr. Fairbairn fell into the usual error of supposing that, despairing of reason, Newman had thrown himself for refuge into the arms of an infallible Church.

Dr. Fairbairn, like some of Newman's Catholic critics on the inspiration question, derived some advantage from Newman's disdain for the trammels of technical phraseology.[2] And it is, I think, very remarkable that when nearly eighty-five years old Newman stated his position on important points with a new precision. The attack stimulated his thinking powers, and he wrote with point and vigour.

Newman's object, in the passages censured by Dr. Fairbairn as sceptical, had, as we have already seen, been absolute fidelity to fact. What was the use of giving an account of professedly irrefragable reasoning on behalf of Theism and Christian Faith and of infallible accuracy in the working of the human reason itself in its dealings with religious truth, when patent facts gave such an account the lie? The human reason did *as a fact*, where it was most actively exercised on fundamental problems, run into infidelity. He had expressly denied that he regarded such a use of the reason as lawful. But it was a fact to be faced. And he had in the 'Apologia' treated the Church not as a

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'I have been made very anxious on the subject of Inspiration. On a parallel subject there is a remarkable Article in the *Month*. It is apropos of Father Curci. Both arise out of the question of the relation of Science to Dogma. And that is the question of the day. The Holy See acts always with great deliberation. If it is not moved to make a decision on certain questions, perhaps by its very silence it may decide that certain questions are to be kept open.'

[1] 'He has a deep distrust of the intellect,' writes Dr. Fairbairn; 'he dares not trust his own, for he does not know where it might lead him, and he will not trust any other man's.' Of the *Grammar of Assent*, Dr. Fairbairn writes, 'The book is pervaded by the intensest philosophical scepticism.'—*Contemporary Review*, May 1885, p. 667.

[2] This was partly a matter of principle. Newman held that the thinkers were constantly the victims of phraseology both in philosophy and in theology, and that technical language, so valuable in the interests of clearness, was ever being perverted. It could not, like algebraic symbols, be left to work automatically, but must be constantly tested by comparison with actual thought.

refuge from scepticism, hedged off from the untrustworthy reason, but as a standing witness to spiritual truth, whose influence in practice purified the reason and restrained it from excesses really irrational.

He had more than once, in tracing the sources of the issue of reason in belief or unbelief, ascribed that issue to the different first principles from which believers and unbelievers respectively started. Challenged now to defend his position from the charge of scepticism, he made it clear that he regarded the adoption of irreligious principles as due not to the intrinsic faults of the reasoning faculty, not to its being in its own nature sceptical, but to the pressure on individual minds of the generally received maxims of the evil world in which we live.

'The World,' he wrote, 'is that vast community impregnated by religious error which mocks and rivals the Church by claiming to be its own witness, and to be infallible. Such is the World, the False Prophet (as I called it fifty years ago), and Reasoning is its voice. I had in my mind such Apostolic sayings as "Love not the World, neither the things of the world," and "A friend of the world is the enemy of God"; but I was very loth, as indeed I am also now on the present occasion, to *preach*. Instead then of saying "the World's Reason," I said "Reason actually and historically," "Reason in fact and concretely in fallen man," "Reason in the educated intellect of England, France, and Germany," Reason in "every Government and every civilization through the world which is under the influence of the European mind," Reason in the "wild living intellect of man," which needs (to have) "its stiff neck bent," that ultra "freedom of thought which is in itself one of the greatest of our natural gifts," "that deep, plausible scepticism" which is "the development of human reason as practically exercised by the natural man." . . .

'The World is a collection of individual men, and any one of them may hold and take on himself to profess unchristian doctrine, and do his best to propagate it; but few have the power for such a work, or the opportunity. It is by their union into one body, by the intercourse of man with man and the sympathy thence arising, that error spreads and becomes an authority. Its separate units which make up the body rely upon each other, and upon the whole, for the truth of their assertions; and thus assumptions and false reasonings are received without question as certain truths, on the credit of alternate appeals and mutual cheers and *imprimaturs.*'

The Church, as the society which constantly aims at stemming the tide of human corruption, is also the purifier of the human reason from corrupting influences, and not a refuge from it on the ground that it is intrinsically sceptical. The maxims of the irreligious world lead men to the gradual denial of all revealed truth; the Christian maxims preserved by the Church keep it unalloyed. His article was entitled 'The Development of Religious Error.'

Newman's article appeared in the *Contemporary Review* of October 1885, and in December Dr. Fairbairn again rejoined, taxing Newman more explicitly than before with a sceptical view of the reasoning faculty, which Newman appeared to his critic to treat as being at the mercy of arbitrary assumptions.[1] Newman wrote a further reply, in which he made it clear that he had not used the word 'Reason' in Hamilton's sense as the 'locus principiorum,' or faculty of intuition. Just the contrary. It was with him the dialectical faculty. But he no longer spoke of true first principles as merely 'assumptions,' but as, in many cases, intuitions of the νοῦς.[2] The world corrupted the action of the reason by instilling false assumptions at variance with the informations of our higher faculties. This reply he proposed to publish in the *Contemporary Review* for March. He then hesitated. Old though he was, he had not lost the statesman's habit of forecasting the probable effect on the various classes of his readers, of what he thought of publishing. He took advice on the subject of publishing the article, as he had done before writing the 'Apologia,' though the present controversy was in so far smaller an arena and before a very limited audience. And two of the men who had loyally helped him in 1864 did so again now — Lord Blachford and Mr. R. H. Hutton. Would further publication in reply to a young professor's strictures be for one of the Cardinal's age and position undignified? At all events would not a fresh article in the pages of the *Review* be undignified? Yet he had to think of Catholic readers, who looked for an answer from him to Dr. Fairbairn's charge of scepticism. That charge had also been made against portions of the 'Apologia' by Catholic writers of the scholastic type. Was it not therefore quite essential for him to reply to it? How would it do to leave it to his executors to publish if they desired a reprint of his October article, with notes appended in reply to Fairbairn's renewed assault of December?

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[1] 'In the province of religion,' Newman had written in his original reply to Dr. Fairbairn, 'if [that faculty] be under the happy guidance of the moral sense, and with teachings which are not only assumptions in form but certainties in fact, it will arrive at indisputable truth, and then the house is at peace; but if it be in the hands of enemies, who are under the delusion that their arbitrary assumptions are self-evident axioms, the reasoning will start from false premisses, and the mind will be in a state of melancholy disorder. But in no case need the reasoning faculty itself be to blame or responsible, except when identified with the assumptions of which it is the instrument. I repeat, it is but an instrument; as such I have viewed it, and no one but Dr. Fairbairn would say as he does—that the bad employment of a faculty was a "division," a "contradiction," and "a radical antagonism of nature," and "the death of the natural proof" of a God. The eyes, and the hands, and the tongue, are instruments in their very nature. We may speak of a wanton eye, and a murderous hand, and a blaspheming tongue, without denying that they can be used for good purposes as well as for bad.' Dr. Fairbairn's comment is that 'reason to him [Newman] had so little in it of the truth that it was as ready to become the instrument of the false prophet as of the true.'—*Contemporary Review*, December 1885, p. 850.

[2] 'Great faculty as reasoning certainly is,' Newman wrote in his further reply, 'it is from its very nature in all subjects dependent upon other faculties. It

On the other hand, Dr. William Barry, already a Catholic theological professor of eminence, who had previously criticised some of Newman's writing, had now written enthusiastically in his defence in the *Contemporary Review* itself. Would that perhaps preclude the necessity of his defending himself in the *Contemporary Review* for the sake of Catholic readers? Perhaps he ought still to speak for their sake, himself, and publish forthwith the notes appended to his original article. These questions are all put in the following letters to Lord Blachford, written in the month in which he completed his eighty-fifth year:

receives from them the antecedent with which its action starts; and when this antecedent is true, there is no longer in religious matters room for any accusation against it of scepticism. In such matters the independent faculty which is mainly necessary for its healthy working and the ultimate warrant of the reasoning act, I have hitherto spoken of as the moral sense; but, as I have already said, it has a wider subject-matter than religion, and a larger name than moral sense, as including intuitions, and this is what Aristotle calls νοῦς.'

'The Oratory, Birmingham: February 4th, 1886.

'My dear Blachford,—I begin with hoping that you will let me *dictate* a letter which I call *Private*. I think you can advise me.

'In the May and December numbers of the *Contemporary* Dr. Fairbairn has two severe articles to the effect that I became a Catholic as a refuge from scepticism. In October I published an answer to the May Article in the same Review, and my question is shall I also answer his second D(ecember) Article.

'I have written an answer and it is ready for the press with the purpose of appearing in the *Contemporary* next month (March).

'At the last moment I soliloquise as follows,—"You are acting unworthily of your age and your station. You have made your protest in October; that is enough. If you write again you will be entering into controversy. You yourself know better than any man else that your submission to Rome was not made at all as a remedy against a personal, nay, or against a controversial scepticism. It is only a matter of time for this to come out clear to all men."

'I feel this deeply, it would require a very brilliant knock down answer to Dr. F. to justify my giving up my place "as an *emeritus miles*" and going down into the arena with a younger man. The only shade of reason for my publishing it is that I wished to say in print that in past years I had spoken too strongly once or twice against the argument from final causes.

'I would send you the Article (which I have printed for my own purpose); it makes about seven pages of the *Contemporary*, if you wish to see it. There is nothing in it of doctrine. Only every day is valuable if it is to come out in March. Yours affectionately,

J. H. CARD. NEWMAN.'

'The Oratory, Birmingham: February 6, 1886.

'My dear Blachford,—Your prompt answer has just come. I don't forget your eyes or that you may have to trouble Lady Blachford.

'Principal Fairbairn is a great man among the Congregationalists and is said to be the prospective head of their new College at Oxford. At the beginning of my first (October) article I said the reason of my answering him was for the sake of my friends, who would wish to know how

I viewed his criticisms. Catholics are very sensitive about giving scandal, and what I wrote was not a refutation of him, but an explanation in addition to what I published years ago in the "Apologia." His line of argument was that I did not know myself, but that he, as a by-stander, knew me better. This assumption I did not notice, but employed myself in filling up the lacunæ as I called them of what I had already written. Hence I entitled the paper "The Development of Religious Error" in illustration of the latter part, the 6th, of the "Apologia." I aimed at showing as an instance that to relinquish the doctrine of future punishment was to unravel the web of Revelation.

'This involved my notion of the word Reason and gave rise in his second (December) Article to his arguing that my definition of Reason was utterly sceptical as disconnecting Reason with Truth. To refute this charge about my sense of Reason is the main subject of my second Article which I am now sending to you.

'I should add that in a Postscript to my first Article I made fun of Dr. Fairbairn saying that my view of Reason was "impious."

'I am afraid I do not retire from what I said about final causes so much as I led you to think.

'I have omitted to say that if I did not insert the Article in slips which I send you I should leave it for my Executors to do what they will with it. This is an additional reason for feeling indifferent about its being published now. I say this to show what reason I have to be indifferent whether it appears in the *Contemporary* or not.

'Yours affectionately,
JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.'

Lord Blachford's judgment, on reading the proposed article, was distinctly against Newman's replying in the *Contemporary*. Newman wrote on February 9 entirely concurring:

'Many thanks for your pains and promptness. I go by your judgment absolutely, and I *agree* with it. Also I fully feel this, viz. that Dr. Fairbairn's Article is simply puzzle-headed, that it does not require answering.

'The only point I feel is the chance of scandals, i.e. putting myself out of line with Catholic thought. A very clever and learned theologian has just been defending me with great eulogy in the *Contemporary* against Dr. Fairbairn, acknowledging at the same time that I sometimes say startling things. It is not very long since he wrote an unfavourable critique upon something I said, and from his reputation I think he will do me a great deal of good.

'His writing a panegyric on me in the *Contemporary* removes *any necessity of my answering Dr. Fairbairn in that publication*, but the question of pleasing Catholics remains.

'. . . My question is whether your judgment and my judgment against an article will lie against Notes embodying [the article] as appendages to the pamphlet which was to be and is to be issued.'

This last suggestion was in the event acted on. The pamphlet was, however, not actually published, but printed for private circulation.

Meanwhile the loyal thoughtfulness of Mr. R. H. Hutton prompted him to reply to Dr. Fairbairn in the pages of the *Contemporary*, and his reply coming as a supplement to that already published by Dr. Barry made any further words on Newman's own part doubly unnecessary.

CHAPTER XXXV

LAST YEARS (1881–1890)

FATHER NEVILLE has left some touching though fragmentary recollections of the Cardinal's life during his last years. He prefixes to them the following words giving the general impression left by the Cardinal's demeanour and conversation on those who lived with him—words spoken in a sermon by John Henry Newman in 1828 at the funeral of his friend the Rev. Walter Mayer, but 'applying,' says Father Neville, 'exactly to the Cardinal himself':

'His was a life of prayer. The works and ways of God, the mercies of Christ, the real purpose and uses of this life, the unseen things of the spiritual world, were always uppermost in his mind. His speech and conversation showed it. . . . It pleased God to show to all around him the state of his heart and spirit, not only by the graces of a meek and peaceable and blameless conversation (which is of course displayed by all good Christians), but also by the direct religiousness of his conversation. Not that he ever spoke for the sake of display—he was quite unaffected, and showed his deep religion quite naturally.'

But the Cardinal's profound religiousness did not prevent a most lively interest in literary and political events. In the bleak winter of 1881 he writes to Mr. Bedford:

'The late severe weather did me no harm. I had one or two brief colds, but they were such as might have been in the mildest winter. I never had the thought come upon me, "What an unusual winter is this!"—I mean from the *cold*.

'I have felt the political atmosphere far more trying. I wish with all my heart that the cruel injustices which have been inflicted on the Irish people, should be utterly removed—but I don't think they go the best way to bring this about.'

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

From a Photograph by Father Anthony Pollen 1889)

He dreaded (as we have seen) the growth of democracy, and consistently held that the Bill of 1832 was an irreparable evil—'It opened a door which can never again be shut,' he said. At the time of Gladstone's renewed activity in 1885 he writes to Dean Church:

'What a dreadful thing this democracy is! How I wish Gladstone had retired into private life, as he seems to have contemplated some 10 years ago.'

In the same year he read the manuscript of Dean Church's 'Oxford Movement.' '"Charles Marriott" and "Hampden" are first rate each in its own way,' he writes to its author. 'All are good, and done as no one else could do them.' And again: 'I think you have succeeded wonderfully in your account of R. H. Froude, and marvel how without knowing him you could be so correct.' He greatly admired the volume of Dr. James Mozley's letters which appeared in the early eighties, edited by Miss Anne Mozley, but the "Reminiscences" of Mr. Thomas Mozley, published in 1882, were criticised by him as seriously inaccurate. 'If a story cannot stand on two legs,' he remarked, 'Tom supplies a third.'

Father Neville, who had been with him in Dublin at the time of the Crimean war, was reminded once again of Newman's rapt attention to all its details, by his similar interest, during the years 1884 and 1885, in the war in Egypt and the Soudan.

'In 1854,' Father Neville writes, 'while still in middle life, and when, after about forty years of peace, war was new to the country, Dr. Newman followed in detail the anxieties and successes of the Crimean War with great interest and deep feeling. He watched Lord Raglan almost as a personal friend, from respect for him, and from sympathy with the difficulties of his position. Day by day, with the newspaper in his hand, he would give as in *précis* to those about him, a most vivid picture of what had gone on, and the sufferings of the soldiers, which he described, seemed to be as pain to himself. When the great chartered ship, *The Prince*, with its half-million worth, as was said, of gifts of good things, was lost in a storm the night it arrived off Balaclava, he most completely broke down in tears of sorrow for the disappointment to those for whom such a cargo as that had been sent.

'And such as had been his interest in the Crimean War, proportionately so was it, in his last years, with the Egyptian. The expedition for the relief of General Gordon had all his best hopes, and his full appreciation of its adventurous gallantry. When it became lost to sight in the desert, he received the news of this as of a very solemn occurrence. And the sacrifice of Gordon, for such he judged and termed the General's fate, had the same effect upon his bearing as a personal loss. He felt it as an almost unparalleled disgrace to the country. The cause and source of it, so far as he could comprehend it, and spoke of it, is a subject which, at this date, it would be almost churlish to enter upon. But to the Cardinal it was a subject of very solemn reflection, of which he hardly could speak, and his strong feeling about it never really died in him. All through the war he kept three maps of the country hung up before him that he might follow the route, and he would not afterwards have them removed; two remain to this day.'

'Though I know no one in the Soudan, and scarcely any of their relatives,' the Cardinal himself writes to Mrs. Deane in February 1885, 'I am in real distress at the thought of what those relatives are suffering. Neither the Crimea nor the Indian Mutiny has come home to me, I don't know why, as this has. Perhaps it is because the misfortune is so wanton, and on that ground makes one so indignant. Five successful engagements, won at a cruel price, but all for nothing.'

Having been thus profoundly moved by the Gordon tragedy as an onlooker and an outsider, it may be imagined that he learnt with a quite special feeling that, though they were strangers to one another, Gordon had interchanged thoughts with him on the most solemn of subjects. General Gordon, it transpired, had with him at Khartoum a copy of 'The Dream of Gerontius,' in which he had marked his favourite passages in pencil and underlined the name 'Gordon' in the dedication to the memory of Father Joseph. The book was given by the General to Mr. Power, who sent it to a relative in Ireland, who in turn offered it for the Cardinal's inspection. 'It is indeed,' Newman wrote in his letter of thanks for the volume, 'far more than a mere compliment to have my name associated in the mind of the public with such a man—so revered, so keenly and bitterly mourned for as General Gordon.'

To Dean Church he writes as follows of the episode on April 7:

'I have received a little book which has taken my breath away. It is the property of Mrs. Murphy, who received it from Mr. F. Power, her brother, and was given to him by Gordon at Khartoum. So Mr. Power writes in the first page; and attests that the pencil marks, thro' the book, are Gordon's. The book is the "Dream of Gerontius."'

The Cardinal could not but feel that the love of his book on the part of the heroic soldier meant that he had his own death continually in view. 'What struck me so much in his use of the "Dream,"' Newman writes to another friend, 'was that in St. Paul's words he "died daily"; he was always on his deathbed, fulfilling the common advice that we should ever pass the day as if it were our last.'

Of the Cardinal's habits as to giving in charity Father Neville writes:

'He did not like, indeed, he shunned, the ordinary wayside beggar; but poor people whom he knew, or were specially recommended to him, had the advantage sometimes of a large gift from him, rather than alms—an unpretending-looking little box would be put into the hand, and it would amuse him as he went home to think of the surprise when the contents came to be seen—he was sure the poor people would be glad to pay off at the shop that they might begin to get credit again. Such a box might have five pounds, even more.

'He was very particular that anything given in his name, after he was Cardinal, should be done without stint. But this was not the way with him simply as Cardinal, for he never liked half-measures in what it concerned him to do. But with regard to money, there had been times after his conversion when at best he could not do more than take half-measures, nor as much.'

The Cardinal would not give up personal correspondence with his friends until writing became quite impossible to him. In letter after letter he complains of the fatigue of using his hand, and when I myself saw him write only his name and the date for an autograph book in 1885, it was a process which lasted several minutes. A single letter must have taken him hours at that time—though the failure had of course been very gradual. I subjoin a few letters of the last ten years of his life, taken almost at random, yet each from some point of view characteristic.

To his old Oxford friend Canon McMullen, the Rector of St. Mary's, Chelsea, who had in 1881 almost completely lost his eyesight and was retiring from active work, he wrote thus:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Feb. 24, 1881.

'My dear McMullen,—I saw your letter to your Parishioners the other day, and that leads me to write you a few lines to express my sympathy with you and my kindest wishes.

'I know the new life of calm and peace, which God is giving you, will be united with trial and suffering; but I know, too, that, out of His abundant grace, He will in some way or other make up to you for such burden as He lays upon you.

'However, why I write this is to say to you that I have begun to say a Mass weekly for you between this and Easter, and that I propose to do so, not only from my true attachment to you, but especially in deep gratitude for the fidelity with which you have so long and so unswervingly taken my part, through years in which I have had much to try me from adverse tongues.

'That you may be bountifully, royally recompensed by our Great Master, for all your good deeds, is the constant prayer of

'Yours affectionately,
JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN.'

In this same year he sat for his picture to Millais, on the occasion of a visit to London. He writes as follows to Sister Maria Pia, from Rednal, on July 21:

'Mr. Millais thinks his portrait the best he has done and the one he wishes to go down to posterity by. Every one who has seen it is struck with it. He did it in a few short sittings.

'We have been shocked by the almost sudden death of Dean Stanley. He had some illness or other, which turned to erysipelas; and he was carried off almost as soon as he was in danger. He was about 65, showing that old men may be quite well to all appearance, yet may be gone in a few days. . . .

'I went to London and to the Oratory, then [to] the Cardinal's,[1] and was received with great attention.'

The following two letters to his nephew, Mr. J. R. Mozley, give the Cardinal's feeling in his last years on the relations between Ireland and England:

'Birmingham: Oct. 20, 1881.

'I am anything but a politician, whether in grasp of principles or knowledge of facts. As to Ireland, judging by what I saw in Ireland 20 years ago, the question between the countries is not one of land or property, but of *union.*

'Cromwell, and others have, by their conduct to the Irish, burned into the national heart a deep hatred of England, and, if the population perseveres, the sentiment of patriotism and the latent sense of historical wrongs will hinder even the more rational, and calm judging, the most friendly to England, from separating themselves from their countrymen. They are abundantly warmhearted and friendly to individual Englishmen, of that I have clear experience in my own case, but what I believe, though I have no large experience to appeal to, is, that there is not one Anglophilist in the nation.

'Observe, Gladstone the other day at Leeds complained of the little support given him by the middle class and gentry in Ireland. I think it was at the time of the Fenian rising that the *Times* had an article to the same effect. Gladstone seemed to think them cowards: no, they are patriots.

'I knew, when in Ireland, one of the leaders of the Smith O'Brien movement in 1848; his boast was, that from Henry II.'s time the people had *never* condoned the English occupation. They had by a succession of risings, from then till now, protested against it.

'Our rule has been marked by a persistent forcing on them English ways. Such, I suppose, was our law of property, founded on the feudal system, instead of their own communism.

'About this I know very little. What I do know is the stupid forcing on their Catholicism our godless education. Since 1845 all English parties have been resolved that primary education and University education in Ireland should be without religion, except that . . . the Bible without comment should be allowed in the primary. . . . Bu to conclude, I can but say, we are suffering partly from "delicta majorum," partly from our own. Is it too late, fo one thing, to give Ireland a Catholic University?

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[1] Cardinal Manning's.

'Recollect Belgium, Greece, Hungary, Bulgaria, Lombardy all have got free in my lifetime.'

'Birmingham: October 24.

'I am no politician. I have long thought that the Iris would gain Home Rule in some shape, and that both becaus of the issue of the series of past conflicts with Great Britain which seems to portend it, and because of Greece, Belgium Lombardy, Hungary and Bulgaria. But I am no advocat for such issue, rather it seems to me a blow on the power o England as serious as it is retributive.

'As to the University question, it opens a question large than itself. Why has not England acted towards Ireland a it has treated Scotland? Scotland had its own religion, an after a short time the attempt to impose Episcopacy on it wa given up, and so indulgent has been England to Scotland that even the Queen, the head of the Anglican Church, goe to kirk and listens to Presbyterian preachers. On the contrary not only great sums have been poured through centuries int Ireland from England by the State and by the people, t force Protestantism on the Irish, but there were persecutin laws, of which I say nothing, because the question yo have asked is one of property. The Irish people conside the sums which the Anglo-Irish Establishment took year b year from the Irish population, as the property of their ow Church, which Church was proscribed by English law. I asking back a small portion of these confiscations (I thin one or two of the Anglican Irish Archbishops in my day lef behind them towards £500,000 apiece, on their death) the have not acted unreasonably. The sums given for Protestan education were as prodigious as those for religion.

'Now what was done as regards the University? Firs Peel set up his godless colleges, aided by public yearl grants, I am almost sure, or quite sure: then our Bishop set up in opposition their University—not at once, bu after it had been much and long discussed both in Catholi Ireland and at Rome. We were obliged to raise £5,000 year from the peasantry, and this we did for 20 years! Ther was no cry for money from us then. All we asked, and wha we could not get, little as it was, was the power of grantin degrees. No—we were not even to have a fair stage. A length the Irish took, in defence of the peasantry, to ask for money. By a Catholic University I mean one in which the *Officers* and Teachers are Catholics: and I demand it for Ireland because the country is Catholic. This would be secured by the Bishops having a Veto on appointments.'

The thought of death was now continually with Newman, and the friends and acquaintances acquired during a long life were dying constantly. Lord Henry Kerr, who belonged to the former category, and Mr. Eyston, the head of a well-known Catholic family, who belonged to the latter, both passed away in 1882. Lord Henry was James Hope-Scott's brother-in-law, and his death caused some delay in the appearance of the biography of Hope-Scott, in which the Cardinal was specially interested. To both of these events he refers in the following letters to Miss Bowles:

'March 10, 1882.

'It grieves me very much to see the notice of Mr. Eyston's death in the paper. I can scarcely have seen him, since I made his and his uncle's acquaintance on the top of a mail coach in a heavy downfall of rain, but I have never forgotten him, nor his name Charles, ever since.

'How the old generation is fading away, out of sight! What a mystery is life, and how it comes home to such as me to think of old Nestor's melancholy lines, "as the outburst and fall of leaves, such the generations of man." How inwardly miserable must the life of man be, without the Gospel, and now men are doing their utmost to destroy our sole solace. . . .'

'April 13, 1882.

'Thank you for your affectionate Paschal greetings, which I return with all my heart. I send them also to Frederick, since I find you are still with him, and to Miss Bathurst and her community. . . .

'I suppose dear Lord Henry's death has thrown back the printing of the Memoir. The facts, that is, Hope-Scott's acts and letters, are so striking, that they carry his wonderful character with them, and need no comment. I say "wonderful," because it is rare to find a man of the world so deeply religious, so holy in the inner man. A man may have many good points, yet have no interior. Hope-Scott speaks for himself. . . .

'I am very well, thank you, though infirm. I wish people would learn the difference between the two words. Then, they would not wish me to leave home.'

To Sister Maria Pia.

'Bm: July 3, 1882.

'I did not forget you on the Visitation, but said Mass for you on two other days instead, because I heard that William George Ward was dying. How it was that his serious state of health was not known generally before, I cannot tell, but they say that it is a simple break up. His principal complaint is that of which Fr. Joseph Gordon died, and that was three years upon him.

'It will be still some time before Palmer's Journal will issue from the Press. I shall send it to you. It seems to me very interesting—but 40 years is more than a generation and I can't prophesy how it will strike most people. The Czar does not appear in it, though afterwards he had Palmer to dine with him. I think the book shows the impossibility of a union of Greece with Anglicans, and of Greece with Rome. As for the Russian ecclesiastics, he found that they had all but given up the idea of unity, or of the Catholicity of the Church. So far they were behind the Anglicans, who at least profess belief in one Catholic Church.

'I am very well as far as health goes—but I am more and more infirm. I am dim sighted, deaf, lame, and have a difficulty in talking and writing. And my memory is very bad.

'I fear the enemies of the Church are all but effecting its absolute fall in France. The first and second generation after us will have a dreadful time of it. Satan is almost unloosed. May we all be housed safely before that day!

'Are you not 80 now?'

In 1883 the news came that Dean Church's eldest daughter Helen was engaged to be married to Mr. Paget, afterwards Bishop of Oxford. The news gave occasion for a gift to the bride's twin sister Mary, very touching in all that it recalled. It is announced in the following letter to her father:

'March 28, 1883.

'I said Mass for Helen and her husband elect this morning. So did Fr. Neville. Of course it is, however glad an event, a very trying one for all of you, and not the least for Mary.

'I don't suppose she will find a fiddle make up for Helen, but it has struck me that you and Blachford will let me give the beautiful instrument you and he gave me, to Mary. I don't think she will refuse it; I hear much of her proficiency.

'You gave it me in 1865—and I had constant use and pleasure in the use till lately—but I find now I have no command of it; nay, strange to say I cannot count or keep time. This is a trouble to me; one gets an affection for a fiddle, and I should not like to go without getting it a good master or mistress. My friends in this house have instruments of their own. So has Mary doubtless—but this would come with associations in its history.'

To Sister Maria Pia.

'June 22, 1883.

'As the 24th is the day on which the Achilli trial ended 31 years ago, I mean to say Mass for you in grateful remembrance of the part you had in it.

'As to the Affirmation Bill, I tried to sign my name against it, but had no opportunity, so far was I from refusing. The only opportunity I had was from an anonymous Birmingham petition to Parliament—but, when I had almost got the pen in my hand, I felt that a Cardinal had no right to put down his name amid a mixed multitude. And then I thought "have any clergy signed the petition?" and "would not the Bishop have told me?" So having no hint and no means, I did not express an opinion. At the same time, if you ask my real thought, I should say that, tho' I wished to sign, I should merely have done so because others did, not to be singular. For I think it a piece of humbug, and no good would come of the Bill being rejected and no harm by its passing. No atheist is kept out as it is, and within the last fortnight a daily paper has in earnest said that atheism ought to be considered one form of *theism!* (Look at pp. 36–38 of my "Idea of a University.") When it was all over, some one wrote to a Paper to say he had *authority* from me to state that I disapproved in every way of the Bill. This was not true, and I was obliged to write a letter to say that I neither approved of it nor disapproved—that it was a mere political bill with which I had nothing to do.

'I am sorry to hear your accounts of Princess Borghese.'

Mr. Hutton published early in the following year, in the *Contemporary Review*, a very appreciative criticism of some of the Cardinal's writings, which he sent to the Oratory, following up his gift by a letter, to which Newman thus replied:

'May 6, 1884.

'My dear Mr. Hutton,—You have anticipated my lette which was going to you to-day.

'I should have written to thank you sooner, but I was lik a man out of breath from the action of a plunging or showe bath, or rather like a baby in Martha Gunn's hands, wh begins to cry. Not that I did not feel your extreme kindness, or rather indulgence, as well as the depth and force o your criticism. But I am necessarily suffering from havin lived too long.

'I can't expect that affectionate friends such as you (fo the words "affectionately yours" were in my own heart an at the end of my pen before I found them in your letter) tha such can wait till my full years on earth have run out, befor they speak of me; nor that the purveyors of gossip of th past should refrain from tearing off my morbidly sensitiv skin, while they can, with public interest; but turning fro what is accidental, I am obliged to look higher—but I a too tired to bring out here my meaning. Don't suppose am strong, because my writing is clear—unless I wrote ver slowly, letter by letter, my writing would be unreadable.

'Here I am but writing a letter of thanks. It is abou 20 years since I wrote to thank you for your notice i the *Spectator* of my "Apologia" on its first publication. daresay it was against the etiquette of the literary world, fo no one was kind enough to answer me but you. In consequence I called on you at your office. I have never see you since, have I? but, whenever in London, from th gratitude I felt for the continuance of the kindness you firs showed in 1864, I have wished to do so. Now I suppos there is no chance of my ever going to London, at least fo many hours. You will accept instead, I am sure, th blessing of a Cardinal of Holy Church, even though yo cannot accept that title of "Holy" as given her in th Creed.

'Yours affectionately
JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.'

The present writer saw Mr. Hutton after he received thi reply, which caused him some anxiety lest he had simpl given pain to the man whose influence he had wished t serve by writing his article. He conveyed his anxiety t the Cardinal in a letter which brought the following characteristic note in reply:

'May 11, 1884.

'My dear Mr. Hutton,—I am very ungrateful to you if I have given you serious pain. But I do not understand you so, and I feel that really you understand me.

'The shock of a shower bath turns into a feeling both pleasurable and permanent, and it was a great omission in me, if I did not make this clear to you.

'Yours affectionately
JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.'

TO SISTER MARIA PIA.

'Dec. 19, 1884.

'Your letter has just come, and I think it better to send you my affectionate congratulations and Cardinalitian blessing by anticipation of the Feast, than to run the risk of engagements and over fatigue when the day comes.

'I don't think anything of your special mental trouble, for it does not argue any want of faith, but is merely that now you *realize* more exactly what lies before you, and your enemy takes advantage of what is really a meritorious state of mind to frighten you. I am reading with great interest Wilfrid Ward's (son of W. G. Ward) book, "The Wish to Believe," and if, when I have finished it, I like it as much as I do when I am half through it, I will send it to you.

'What I *am* anxious about is your state of health. You have never, as I think, realized that the misfortune you have had is very serious. You do not now, I fear, protect yourself against what may happen as you ought. I have known cases, which, for want of proper *habitual* precaution, terminated in sudden death. Perhaps I am quite wrong in my fear that you neglect it, but, if so, I am doing no harm by my mistake.

'You are, I know, in our Lord's loving hands. You have given yourself to a life of great penance for His sake, and He will not, does not, forget it. "When thou shalt pass through the waters, He will be with thee, and when thou shalt walk in the fire, thou shalt not be burnt," for you are one of those who have taken your purgatory in this life, and I rejoice to think that, when God has taken you hence I shall have one to plead for me in heaven. For me, I have no sign on me of dying yet.'

I add a few specimens of his letters and notes in 1885 and 1886:

To Dean Church.

'April 12, 1885.

'My dear Dean,—Thank you for your impressive Easter Sermon.

'It is 63 years today since I was elected at Oriel; the turning day of my life.

'Yrs affly,
J. H. Card. Newman.'

To Miss Bowles.

'Christmas Eve, 1885.

'Thank you for your long letter. I rejoice to find that Frederick is such a support to you, and you to him. You have indeed had severe trials this year past. Xmas Day was the death day of my last sister, in the year I returned from Rome (1879). I will not forget your wish.

'I am much weaker than this time last year, but, as far as I know have nothing the matter with me. The two last Christmases I have had most kind and gratifying messages from the Holy Father.

'I send you and your brother my blessing, as Christmas calls for it.'

To Mr. John Pollen, who wrote to him in the course of a long voyage, he thus replied:

'May 6, 1885.

'My dear Pollen,—Your letter of this morning is most welcome, and I thank you for it. I thought it a plucky thing your going all that way by yourself, and I rejoice that you are back safe and sound. Though no traveller myself, I can sympathise in what you tell me. I have gone through the Gibraltar galleries and brought away from them at least one piece of knowledge which, after all the changes in the science of warfare, seems, [by] the account of poor Colonel Stewart's act on running on the rock on the Nile, still to hold good, that there are two ways of disabling a gun, spiking it, and knocking it off the end of the trunnion. Also I recollect a window in the galleries from which you looked down 800 feet sharp descent.

'Well, and I sympathise with you in the strange feeling of coming on deck of a morning and seeing before you Cadiz, Algiers, Palermo or Ithaca, like the rounds in a Magic Lantern, though the middies and the crew take it as a matter of course.

'One thing I confess lies outside my sympathy, though it touches me much, and all the more, viz. your having recourse to "The Grammar of Assent" as a refuge from the palm trees and apes. My imagination will not take it in, except as a pendant to that great Ch. Ch. Greek scholar who to relieve himself of the excitement of the subjunctive mood, used to take up a volume of the Tracts for the Times. I think he told me so himself.

'Your sketchy account of India made me understand why the Russians should covet it. . . .

'When you see Lord Ripon, please to tell him how I rejoice in his triumphant return. I have not written my congratulations because I feel myself *passé* and thereby privileged. Indeed I am really old now. I write slowly and with effort and pain, and have various small ailments which I seem unable to throw off, and I am writing this as I lie upon a sofa. Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.'

In the same year he sent his collected works as a gift to his old College, Trinity, with the following letter to Dr. Percival, its president:

'May 18, 1885.

'My dear President,—I have been asking myself how I could show that I was still mindful of the kindness done me by the College in giving me a place among its Fellows, now that I can no longer present myself to them in person on the annual "Gaudy"; and the bold thought has come to me that, instead of myself, perhaps they would let me offer to them a set of the books I have published in the course of my life.

'I know indeed how books grow on the shelves of a Library, and how precious in consequence is the space, and I shall be content if there is room only for some of mine; still it seems a duty to offer all if I offer any, while, in order to give the Librarian a choice, I send you, with this letter, a complete list of them.

'I hope you will not think me unreasonable in thus writing to you. This May the 18th on which I write is the anniversary of the Monday on which in 1818 I was elected a member of your Foundation.

'May your yearly Festival ever be as happy a day to you all, as in 1818 it was to me.

'I am, my dear President, Sincerely yours,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.'

'P.S. Excuse my hand writing. I am now scarcely able to form any letters.'

To Dean Church.

'March 25, 1886.

'My dear Dean,—Many thanks. I am going up to the Duchess [of Norfolk's] Requiem Mass on Monday. How I am to get thro' it, I can't tell. I hope I shall not be using your house as an Infirmary—I am, not ill, but so weak and sleepy.

'Ever yrs affly,
John H. Card. Newman.'

To the Rev. A. Spurrier.

'Dec. 11, 1886.

'I wish the state of my fingers allowed me to write a sufficient, or at least a readable answer to your question. I must be abrupt, because I must be short.

'Who can have *dared* to say that I am disappointed in the Church of Rome? I say "dared," because I have never uttered, or written, or thought, or felt the very shadow of disappointment. I believe it to be a human institution as well as a divine, and so far as it is human it is open to the faults of human nature; but if, because I think, with others, that its rulers have sometimes erred as fallible men, I therefore think it has failed, such logic won't hold; indeed, it is the wonderful anticipation in Our Lord's and St. Paul's teaching, of apparent failure [and real] success in the times after them which has ever been one of my strong arguments for believing them divine messengers.

'But I can't write more. One word as to your next page. Faith is a divine gift. It is gained by prayer. Prayer must be patient and persevering. I have not strength to explain and defend this here. God bless you.'

He exchanged some letters at the end of this year with Mr. G. T. Edwards, formerly secretary to the London Evangelical Society, and in closing the correspondence expressed his own feeling that he had found in the Catholic Church the fuller development of all that he had most reverenced and still reverenced in the Evangelical creed of his youth.

'Feby. 24th, 1887.

'My difficulty in writing breaks my thoughts, and my feelings, and I not only can't say, what I wish to say, but also my wishes themselves fare as if a dish of cold water was thrown over them.

'I felt your letter, as all your letters, to be very kind to me, and I feel very grateful to you. I don't know why you have been so kind, and you have been so more and nore.

'I will not close our correspondence, without testifying ny simple love and adhesion to the Catholic Roman Church, iot that I think you doubt this; and did I wish to give a eason for this full and absolute devotion, what should, what an I say but that those great and burning truths which I earned when a boy from Evangelical teaching, I have found mpressed upon my heart with fresh and ever increasing force y the Holy Roman Church? That Church has added to he simple Evangelicalism of my first teachers, but it has bscured, diluted, enfeebled, nothing of it. On the contrary have found a power, a resource, a comfort, a consolation in ur Lord's Divinity and atonement, in His real presence in ommunion, in His Divine and Human power, which all ood Catholics indeed have, but which Evangelical Christians ave but faintly. But I have not strength to say more.

'Thank you for the beautiful Edition of the New Testanent. I have a great dislike to heavy books.'

There is a curious letter belonging to the same year lictated in reply to one in which the Jesuit Father Hopkins ad recorded his experience of the anti-English feeling in arts of Ireland:

'March 3, 1887.

'Your letter is an appalling one—but not on that account ntrustworthy. There is one consideration however which you omit. The Irish Patriots hold that they never have yielded themselves to the sway of England and therefore ever have been under her laws, and never have been rebels.

'This does not diminish the force of your picture, but it suggests that there is no help, no remedy. If I were an rishman, I should be (in heart) a rebel. Moreover, to clench he difficulty the Irish character and tastes [are] very different rom the English.

'My fingers will not let me write more.'

On the same day he wrote to his cousin, Miss Emmeline Deane, who was anxious to paint his picture:

'My dear Emmeline,—It would be a great pleasure and avour to me to be painted by you. These are not idle ords, and I should rejoice to see you. But my time is not ny own. It is not now my own as if I were young, and I have much to do, and have no certainty when the supply o time will cease, and life end.

'You may recollect the histories of St. Bede and St Anselm. They were each of them finishing a great work and they had to run a race with time. Anselm did not finis his—but Bede just managed to be successful. Anselm wa 76—but Bede was only 62. I, alas, alas, am 86.

'What chance have I of doing my small work, howeve much I try? and you lightly ask me, my dear child, to giv up the long days, which are in fact the only days I have!

'The only days I have, because it is my misfortune not t be able to read by candle-light, and at this very time, thoug March has begun, I am anxiously waiting day by day, thoug as yet in vain, for the morning light to be strong enough t enable me to say Mass without the vain attempt to use candle.

'I must add that now for two years I have lost the us of my fingers for writing, and am obliged to write very slowl in order to form my letters.

'It is all this which hinders my saying categoricall "yes" to your kind, and, to me, welcome question.

'But I will say this—I am labouring to carry two volume of "St. Athanasius" through the press—I fear this will tak at least half a year—this must be—but I know no excuse, i it suits you, why you should not write again to me then, if am then alive. Yours affectly,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.'

He read in this year a short religious tale[1] by a daughte of his old friend Mr. Hope-Scott, and thus wrote to it author:

'June 21st, 1887.

'My dear Josephine,—I should like to send you a lon letter, but my fingers won't write, and I fear you will not b able to read this attempt.

'I like your book extremely. It has great merits. Yo have hit off your characters very well. Few Catholics hav described so well a pious dissenting Evangelical. And i her way Fanny is as good as Bessie. And the contrast o motives (each supernatural) which led the two into th Church is excellently brought out.

'You are somewhat ambitious in your sketch of Staples but it is good as an imagination, which requires filling out.

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[1] *In the Way.* Burns & Oates.

'There is perhaps too much *direct* teaching and preaching in the Tale—though perhaps it could not be helped. You have referred to Bishop Hay once; I think it would have been more prudent if, at the foot of the page, you had now and then [given references]: "Vid. Bp. Hay," "vid. Fr. Faber," or the like.

'Now, my dear Child, I hope this criticism will not frighten you. If I was not pleased with your work, if I did not think it likely to do glory to God, if I did not love you and take an interest in you, I should not have written. You must not be startled at my abruptness, that arises from the effort and trouble with which I write.

'I always have you and your sisters and brother in my prayers. Yours affectionately,

J. H. CARD. NEWMAN.'

Henceforth he wrote but little in his own handwriting, and the following unfinished fragment to Dean Church tells its own story:

'July 3, 1887.

'I was very glad to receive your letter, for I feared the heat of London was telling upon you, and the Papers said nothing of you good or bad. For myself, though I have no complaint, "senectus ipsa est morbus," showing itself in failure of sight, speech, joints, hearing.'

The last autograph letter the present writer has seen is the following, written to himself on the occasion of his engagement to the daughter of the Cardinal's old friend, Mr. Hope-Scott, to whom the letter already cited was addressed:

'Sept. 28th, 1887.

'My dear Wilfrid,—What a capital letter you have sent me. I rejoice to receive it, and send you gladly my congratulations and blessing.

'I have neither eyes to see, nor fingers to write. So these lines (are they lines?) are but an ungrateful return for yours and Josephine's. Yours affectly,

J. H. CARD. NEWMAN.'

Other habitual tasks besides letter-writing soon became impossible. The Cardinal preached for the last time on January 1, 1888, at the celebration of the sacerdotal Jubilee of Leo XIII. The thought which had so long tried him—that he had been allowed to do so little since his admission to the Catholic Church up to the last years of his life—was apparent in this sermon. He found in this a point of sympathy with Pope Leo, who was himself (he believed) an old and comparatively unknown man when the great opportunity of his elevation to the Pontificate was given him. It was the way of God's Providence.

'When we look back,' he said, 'at the lives of holy men it often seems wonderful that God had not employed them more fully.' He pointed out the inscrutable ways of Almighty God in choosing persons to do His work, Moses being eighty years of age before he began his career as leader of the Israelites, while St. John the Baptist was cut off at the beginning of his work. After citing as instances St. Gregory Nazianzen, and others from ecclesiastical history, the Cardinal said: 'I do not directly compare our present Holy Father with Moses, but still the same rule applies in his case. He had lived a long life before he was Pope; and he has now done things which it might be said no other man could do, yet it is scarcely to be supposed that any one present had heard his name before he was Pope. There did not seem any likelihood that he would leave his Perugia bishopric, but he was found as others were found, by the special providence and inspiration of God, and we in our ignorance knew nothing of him.'

'In conclusion,' so runs the newspaper report of the sermon, 'the Cardinal thanked God, as for one of the special blessings of his life, that he was allowed to stand there and say a few words that day, and that by the special favour of God he had lived thus long to see such a man.'

To the very last the feeling of regret for lost time would at times find fresh expression. The opposition of men—of good men—had for years defeated so many of his efforts. And now the night was approaching and he could do but little. Nevertheless, while he could not cease to feel this fact keenly, he recognised how small such personal considerations would look in the light of eternity.

'As to what may be called wrongs to *him*, his own last words on such subjects,' writes Father Neville, 'were nearly these: "You must not suppose that these little affairs of mine will be on the *tapis* in the courts of the next world." This was said with a cheerfulness and gravity very expressive of great kindness, a good conscience, and solemn thought. It was said after a long silence: a silence which he resumed for a considerable time. He had been speaking of his many years of wasted work.'

So far as age and infirmity allowed it, the Cardinal kept up his intercourse with old friends. Three meetings in the last years of his life with his faithful ally and staunch supporter Bishop Ullathorne are chronicled in that prelate's Biography. On August 18, 1887, Dr. Ullathorne writes to a friend as follows:

'I have been visiting Cardinal Newman to-day. He is much wasted, but very cheerful. Yesterday he went to London to see an oculist. When he tries to read black specks are before his eyes. But his oculist tells him there is nothing wrong but old age. We had a long and cheery talk, but as I was rising to leave an action of his caused a scene I shall never forget. . . . He said in low and humble accents, "My dear Lord, will you do me a great favour?" "What is it?" I asked. He glided down on his knees, bent down his venerable head, and said, "Give me your blessing." What could I do with him before me in such a posture? I could not refuse without giving him great embarrassment. So I laid my hand on his head and said: "My dear Lord Cardinal, notwithstanding all laws to the contrary, I pray God to bless you, and that His Holy Spirit may be full in your heart." As I walked to the door, refusing to put on his biretta as he went with me, he said: "I have been indoors all my life, whilst you have battled for the Church in the world."'

Again, on April 16, 1888, Dr. Ullathorne writes:

'To-day I have been honoured with a visit from Cardinal Newman, and never did he look more venerable, and show more feeling. He had fixed his mind all Lent to come and see me on Easter Monday. When that day came he was forbidden to leave the house. To-day was bright, and he came; he was brought to my room leaning on the arms of two priests, and we talked for an hour, after which he left. He can no longer read, and even if he tries to sign his name he cannot see what strokes he makes. But I was much touched by his conversation.'

The last meeting of all was in the following July at Stone convent, so long the home of Mother Margaret Hallahan and

Mother Imelda. The meeting has been described by one of the nuns:

'On the 16th of July the Community received an unexpected visit from the venerable Cardinal Newman, the last time they were ever to enjoy that privilege. His coming had been announced in the morning, and on his arrival he was met at the door by the Archbishop, who gave him his arm, and supported him to the Community room, where he received the Religious, saying a kind word to each whom he knew. He spoke of a visit he had lately made to London, and of the impression which the sight of the great metropolis had made on him, "like a glimpse of the great Babylon. . . . It made me think of the words, 'Love not the world nor the things of the world.' Perhaps, however, I am too severe, and only think in that way because I am an old man." After a while he rose and blessed the Community and returned to the guest room, still leaning on the Archbishop's arm. There he consented to rest for a short space and take some refreshment, the Archbishop pouring out tea for him and holding it to his lips. To see these two venerable men thus together, one waiting on the other and supporting his feebleness, was a sight never to be forgotten; and few who then saw them would have predicted that the elder, and more infirm of the two, would be the survivor.'[1]

Of the last two years, with the gradual failure which they brought, Father Neville has left a simple and touching narrative:

'According to the custom of Cardinals he said his own private Mass in a private chapel, and always as early as convenient to others; for the last time, the Christmas Day before he died, after which Feast he always declined to say Mass himself from fear of an accident. Sight and strength had already very greatly failed him, and he feared lest he should overbalance in taking the chalice. Reverence forbade such a risk. Nevertheless he learnt by heart a Mass of the Blessed Virgin and a Mass of the Dead. One or other of these Masses he repeated daily, whole or part, and with the due ceremonies, for the chance that he hoped for, since his sight and strength varied, that with the brighter sunlight of the spring he might some day find himself in condition to say Mass once again. He was determined, he said, that no want of readiness on his part should cause him to miss the opportunity should it occur. This preparation became to him the great pleasure of the day, both from what he could look forward to in hope, and also from the reverence that filled him by the solemnity of the words and different actions. This reverence would sometimes be manifest in his face and voice, and sometimes he would give expression of it by word to those who assisted him. He continued this preparation until within two or three days of his death, August 11, 1890. The hoped-for opportunity to say Mass never came.

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[1] See *Life of Archbishop Ullathorne*, ii. 533. Dr. Ullathorne on resigning his See was made a titular Archbishop.

'Other religious privations had already come upon him. First that of the daily Office in the Breviary. He had always been greatly attached to the recital of the Office, and he rejoiced especially in the recurrence of the Sunday and other longer offices; his favourite parts of which never palled upon him as subjects for conversation. But the time came when he could no longer use the Breviary, and then, by the advice of Bishop Ullathorne, he substituted the Rosary in its stead. What the Rosary became to him under these new circumstances, those can imagine who know what his attachment to the daily Office had been; his ready reply to a condolence on his loss of the power to say it being, that the Rosary more than made up for it; that the Rosary was to him the most beautiful of all devotions and that it contained all in itself. In time, however, the Rosary had to be abandoned, a want of sensitiveness in his finger-ends disabling him from its use. From far back, in the long distance of time, memory brings him forward, when not engaged in writing or reading, as most frequently having the Rosary in his hand.'

One by one, too, old habits and amusements had to follow these devotional exercises, leaving dictation and the reading of others to take their place. He was unable any longer himself to preach. But when in 1889 Leo XIII. protested against the erection in Rome of a statue to Giordano Bruno, Cardinal Newman dictated some words to be read by one of the Fathers from the pulpit, vehemently endorsing the Holy Father's protest.

In the same year Englishmen were talking a good deal of the conspicuous part which Cardinal Manning was taking in arbitrating between masters and men in the dockers' strike. The subject gave occasion for a pleasant exchange of letters between the two English Cardinals. Father Neville speaks as follows of Newman's feeling in relation to Cardinal Manning's action in the matter:

‘“What did Cardinal Newman think of that movement?” It is a subject that had not been brought before him in former years, and it was not now in his power to judge of it at all fully; but he could see with great satisfaction how Cardinal Manning had manifested to the whole country the interest Holy Church takes in the welfare of the poor. To Cardinal Newman this was a subject for rejoicing; he therefore dictated a little letter to the Cardinal Archbishop congratulating his Eminence most heartily thereon. Cardinal Manning's reply was as follows:

‘Archbishop's House, Westminster: September 30, 1889.

‘My dear Cardinal,—Your letter of this morning is as grateful to me, as it was unlooked for; and I thank you for it very heartily.

‘I was rejoiced to see the other day the words you spoke in Church about Giordano Bruno. They showed the old energy of days now past for both of us.

‘Do not forget me in your prayers; every day I remember you at the altar.

‘Believe me always,
Yours affectionately,
Henry E. Cardinal Manning.’

To the very end Cardinal Newman longed to do some useful work, though the failure of his powers left him little opportunity. One occasion did present itself only a few months before his death. I slightly abridge Father Neville's account of it:

‘It concerned a number of young Catholics employed in a large manufactory where great care was taken of them, all of the hands being girls. It was the rule that every one on the premises should assemble at a fixed time in the working hours, once a day, for religious instruction, viz. the reading of Scripture with an exposition thereon by the masters themselves, who were of the Society of Friends. This rule had been complied with a very long time, but when the priest of the mission heard of it, he strictly forbade his own people to attend, no matter how short the time. The masters would not take the priest's word as final; they would like, they said, the opinion of some such liberal-minded Catholic as Cardinal Newman on so unexpected a command. This our Cardinal thought a call upon him to come forward, and he lost no time. It was in the month of November, the year before he died, a time of thick snow and thaw, which obliged him to walk some little way to the works; but he would not hear of delay and drove to see the masters.

'The masters maintained very well their own religious grounds for the observance of the rule, and since they could not enter into the Cardinal's argument for relaxation which he rested on the need of the entirety of the Creed,[1] he had, he said, to have his wits well about him not to go wrong. That, however, he rather enjoyed. The masters received what he put forward with kindness and respect, and they said they would talk the matter over by themselves. Anticipating success, the Cardinal's first words on re-entering his carriage came with pleased briskness: "If I can but do work such as that, I am happy and content to live on." A few days brought the good news that all difficulties had been got over by a room having been set apart for the Catholics to meet in for prayer by themselves—a very great privilege that is in force to this day.'

Two letters written in 1889 and 1890 should be added to those that have been given. One relates to the death of Father Hecker, the Paulist whose efforts to interpret the Catholic religion to his contemporaries in America had commanded Newman's close sympathy. The other shows him at the end of his long life of nearly ninety years exchanging words of sympathy and fellowship with an adherent of his own early Evangelical creed—Mr. Edwards, and sending him his own translation of the ancient prayer, used by St. Ignatius Loyola in his spiritual exercises, 'Anima Christi sanctifica me.'

To Father Hewit.

'Feb. 28th, 1889.

'My dear Father Hewit,—I was very sorrowful at hearing of Father Hecker's death. I have ever felt that there was this sort of unity in our lives, that we had both begun a work of the same kind, he in America and I in England, and I know how zealous he was in promoting it. It is not many months since I received a vigorous and striking proof of it in the book he sent me. Now I am left with one friend less, and it remains with me to convey through you my best condolement to all the members of your Society.

'Hoping that you do not forget me in your prayers,
'I am, dear Father Hewit,
Most truly yours,
John H. Card. Newman.'

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[1] His argument had ever been that heretics held part of the Creed, Catholics the whole—obviously not a popular argument.

To Mr. G. T. Edwards.

'29th January, 1890.

'My dear Mr. Edwards,—Accept my tardy Christmas greetings and good wishes to you for fulness in faith, hope, charity, gladness and peace; for the blessings of Holy Church, and of Gospel gifts, for the Communion of Saints, and the Life Everlasting.

'I shall venture to send you what I may call my Creed over-leaf.

'Yours most truly,
J. H. N.

'My Creed.

Soul of Christ, be my sanctification;
Body of Christ, be my salvation;
Blood of Christ, fill all my veins;
Water of Christ's side, wash out my stains,
Passion of Christ, my comfort be,
O good Jesus, listen to me
In thy wounds I fain would hide
Ne'er to be parted from Thy side;
Guard me should the foe assail me;
Call me when my life shall fail me.
Bid me come to Thee above,
With Thy Saints to sing Thy love,
World without end. Amen.'

'It might be said of the Cardinal,' writes Father Neville, 'that he clung to life to the end. He knew how he would be missed by some, and he felt for them; and there were objects and interests which he held very tenderly in mind with this thought of them—what would happen in the struggle which in his forecast of the future seemed likely to come? God's cause was ever in his mind. And as long as he could in any way serve it he desired to stay.'

However, in the summer of 1890 it was clear that the end was not far distant. Father Neville records that the Cardinal was displeased with the doctors for speaking as though he might yet live a year or two when they must know that it was a matter of months or even weeks. Death did come almost suddenly. But it was immediately preceded by a somewhat remarkable momentary rally on the evening of August 9, which Father Neville thus records:

'The Cardinal entered his room . . . his footstep was slow yet firm and elastic; indeed, it was not recognized as his, his attendant was surprised that it was he; soon, when seen, his bearing was in keeping with his step;—unbent, erect to the full height of his best days in the 'fifties; he was without support of any kind. His whole carriage was, it may be said, soldier-like, and so dignified; and his countenance was most attractive to look at; even great age seemed to have gone from his face, and with it all careworn signs; his very look conveyed the cheerfulness and gratitude of his mind, and what he said was so kind; his voice was quite fresh and strong, his whole appearance was that of power, combined with complete calm.' . . .

That night he was taken ill of congestion of the lungs. He rose next morning, but had to go to bed again. Then happened a little incident which brings before us vividly his clinging and grateful memory of those who had ministered by their kindness to his suffering temperament in days of trial. I relate it in Father Neville's own words:

'A poor, an indigent person, a stranger to him, had once left for him at the house door a silk handkerchief with a message of respect. This was very many years before he was Cardinal, and when he seemed, so to speak, much set aside; at a time, too, when he was himself very poor. Both present and message were received by him as they were meant, and with a solemn gravity which checked even a smile. He kept the handkerchief as something he prized. When he went to bed expecting to die, he had it brought to him, and put it on, and, though the doctors said he might as well be without it, he died with it on. He had kept it quite thirty years, even more.'

The Cardinal received the last Sacraments on August 10, and passed away at a quarter to nine in the evening of August 11, having been unconscious for most of the day. The funeral was at Rednal on the 19th. He was buried in accordance with the instructions he had left, in the grave of his beloved friend Ambrose St. John, and on the pall was his chosen motto 'Cor ad cor loquitur.' On the memorial slab at his own desire were engraved the words 'Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem.'

APPENDICES

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XXI

THE following is the text of the correspondence referred to at p. 47:

MONSIGNOR TALBOT TO DR. NEWMAN.

'8 York Place, Portman Square, London: July 24, 1864.

'My dear Dr. Newman,—I called upon you yesterday at Edgbaston, and was very sorry not to find you at home.

'One of the reasons for which I called upon you was to invite you to come to Rome for next Lent to preach at my Church in the Piazza del Popolo, where you would have a more educated audience of Protestants than could ever be the case in England, and where they are more open to Catholic influences.

'When I told the Holy Father that I intended to invite you, he highly approved of my intention, and I think myself that you will derive great benefit from revisiting Rome, and again showing yourself to the Ecclesiastical Authorities there, who are anxious to see you.

'We shall have an apartment prepared for you at the English College, where Doctor Neve will be very glad to receive you.

'I am afraid that you may plead age &c. as an excuse for not taking so long a journey, as some persons have told me you are likely to do, but I feel convinced that you are prepared to make any sacrifice when the greater glory of God, and the Salvation of Souls are concerned, and that you are prepared to forego your own comfort, when the high interests of the Church are concerned, and you have an opportunity to serve the Holy See.

'To me it would be a great consolation to be able to tell the Holy Father that you have accepted my invitation, and I am sure that the Blessing of the Vicar of Christ will amply repay you for going so far.

'Believe me, yours sincerely,
GEORGE TALBOT.'

DR. NEWMAN TO MONSIGNOR TALBOT.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: July 25, 1864.

'Dear Monsignore Talbot,—I have received your letter, inviting me to preach next Lent in your Church at Rome to "an audience of Protestants more educated than could ever be the case in England."

'However, Birmingham people have souls; and I have neither taste nor talent for the sort of work which you cut out for me. And I beg to decline your offer.

'I am, yours truly,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

DR. NEWMAN TO AMBROSE ST. JOHN.

'The Oratory: July 25, 1864.

'Monsignor Talbot came on Saturday before I returned. Only Austin saw him. William was sulky at his name. Edward said he would not go to any of those bumptious Romans. He sat and talked with Austin in the boys' Refectory. He asked what I thought of Catholic boys going to Oxford. *He* was quite against it, but the Catholic gentry were "worldly." He wished me to preach some Lent sermons at Rome. Austin said I preached *here*, but he said "Oh, but this is a very different thing; educated people" &c. What is Brummagem to Monsignor Talbot but a region of snobs? yet souls are souls, your Right Reverence. He went on to ask what I *did*; did I read? Austin said he did not know; but he saw me take out books from the Library.'

The following is the text of the "questions" concerning higher education for English Catholics referred to at p. 66, and of Mr. Gaisford's reply to them in a letter to Dr. Grant, Bishop of Southwark:

'December 4th, 1864.

'1. Is there anything in the English University education, which it seems to you impossible, or very difficult, to give in our Catholic Colleges, by any practicable addition to, or variation of their present system or condition? Please to state in what it consists.

'2. What would you say is the exact meaning of *scholarship* as the peculiar characteristic of University education?

'3. What are the studies in which a Catholic youth going to a Protestant University would be engaged during his course in it?

'4. Would he acquire a greater knowledge than he could in a [Catholic] College:
- (*a*) of modern languages, as French, Italian, and German?
- (*b*) of foreign literature?
- (*c*) of history, geography, art, and other general subjects of information?

'5. Have you observed or heard on any good authority that in competitive examination, according to proportion of numbers, the Catholics have fallen below Protestant aspirants, whether in military or administrative competition?

'6. Has it similarly come under your notice that, attending to ratio of numbers, at the Bar, from the Bench downwards, or in any other learned profession, persons brought up in a University have shewn a decisive superiority over those educated in Catholic establishments?

'7. Putting aside all questions of tone and manner, and considering the average of young men who annually go into the world from the University and of those who finish their studies exclusively among Catholics, does any superiority in solid learning and good education manifest itself in the first above the second?

'8. Supposing a young Catholic, whose education had been carried on in one of our Colleges to the extent professed to be taught there, were to go for three years to a Protestant University, in what respect and to what extent do you suppose that his education would be found advanced and his character better formed?

'9. And more specifically, do you consider that the chances of improvement in moral and religious condition would be increased during that interval, and that the probability is that he would be found better grounded in faith, in piety, and moral feeling, at the end than he was at the beginning of that term?

'10. Considering the present condition of belief in the truths of revelation among leading minds in the Universities, do you think that the intercourse natural between the learned and able men of the University, with younger minds and inexperienced scholars, would not necessarily weaken the faith in these?

'11. Would it be possible, not to say expedient, to guard such impressionable minds, especially where there was an ardour for learning, by weakening or destroying all confidence on the part of youth in those whom they are otherwise expected to respect and submit their judgment to?

'12. Why is the demand in favour of University education, according to your way of viewing it, to be limited to the laity?

'13. If there be a higher, a nobler, and a more useful education to be attained at a University than can possibly be given in a Catholic College (unless such College is established in a Protestant University), why should the Clergy be deprived in England alone of those signal advantages?

'14. Ought the principles to be admitted that the laity should be more highly educated than their clergy, considering the reproaches too readily cast on the latter for lagging in the progress of knowledge and solid attainments?

'15. May it not be justly considered (1) that if no danger of loss of faith or morals exists for a layman, *a fortiori* there can be none for an Ecclesiastic? (2) that the mixture of virtuous and fervent Ecclesiastical scholars will sustain and encourage their former College companions?

'16. Is it not true that, although we treat the Universities as though great national institutions for lay education, they are no less, or perhaps in the main, the Protestant substitutes for Ecclesiastical Seminaries, and form in reality the places in which all the clergy of the Church of England are educated? Are not all the Archbishops and Bishops of England and in great measure of Ireland, all the dignitaries, certainly of England, and the vast bulk of the parochial clergy of the Established Church educated there; and has not the fruit of such education been on the whole to produce a clergy most hostile in feeling and most heterodox in doctrine in their attitude towards the Catholic Church?

'17. Do you think that, such being the case, it would be worthy of the Catholic Church and its pastors, believing themselves to be under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, to surrender the highest education of their children, or of their Ecclesiastical students, to the teaching and guiding of such a body of men?

'18. Is not the great teaching body of the University composed of Protestant, consequently heretical, clergymen; and do you think that the Bishops ought to advise the Holy See to commit the final training, and the finishing touch of the formation of mind and heart of the children of God's people, to the hands of those who have publicly declared and professed to hold that belief in the most solemn and consoling doctrines, and observance of the most beautiful practices of devotion in the Church, are damnable and idolatrous?

'19. Or do you think it possible for a professor or teacher holding the Holy Catholic Church in contempt, and perhaps execration, from day to day to lecture upon even indifferent topics without almost involuntarily allowing his feelings to escape from any amount of watchful guardedness, and insinuate themselves into the susceptible minds or imaginations of a few unnoticed Catholic pupils?

'20. On the whole, after considering all these questions and the answers which you have no doubt conscientiously given them in the presence of God, looking at the whole state of Europe and of England, and weighing in the balance of the Sanctuary the opinions, political, scientific, social, and moral, in conflict through the world, do you believe that should a considerable body of young Catholics receive education in Protestant Universities, the result will be the formation of a future Catholic body more conscientious, more orthodox, more religious, more devout, and more pure than we can obtain by any other process of education? And that should the decision be now in favour of

Protestant University education, our successors, and the future heads of Catholic families, will feel thankful to God and believe that His Providence has guided and blessed the decision?'

MR. GAISFORD TO THE BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK.

'December 11, 1864.

'The *Dublin Review* in an article given to Dr. Manning objects to Oxford on the ground that it would "indefinitely postpone all efforts towards founding purely Catholic Colleges for higher lay education." I answer that my wants are pressing and that the foundation of a College takes years. I consider *myself* responsible that my son shall be brought up first as a Catholic Christian, secondly as an English gentleman, and though I hope that I am ready to take advice from wiser men, I decline to shift my responsibility on anyone.

'I will now make a few remarks upon some of the printed questions.

'Question 2. I am no scholar myself, but, being asked to define the word "Scholarship" I shall say that a good Greek Scholar is one who has an accurate and critical knowledge of Greek—I believe that the term is applied at Oxford exclusively to Greek and Latin, and I think that the Catholic Seminaries are inferior in Scholarship to Oxford. Much has been done for Greek literature in this century, by Porson, Bloomfield, Maltby, and others,—my own father among them, but I know of no English Catholic who has contributed.

'4. In modern languages, foreign literature, history, &c., I daresay Oscott is not inferior.

'5 & 6. I have not watched the competitive examinations, but I know of no leading English Catholic Barrister.

'7. I *cannot* put aside tone and manner.

'8. He would gain a knowledge of the world (I use the term in a good sense). His character would be better disciplined by being thrown in a large society, he would have better choice of friends with whom he would live hereafter and with whom I should wish him to live. My own Oxford friends have always stood by me. There is no doubt that Catholic young men make a bad show in London society; at the best clubs they were pretty sure to be blackballed, and why? Not on religious grounds. What does the Travellers' Club care for a man's religious opinions? Nothing,—but it knows that the Catholics are exclusively educated, have little in common with its other members, and would be a *bore*, and so they are rejected, and rightly. London ladies say the same: "Excellent young man, but a bore; we don't know what to say to him, nor he to us." Catholic gentlemen are now more numerous and I want to see them take their proper position in the world, and I believe that the prejudices against our religion would rapidly diminish if we were better known and mixed more freely with our equals.

'9. I see no reason why at Oxford he should be *less* well grounded in faith—the Oratorian Fathers would see to this.

'11. What is to become of my son at 18 if he does not go to Oxford? There must always be danger to him, and I think he runs less risk at Oxford than elsewhere; the bane of the old Catholics has been lying about idle at their parents' houses, or lounging on the Continent to pass the time between boyhood and manhood.

'12, 13, 14, 15. I give no opinion on education of the clergy, but if it be thought inexpedient that they should go to Oxford and that *therefore* their education may be inferior, I don't see why the laity should be under-educated because the clergy can't have equal advantages.

'16. Yes, but though the Protestant clergy are hostile, I don't think they despise or execrate our religion—there are exceptions however.

'19. I should not consider a youth's faith endangered by attending an Oxford Professor's lectures on indifferent subjects.

'20. I expect great advantages from Oxford. This question would have been fairer if put thus: "With these advantages would the future Catholic be likely to be less conscientious, less orthodox, &c.?" I answer "No."

'And now, my dear Lord, I ask your pardon if I have written too openly; I thought over your questions most seriously, but I have written my answer *currente calamo*, my only object being that you should know just what I think on the subject.'

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XXIV

EXTRACT from the *Weekly Register*, April 6, 1867, referred to at p. 140.

OUR ROMAN LETTER.

'Rome: March 28.

. . . .

'I cannot, of course, help alluding to what is a subject of common conversation in those ecclesiastical circles here which are interested in the progress of Catholicism in England. I should hesitate to do so but for the fact that a correspondent has the duty of caring for nothing but offences against good taste and violations of secrecy. I do so, however, the more readily because there are sure to be a dozen reports about it in England, and because I have it in my power to put together what I have collected from more sources than one. When the Bishop of Birmingham applied to the Propaganda respecting the mission of a high class at Oxford, the Congregation of Cardinals considered the project with every wish to approve a scheme which had already been known to be a desire of the Metropolitan. At this particular time, however, his Grace neither interfered directly nor indirectly, and I can safely say that the previous expression of his wish had been limited strictly to the very natural desire—common to his Grace with all good English Catholics—that Oxford and Cambridge should be the seats of energetic missions. What the Bishop of Birmingham's application really amounted to does not seem to have been perceived by more than one Cardinal of the Congregation, who, knowing English matters rather intimately, expressed the need for a very guarded consent to the application. As Cardinal Barnabo has with his own lips declared that the question of Dr. Newman's going to Oxford was not the question that came before the Propaganda, I presume that there must be every credit given to his statement. The Congregation did not, therefore, find it necessary to limit the consent in a matter which might not enter into the meaning of the application; but the result of this consent has been the entrusting of the new mission to Dr. Newman. The Catholic Press has been busily occupied with this matter, and the Holy Father is well acquainted with what is going on in England, as are the Cardinals of the Propaganda, more than one of whom reads English newspapers. And, the Holy Father, knowing in what results this consent of the Congregation was likely to issue, has thought right to override the consent of the Congregation, and to inhibit the proposed mission of Dr. Newman. It is almost needless to say—for anyone who knows the prevailing spirit of Rome—that this distinguished man has no longer in Roman opinion, the high place he once held. It could hardly be otherwise, after the sermon on the Temporal Power, certain passages of the "Apologia," and the having allowed his great name to be linked with that of one of the bitterest haters of Rome in the dedication of Mr. Oxenham's translation of Dr. Döllinger's "First Ages of the Church." Now, when the Church is tossed about as it is, and when Germanising is its deadliest danger, the mere shadow of a suspicion of Germanising, however unfounded, please God, it may really be, could hardly save any man, however great and illustrious as a Catholic, from having confidence in him greatly shaken. The decision of the Holy Father does not, however, amount to more than this. Good soldier of the faith as Dr. Newman has been, and devoted Catholic as he still doubtless is, a mission of so delicate a nature as that proposed for Oxford could not safely be entrusted to one who has compromised himself in the opinion of Rome by certain statements, and who, though no doubt undeservedly, is leaned upon by the Germanising school of younger Catholics in England as their strongest staff. Only an Ultramontane without a taint in his fidelity could enter such an arena as that of Oxford life with results to the advantage of the faith in England.

'Much will, no doubt, be said about this in England. The Anglican papers of the mosquito or flea tribe, such as the *Church Times* and the *Church Review* and gnats of the *Union Review* school, will, no doubt, make a great commotion, and be very ready—for Anglicans of the advanced school love slander as Mrs. Gamp loves her bottle—to throw the blame on a very illustrious personage. It is not for me to be so impertinent as to vindicate beforehand that unflinching leader of the Church in England; all I may do is to deny, point blank, that that illustrious personage had directly or indirectly had anything to do with it. Failing this accusation, they will probably have recourse to another. It will be said that the distinguished prelate who, with so much credit to his country, represents Catholic England at the Papal Court, had had the ear of the Holy Father in this matter. The objection is in substance as old as the oldest heresy. Everywhere have heretics profanely said, that they appeal from Rome drunk to Rome sober. Unhappily Dr. Newman himself has said what comes to the same thing in the "Apologia" having in mind, one may believe, a miserable calumny of Dr. Döllinger. But *pace* these people, great or little, one may say that there are, as there have ever been, thousands of Catholics, as well distinguished as not distinguished, who, when the Shepherd of the Church so speaks and decides, look, and have ever looked, upon such utterances as warnings to save the faithful from pastures which, however fair they may appear, may be in certain circumstances only a kind of poison. At any rate, on a road along which it is very easy to get fast in a bog or to fall over a precipice, it is better for poor, simple men, to follow one St. Austin, or one St. Bernard, or one St. Alphonsus, in childlike faith, than a whole army of Dr. Döllingers.'

On the Address to Newman from the laity which the above letter called forth, Newman writes as follows to Mr. F. R. Ward:

'April 26, 1867.

'. . . I quite recognise what you say of its indirect effect—and that effect, though in another way, is as satisfactory as the demonstration of kindness and confidence made to me personally. It is intolerable that we should be placed at the mercy of a secret tribunal, which dares to speak in the name of the Pope, and would institute, if it could, a regime of espionage, denunciation and terrorism. But the danger is as great as the evil is intolerable, and I trust that the Address will have the effect of throwing back its aggressive action, though I do not for an instant think that one repulse will put an end to it. What we want is an organ; it is grievous that we have hitherto failed in gaining one. The *Chronicle* threw off ill, and is not Catholic enough in its composition to be a Catholic organ. But that it has formed an alliance with Protestant *writers* has been simply because it could not form for itself a strong and broad basis enough among Catholics. Anyhow, one may lament that the common feelings of the body of English Catholics have no representative in the periodical press.'

When asked in this same year for advice as to young Catholics going to Oxford, Newman wrote as follows:

'Dec. 8, 1867.

'In answer to your question whether a parent can send a son to Oxford without sin, I can but say that no general rule can be given, and that it depends on the particular case. When you ask how you should determine about your own boy, I will tell you just what I feel.

'Against your sending him lie the following weighty reasons:

'1. The Holy See has spoken as strongly as it could speak on the danger of sending youths to Oxford. As to the trickery which has been employed in gaining that decision I don't see that that invalidates the *prima facie* force of it. The Pope speaks in a matter, which, as the rescript says, is entirely within his province—for he is speaking of occasions of mortal sin, and danger of eternal salvation.

'2. We must recollect St. Paul's strong words, "Obey them that have the rule over you . . . and submit yourselves, for they watch for your souls as those who must give account."

'3. There is a certain instinct which the Church (and the Holy See as being its executive) has, which is ever to be taken into account as something over and above and independent of the imperfection of the human organs and ministers. The chance is that it will turn out right, even when very bad means have been used in the course of its action.

'4. Then, for my own judgment, what made me so willing that the Oratory should go to Oxford, except that I thought the position of young Catholics there perilous unless there were some strong religious community entrusted with the Mission?

'5. A new point is introduced by the very fact of the serious ecclesiastical dissuasive. A boy of tender conscience goes there knowing his being there is unrecognised, disliked by the Holy See and his Bishops. This is a bad start in life for him. Is it not likely to harm his faith, temper of obedience, ever afterwards?

'6. Whoever sends his son to Oxford, is responsible for the example and precedent which he sets for others.

'Fully as I feel these considerations, I do not deny there may be extraordinary cases which would oblige me in the confessional to allow that it was no sin in a particular father sending a particular youth to Oxford.

'1. There may be a choice of difficulties:—e.g. Woolwich or London may be a worse place for a boy's faith and morals than Oxford—yet the alternative may be between one and the other.

'2. It may be an alternative between diligence, a cheerful obedience at Oxford, and idleness, or despondency and disappointment, if [a boy is] refused [leave] to go there.

'Other cases are supposable, in which I should boldly take on myself the responsibility of recommending a youth to be sent to Oxford.

'As the Bishops take up a very [important] part in *dissuading*, so a priest in the confessional can but *allow*. You must be the decider. As to your boy, I do not at present know enough of him, to say that his case would be thus exceptional —though I fear there would be great difficulty in making him work if he does not go.

'J. H. N.'

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XXV

The following letters should be read with those cited in the text of this chapter:

F. Ambrose St. John to Dr. Newman.

'May 1867.

'I said Mass yesterday at S. Ignazio, and then went straight to Father Perrone, whom I found in the Library. *He*, like them all, began preaching against mixed education as though you were an Apostle of it, forsooth! This is the fourth person, (he also a Consultor of Propaganda) who has held forth to me on the subject, and the dear, good Pope, with his most truly kind and loving countenance, (there was not a fraction of sharpness about him) did the same; so that I cannot help feeling it is a very disagreeable repetition.

'When then Father Perrone stopped, I told him I had had all that before, and having now seen the Pope I hoped there was an end of it, for it was altogether a false report. I also laid it on to Propaganda, and said it was not fair to say the Bishop was in fault. Propaganda was in fault for granting a leave which was wholly nugatory. He said he hoped you would found an Oratory at Oxford though you did not go yourself. This, I said, I thought very improbable, but, waiving that subject which had been abundantly discussed elsewhere, I had come to ask his advice about what I had heard in two quarters respecting the *Rambler*. He said he knew all about it. He had read the passage (he did not say he had been consulted upon it) and thought he recollected it. He said you had seemed to say that there were times when the true doctrine lay only in the people,—this was depriving the Church of her function as a teacher. I said I was sure you meant no such thing as that, but were engaged mainly upon an historical view of the matter, and were saying only what Baronius had said, but I said I would rather not attempt myself to speak on the subject. "What would you, a friend who knows Father Newman to be sound in doctrine at heart, have him do?" He said: "Take occasion to write on some other subject, and bring this in and explain the controverted passages." This, I said, would never do. You would, by so doing, only expose yourself to fresh misunderstanding. It would be like attacking an enemy in the dark. When there had been reports before, I knew you over and over again expressed your readiness to answer any questions plainly; that you ought to have the passages put before you with plain statements like: "this is wrong, and must be retracted." "This may be misunderstood, and must be explained." Then you would know what to do. Would he extract for me such passages? Yes, he would, and if you would send your answers to him, *he* would settle the matter by saying: "I guarantee Father Newman's faith to be sound in the matter in question." This he said would be quite sufficient. "Well, then," I went on to say, "would he as Consultor of Propaganda undertake to plead Father Newman's cause there." Then he looked cunning, and said that was not the way to do things there. They would say: "You have been put up to this, and come as a petitioner for your friends," and would look with suspicion on what he said. Let me have something to say, and let them come to me, then I shall have so much more weight as being consulted than as a petitioner. So the matter ended, and I am to borrow for him the *Rambler*. Talbot has one, but I cannot ask him. I must go and try. Perrone said I should find one at the Scotch College. I have not yet had time to ask. Then after breakfast I went to Cardinal de Luca, the ablest (so to say) of all the Cardinals, with the best chance of being (so it is said) the next Pope. He reads English, has a great admiration of your writings, and no one can make him a partisan. This is Neve's account. Well, he is a small man with a most intelligent eye which goes through you and makes you at home at once. Unlike everybody else, when I came in, he didn't preach, listened most attentively to all I had to say, asked a great many questions about Oxford, about examinations for London, Woolwich, &c., expressed his sympathy for parents with sons, and then I told him the state of parties at Oxford, what you might do; how you had been misunderstood and your charitable love of souls turned against you, and I mentioned the newspaper report, &c. "Yes," he said, "I know all about that. Who is that Martin?[1] Is he an oblate?" "No," I said, "I believe not,—a Deacon studying here by himself in Rome." "Oh." Then he began to ask questions. "What could be done? Could a College be founded in Oxford for Catholic students with Catholic Professors?" I mentioned the difficulty you apprehended, at the same time saying generally that I was most grateful to His Eminence for really entering into the difficulties of education in England, and I would take the liberty of reading to him your opinion. So I pulled out the Italian translation of your opinion about Oxford Education, saying I had the original in your writing. He at once pounced on the original and said: "I prefer this. I read English." So I left it with him. He asked if I knew anything of the German Universities, mentioning Breslau (I remember now). I then spoke of Bonn, said what the Jesuits had done, &c. "Ah," he said, "you ought to inform yourself thoroughly about Bonn. There is a Jesuit Father—Father Bozzio—here from Bonn; you ought to go to him and find out all about it." I said: "If it was any good I would go home by Bonn." He said it would be very important to inform myself about the matter and to write to him and lay proposals before him. "Something," he said, "must be done, and as to a Catholic University, it was an absurdity in the present state of things. But," he said, "I must warn you of one thing; the Holy See will never act against the wishes of the Episcopate of a country." I said I feared the Archbishop would always be *contrario* to anything whatever connected with Oxford. He thought he would not be unreasonable, and for himself he saw nothing better than a Catholic College. There would be difficulties, but difficulties must be faced. Would Father Newman take any part in it? I said "you had been so [misunderstood] in what you had already done I hardly thought you would." "Oh," he said, "you must have courage. What had happened had done you no harm at all." After many more very kind words we parted, I to see Father Bozzio and talk to him about Bonn,—he to read and meditate on your opinion. Meanwhile I think to myself "Cui bono?" Here is a friend, a high friend, a clever friend. But what can he do? He is *one* and everybody else is the other way. He says as an initiatory step you must gain Manning! ! !'

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[1] Mr. Martin, who had divulged the 'secret instruction' in the *Weekly Register*, *vide supra*, p. 140.

Father Ambrose St. John to Dr. Newman.

'May 10, 1867.

'Dearest Father,—What a time letters take. We have as yet no answer to all our letters and conversations with this and that Eminenza. I am afraid now of going too far, and you must spend a telegram upon me if you want me to act, for I feel I cannot get on without distinct orders from you. Father Perrone says the way to clear up the *Rambler* matter is for me to go to Cardinal Barnabo, who made the accusation *de novo* to me, and say: "Will your Eminence let me have the incriminated passages?" Then, having got them, I send them to you. Father Perrone in the meantime is looking over the article with an English-speaking Father, and will send you such passages as *he* thinks require explanation, and will also send you what he thinks the explanation ought to be. Then you will write your explanations to Propaganda, Propaganda will appeal to Perrone, who will then pronounce upon them. This will settle the whole matter. Perrone is very anxious to keep it quiet that he is doing this for you, for if it gets out he will be considered as your friend, and then they would not consult him as being biassed by his friendship for you. Perrone says (just looking over the Article with me) that he thinks in one sense your words are true and in another false. The faithful never (properly speaking) *teach*, they are merely a living record of a tradition taught them. He repeated this many times. Well then, I said (to find out his meaning clearly), there may be times or countries where the actual teachers were for some reason silent or taught falsely; and then a private Christian would in those times keep his faith on the tradition of the faithful. No, he said, that is not the right way to put it, the teachers always taught the truth and were known by Catholics to teach the truth, but from a kind of policy—he used the word "politica," then rejected it and flourished his hand in the air, and made me understand there were reasons why they did not uphold Catholic doctrine. He mentioned St. Cyril, who never once uses the word "consubstantial" or speaks in terms against the Arians and yet was the great defender of the true faith. . . . He said Father Newman when he has written on these questions looks at them not as we who have been brought up in the Catholic Faith from our childhood. He meant, I think, you viewed them (though with the best intentions) historically, as a person not wholly in the secret would do. Then he took me to Father Cardella. He waited till Perrone was out of the room and then said: "I don't like to say it before him, but I don't agree with him in his view of the Article." He (Cardella) was extremely indignant it should have been brought up again—he said that it was raking out buried matter; then he said "I wrote some notes at the time in defence of Father Newman's view, in answer to Franzelin (the Jesuits' great man) who had cited the *Rambler* article and attacked it." He has given me the lithograph of Franzelin's lecture, and I will copy it and send it you. It is too long to-day. I asked coolly for Cardella's own notes—he had not preserved them, nor did he want it known that he had given me Franzelin's lithograph, "for," he said, "we must keep peace with our own people, though I wish to serve Father Newman in any way in my power." He gave me several other instances of his good-will towards you, and I am to see him again.'

The following is the Memorandum referred to at p. 180, drafted by Mr. William Palmer on behalf of the Oratorian Fathers, which was sent in Italian to Cardinal Barnabo on May 16, 1867:

'It has been objected to us by your Eminence and by others besides (members too of the S. Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith) that certain passages of an article in the *Rambler* having been delated by a Bishop to the S. Congregation of the Index, as long ago as 1860, and Father Newman having been called upon by authority to explain statements either heterodox or as some say even "heretical," he has never yet explained.

'If this were simply so, it would be no wonder that he should have been mistrusted as heterodox, or at least as disobedient, and suspected as if capable of manœuvring to encourage mixed education in England in spite of the judgments of the S. Congregation and of the Holy Father against it.

'But in point of fact Father Newman, immediately on hearing of the call made upon him, addressed to the late Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster,—Cardinal Wiseman—then at Rome, the following letter[1] . . .

'This letter was certainly received by the Cardinal as it was shown by him to persons still living; but (to whatever cause the failure may have been owing) no answer to it from the Cardinal himself, nor any written or verbally delivered in his name, was ever received by Dr. Newman; only he was told briefly some months later by Monsignor Manning (then Provost of Westminster) that "the affair of the *Rambler* had been *settled*."

'Since then, however, influential writers and something like a party in England have not ceased to utter and to circulate suspicions and imputations against Father Newman as if he were heterodox, and even the greatest adversary of orthodoxy; at the same time they have deprecated with warmth his being sent to Oxford not merely for any bye reason of alleged insincerity or disobedience in the question of mixed education, but honestly and avowedly for fear of his being successful as a missionary and converting Protestants to a spurious Catholicism more pernicious than Protestantism itself. And here at Rome not only do we hear Father Newman spoken of by members of the Sacred Congregation and by others as having been under a cloud and as suspected of persistent opposition to the wishes and judgments of the S. Congregation and of the Holy Father in the matter of mixed education; but we find also that the article in the *Rambler* above alluded to, and its author, have been denounced as heterodox by Roman Professors in full class, and in lectures which are lithographed and sold.

'It becomes therefore our duty, as sent to offer explanations on his behalf, to petition that now, at least, the article of the *Rambler* with the passages marked, as originally denounced, and with that Italian translation on the presumption of the accuracy of which explanation was called for, may be communicated to Father Newman by the same authority which calls upon him to explain.

'If he should be able to explain satisfactorily a double question will still remain respecting the Oxford Mission.

'First, whether the Bishop has judged well or ill in regarding Oxford as pre-eminently the place for a Mission, and in selecting Father Newman as the Missionary most fitted by his antecedents to be sent thither; and

'Secondly, whether (apart from any suspicion of heterodoxy or disobedience in the Missionary) the fact that the very existence of a Mission at Oxford, and still more its being placed under Father Newman (nay, even his keeping a superior Grammar School at Birmingham), may tend in particular cases to attract Catholics to Oxford, is a sufficient reason for either suppressing the Oxford Mission altogether, or at least ostracising that particular Missionary whom, on general grounds, the Bishop selects as the fittest person to send there.

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[1] The text of the letter is given at p. 171.

'On neither of these questions when once they are disentangled from those personal suspicions and imputations with which they have hitherto been mixed up from the first, is it becoming for Father Newman or for us to enter; they relate to the interests of the Catholic Church in England viewed either as a community within itself, or in its relation to a great heterodox nation or empire in the midst of which Divine Providence has placed it as a little leaven, for the purpose, as we may hope, of leavening the whole.

'But until all personal suspicions, not only of heterodoxy, but also of opposition and disobedience on the matter of mixed education, and the confusion and misconceptions thence arising, both in England and here too, as it seems, at Rome, have been completely dispelled and until sunshine has broken through that "cloud" under which we are seen by some to be, we cannot but regret and think it hard that when the question of encouraging Catholics to study or discouraging and all but prohibiting them from studying in the Protestant Universities was first raised in England (being raised too in connection with rumours and suspicions about Father Newman), and when the opinions of many other Ecclesiastics, converts especially, were sought by the late Cardinal to lay before the Bishops, it was not thought necessary or advisable to ask Father Newman also, as one among the rest, what his views on the subject really were.

'We have certainly been sent to offer explanations not on behalf of the Bishop of Birmingham, but on behalf of Father Newman and the Oratory; still as the Bishop also was desirous and urgent that we should come, we think it proper, before leaving Rome, to offer to Your Eminence and to Propaganda a Memorandum as to the manner in which the Bishop seems to ourselves to have acted towards Father Newman and the Oratory, so that we may not, by our silence, be open hereafter to a suspicion of having behaved as if we were indirectly complainant against him.

'The Bishop clearly did not understand Propaganda (however strongly it might discourage Catholics from studying in Protestant Universities) to discountenance his wish to improve the Oxford Mission (although no doubt any improvement small or great of that Mission might incidentally and in some degree tend to attract Catholics to Oxford); on the contrary, he supposed that he was rather commended for having *opportunely treated* ("opportune cum illo egeres de Missione," &c.) with Father Newman with a view to his undertaking the Oxford Mission, and directed *in case Father Newman declined it*, still to send some able priest to Oxford.

'The Bishop, in making his second overture to Father Newman, communicated to him this portion of the letter (then recently received from Propaganda) *as favourable to Father Newman's acceptance of the Oxford Mission.* And Father Newman at length consented; not, however, unless permission could be obtained for the new Oratory which he should found *in connection with the Mission* at Oxford to remain during his own life and for three years after his death subordinate to the Oratory at Birmingham, *from which he did not contemplate* (as the Bishop wrote afterwards to the Propaganda) *transferring himself absolutely to Oxford.*

'The Bishop's application for this permission having been mistrusted, as if implying some indirect view towards mixed education, he wrote a statement at length of the circumstances of the Oxford Mission, appending also that whole passage of the former letter of the Propaganda which he had communicated to

Father Newman as one reason among others for him not to persist in declining the Mission.

'After some time the permission petitioned for was granted, but "conditionally and provisionally," and with an Instruction appended, that, "if the Bishop perceived Father Newman to contemplate *transferring his residence* to Oxford he was gently and courteously to dissuade him."

'This clause, being based, seemingly, on the Bishop's own words respecting Father Newman's intentions in a former letter, was not taken to imply a denial and retractation of the main point which had been petitioned for, and which had apparently been granted. For certainly neither the Bishop nor Father Newman had contemplated that while undertaking *the Mission with cure of souls at Oxford*, and founding there an Oratory to be subordinate to that of Birmingham, he should be fettered either as to the frequency, or the length, of those stays in Oxford which he might find to be desirable. The Bishop, therefore, thought that on the sense of this clause he had need to ascertain more distinctly the intention of Propaganda. And in the meantime, expecting to be himself before long at Rome, and seeing the clause to be of the nature of a private Instruction, he did not think it necessary, or proper, to communicate it, when he communicated the rest of the letter to Father Newman.

'Father Newman then issued a Prospectus, embodying a letter from the Bishop, inviting contributions from Catholics towards the foundation of an Oratory, and the building of a Church at Oxford. On which immediately misconceptions and misinterpretations arose as before; and an anonymous article in a newspaper, written from Rome, detailed, as if from some authentic sources of information, the views and acts and motives of the Propaganda, imputing to it and to the Holy Father himself, grave suspicions against Father Newman, not only of *persistent disobedience in the matter of mixed education*, but *also of heterodoxy*, and announcing that, if permission had been given to found a Church and Oratory at Oxford, it had been clogged with such conditions and reservations as would render it innocuous; and, in particular, that there was an express stipulation that Father Newman himself should not reside there.

'After this the Bishop felt himself obliged to communicate to Father Newman that reserved clause or Instruction, the substance of which (whether in its true sense or otherwise) had already appeared in the newspaper. And hence there was an additional reason for the Bishop's wishing and urging that some one should be sent from the Oratory at Birmingham to offer at Rome on behalf of Father Newman whatever explanations might be desired.'

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XXIX

THE following letters referred to at p. 299 should be read, in addition to those in the text, as illustrating Newman's state of mind during the progress of the Vatican Council and after its prorogation:

DR. NEWMAN TO MR. HOPE-SCOTT.

'The Oratory: Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, January 16th, 1870.

'As to the Council, as far as I can make out, it stands thus:—Two hundred Bishops, many of them distinguished men, stand out—400 or 500 have taken the popular view—but in this way. Manning found himself with perhaps a smaller number than Mgr. Dupanloup. A middle party rose, eclipsing the two extremes, as it was sure to do. This middle party was for a compromise. Mgr. Manning has thrown himself upon or into this middle party, joining them and raising the terms of the compromise—and in this way, I suspect, the full 400 or 500 are made up. The terms he is trying for are that "The Pope is inerrable in matters *de fide*"—this is *very far* short of Ward's wishes or Manning's, but further than Mgr. Dupanloup would grant.

'It has another difficulty. Since you cannot make a division in the Pope's divine gift, and say he is infallible *only in part* of the things in which the *Church* is infallible, to pass a decree that the Pope is infallible in matters *de fide* is to say that in all matters *not de fide* there is *nowhere* any gift of infallibility—but this is contrary to the Gallican notion, which, lodging the gift in the Church, *not* the Pope, *enlarges* the subject matter of the gift, taking in, for instance, infallible condemnation of *books*. Therefore, though I know Manning's proposition is what I have said, still *it* can't pass. Time is everything—but the Ultras are hurrying on.'

April 1st, 1870.

'My dear Hope-Scott,—Does not the present position of Catholic affairs in high quarters show the great mistake which Catholics who are not ultras, have made in not supporting some journals to represent them? Things would never have come to their present pass, if we had our *Univers* and *Tablet*. For myself, if I want at any time to put in a letter, I have no whither to go, unless I betake myself to some Protestant publication.

'Ward supports, I suppose, *Tablet* as well as *Dublin*—and the London Oratory too—but no one does anything for any London Congregation which takes the other side, or any London periodical of moderate sentiments.

'I think, whatever happens, a sort of Catholic alliance should be formed with the French and German Bishops, and Yankee Bishops for time to come,—each country standing by itself, yet having an understanding with each other. You set up the *Guardian*, which has done its work well—you should help in setting up a Catholic *Guardian*.

'I fear by some mistake my bulky letter was not prepaid.

'Ever yours affly.,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

DR. NEWMAN TO MISS HOLMES.

'The Oratory: Easter Day, 1870.

'My dear Miss Holmes,—All good Easter wishes to you. I am glad you are in London. My poor Bishop is in sad desolation at my letter having got out, but had nothing to do with the catastrophe. A lady *to his surprise* he found showing it about Rome—but he had nothing to do with her getting hold of it—and no one knows how she got it.

'I felt it a sacred duty to tell him all my mind. Whom could I speak to but my Bishop? I spoke to no one else. No one whatever saw my letter here, but one person—and I could not send it without the eye of another over it—and he and I kept a profound secret about it. No—it is one of those wonderful things, which cannot distress one, because simply it was in no sense one's own doing. I only wish, since the letter *was* to get out, I had introduced into it the awful text, which is so much forgotten, "who shall scandalize one of these little ones, who believe in Me, it were better that a millstone should be tied round his neck, and he cast into the sea." What call have we to shock and frighten away the weak brothers for whom Christ died?

'Thank you for your prayers—Don't suppose I am cast down—not a bit of it. And, thank God, I am very well.

'Ever yrs affly.,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

'P.S.—Let me know when you want me to lend you anything.'

TO FATHER JOHN WALFORD, S.J.

'The Oratory: May 19th, 1870.

'My dear Father Walford,—Thank you for your affectionate letter. It is very pleasant to us to find you remember our Novena, and again that you take an interest in my new book, which was very difficult to write, yet without being easy to read.

'Difficulties, such as my nephew's, are, as you know, not uncommon. It is a delicate thing to answer them without knowing something of the objector, for what is apposite for one is unsuitable to another.

'1. As to the wonderful revival of religion in the Established Church, I certainly think it comes from God. If so, it must tend, as it visibly does tend, to the Church's benefit. One cannot conceive the generation which is brought up under it, when they come to maturity and to power, resting satisfied with the Anglican system. If their fathers, the present generation, yearn for unity, and for communion with St. Peter, much more will their children.

'There is nothing to prove that the present race of Catholicizing Anglicans is in bad faith; and there is much to show on the other hand that they are in good faith.

'It is possible indeed that the next generation may go off into Liberalism—as Hale and Chillingworth, the disciples of Laud. But I rather hope that Holy Church will arrest and win them over by her beauty and sanctity, her gentleness, serenity, and prudence.

'Anyhow we need not say that Anglicans at this time cast out devils through Beelzebub; rather they are like the man of whom Our Lord said: "Forbid him not," &c.

'2. As to my nephew's fears about the definition of the Pope's Infallibility, while they are but fears, they are not arguments; and they never will become arguments, because he says he has no expectations that they will ever be fulfilled.'

TO SISTER MARIA PIA.

July 14, 1870.

'My dear Sister Pia,—I write on the 37th anniversary of the commencement of the Oxford Movement. I am quite well, thank you—I have not been so well for years, nay, I can't tell when. I have not written to you because I have had nothing to say, though I ought to have thanked you for your so kindly contriving to give me a claim on your community's prayers. Of course, as life goes on, or rather as death approaches, that is what one wants most, and after death also. Don't fancy all the vulgarities of the *Tablet* annoy me personally. First, I never see them; next, I had such a seasoning of the like when I was an Anglican that I am hardened against them; thirdly they do me good by disgusting people, who in consequence take my part. My "Grammar" has been well spoken of generally. Fr. Harper is my friend, but he has a right to criticize the book, especially so far forth as it is not in coincidence with the Jesuit Traditions.

'I am very well, except when I move about. That tries me. Lately, in execution of long promises, I went from home from Monday to Saturday, visiting Mr. Church, my cousin Louisa Deane (whom I had not seen for 26 years), H. Wilberforce, and George Copeland; and was certainly not the better for it. George Copeland, who, as you must know, is utterly paralysed except in his head, which is as full of vigorous thought as ever, inquired much after you. I had never seen his daughters before. They are suffering from their Father's long illness. He showed me your first oil painting, which he praised very much.

'This leads me to thank you, as I do sincerely, for the precious presents which you are sending me by Fr. M. I have given you (with some others) a Mass a week since January—indeed have done the like for years.

'Ever yrs affectly. in Xt.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

'Fr. Ambrose will tell me about you. He is knocked up by the heat and work, and *thirsty* for the *High Alps*.'

TO MR. ORMSBY.

'August 21, 1870.

'I am neither for France or Prussia, but for peace. I can't help pitying exceedingly Louis Napoleon—he has done a great deal for France, and a great deal for the Church, a great deal for England—but Englishmen, Catholics and Frenchmen are all ungrateful to him. That his basis is hollow, and personal government is a shame and worse, is true—but what claim had he but his uncle's name, what rule of government but his uncle's traditions, what warrant but success like his uncle's? He did what he could—he has risen up to a great height, and his fall is tragical, more tragical than his uncle's. But it is an old story, "Tolluntur in altum, ut lapsu graviore cadant." He went in for a great prize, and he got it, but only on conditions—and he had no right to complain if the wheel of fortune turns on, and he necessarily is underneath now by that same law of revolution which made him at one time at the top.'

TO MISS BOWLES.

'April 30, 1871.

. . . .

'As to Catholic boys, the great evil is the want of a career—when they get to the top form, they fall back and are idle, as having nothing to look out for. They need a University. This is no fault of Catholicism, but, as far as I know, of one man. Cardinal Wiseman was in favour of Oxford—till some one turned him round his finger—and then he brought out a set of questions addressed to Catholic gentlemen, one of which was "Do you wish your sons better educated than your priests"? as a *reason* against their going to Oxford. This was one chief reason why it was decided that Catholic youths might not have a career. There are those who wish Catholic women, not nuns, to have no higher pursuit than that of dress, and Catholic youths to be shielded from no sin so carefully as from intellectual curiosity. All this is the consequence of Luther, and the separation off of the Teutonic races—and of the imperiousness of the Latin. But the Latin race will not always have a monopoly of the magisterium of Catholicism. We must be patient in our time; but God will take care of His Church—and, when the hour strikes, the reform will begin. Perhaps it has struck, though we can't yet tell.'

To the Same.

'June 8, 1872.

'You may say from and for me three things to anyone you please.

'(1) That I never have by word or act advocated the scheme of a Catholic College at Oxford, though many have attributed such a scheme to me. What alone I took part in was the establishment of an Oratory there to protect Catholic youths residing in Protestant Colleges.

'(2) And what I advocated then I advocate now. In a hard matter and in a choice of difficulties, I would rather have Catholic youths in Protestant Colleges at Oxford with a strong Catholic Mission in the place, than a Catholic College.

'(3) And I thought and think that the Bishops took an unadvisable step, and brought the whole Catholic body in England into a great difficulty, when on March 23, 1865, they discountenanced, to the practical effect of a prohibition, the residence of Catholics at Oxford.

'Moreover, since the Archbishop (Manning) or Dr. Ward may maintain that I have now softened what I said in my private letter to a friend, part of a sentence of which was shown to the Archbishop, I here quote the whole sentence unmutilated, as it stood in my letter, that you may have your answer pat.

'"If I were upon the rack, and forced to name some scheme or other for Catholic University education, when nothing satisfactory is possible, I should not propose a Catholic University, for I think our present rulers would never give us a real one; nor a Catholic College at Oxford, for such a measure at the present moment would be challenging controversy and committing Catholic theologians most dangerously in the religious difficulties of the day; but I should say that the Bishops ought to have let things alone seven years ago, and that, in our present straits, they will do best to undo their own work, and to let Catholics go to Protestant Colleges, (without their formal sanction) and to provide a strong Mission worked by theologians, i.e. a strong Jesuit Mission, to protect the Catholic youth from the infidelity of the place."

'As to Father St. John, he has advocated in his late remarks a Catholic College at Oxford; but he adds, (I believe, for he may have some trouble in finding his paper) that no youths had gone to Oxford lately who did not lose by the absence of a strong ecclesiastical superintendence.'

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XXXI

THE following letters (see p. 379) were addressed by Newman to persons who were tried by the definition of 1870:

TO SIR WILLIAM COPE, BT.

'Decr. 10th, 1871.

'My dear Sir William,—I have wished to write to you ever since I received your most interesting letter in October—but, as often as I thought of it, I found also I had nothing worth saying. Still I will not let your letter pass away, without assuring you at least, how fully I enter into it, and how truly I feel and respect your difficulties.

'Divine Providence has allowed the act of last year for some good purpose, and we must submit to His will. For myself, I see the doctrine implied in the conduct of the Roman See, nay of the Catholic Church, from the first, but I am not of course blind to the difficulties in detail which it has to encounter. The dogma seems to me as mildly framed as it could be—or nearly so. That the Pope was infallible in General Council, or when speaking *with* the Church, all admitted, even Gallicans. They admitted, I think I may say, that his word *ex cathedra* was infallible, if the Bishops did no more than keep silence. All that is passed last year, that in *some sense* he may speak *per se*, and his speech may be infallible—I say in some sense, because a Bishop who voted for the dogma tells me that at the time an explanation was given that in one sense the Pope spoke *per se*, and in another sense not *per se*.

'All these questions are questions for the theological school—and theologians will, as time goes on, settle the force of the wording of the dogma, just as the courts of law solve the meaning and bearing of the Acts of Parliament.

'I don't think it should interfere, whatever perplexity it may cause, with the great fact that the Catholic Church (so called) is the Church of the Apostles, the one fold of Christ.

'I have written as my course of thought has taken me, without premeditation —hoping, if what I have said is worth nothing else, it will at least show that I have not forgotten your anxieties.

'I am, my dear Sir William,
Sincerely yours,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

TO MR. WILLIS NEVINS.

'June 16, 1872.

'I think we must make a broad distinction between an initial or *prima facie* and ultimate, formal, and *ex cathedra* decision of ecclesiastical authority. As there are decisions of Councils which are not infallible—so there are decisions of Popes. I believe the Popes at first said strong things against Aristotle's philosophy. Pope Zozimus is said to have been taken in by the Pelagians. John the XXII. professed views about the present state of the Saints which he himself retracted before his death; which his successor contradicted in a brief or bull issued on purpose; which the Council of Florence has made heretical. Pope Vigilius too is in some such scrape.

'The question then is whether you can properly say that Honorius, in countenancing the Monothelite doctrine, spoke *ex cathedra*. Now here recollect that Popes do not decide on matters at the very beginning of a controversy, but at the end. It runs its course and then the Holy See speaks. The dogma of two Wills was not decided till forty years after Honorius's death—Monothelitism was no heresy in Honorius's time, any more than the double personality was a heresy before Nestorius. Ideas and words have to be defined, and they cannot be defined till controversy clears the matter. The great Council of Antioch in 364 condemned the Homoousion, which the Nicene Council has made the test of orthodoxy. On the first blush of the matter a great deal might be said for Honorius's view, and recollect his great object was to heal a schism from which the Church suffers even now, which at the time was a great help to Mahommetanism. That he was hasty, injudicious, intellectually hazy, one may grant. The question is whether he was intending to teach the Catholic Church—was he not rather experimentalizing? Is it not the part of a Lawyer or a Controversialist to argue from mere words or acts, and not to throw one's mind into the times, and to try to place ourselves in Honorius's place? I think Döllinger wants imagination, considerateness, charity.

'Poor Honorius died in peace. There was no popular general outcry against him, as in case of John XXII.—was there? I think not. This either shows his act was not a *public* one, or that it was so metaphysical a point, or grammatical even, that the delicate sense of Catholics was not shocked by it. Recollect St. Cyril holds the formula of the "*One* Incarnate nature of the Word." We all explain him in an orthodox sense. . . . I am far from certain that in like manner we should not clear Honorius, though he boldly said beyond mistake "one will," but for what happened after.

'Why don't we? let us see why. Honorius dies in peace. And his memory, I think, was safe *till* the 6th General Council—a space of forty years. Meanwhile the controversy went on; the Church gaining light, but its controversialists showing a great deal of angry zeal. The question became a party question. It was decided, and rightly, against Honorius, as in a former age it was decided against Cyril; but Honorius fell into hands not so kind as Cyril found.

'The forty years, which were necessary for a dogmatic decision, served to intensify the zeal of its promoters against those who had stood in its way. Honorius was pronounced a heretic. Recollect what that really means—not that he in his own person was heretical, but that he originated or promoted heresy. I know some or many theologians say otherwise—but I never can hold that Origen was a heretic, though he is so often called such. He is made a symbol of that heresy which was found after his day among his followers, and is anathematized as such—I think Honorius was a heretic in the sense in which Origen is.

'Here I am speaking of what in matter of fact is my own opinion—that Honorius in his own person was not a heretic—at the same time, if he was, that does not show that he has taught heresy *ex cathedra*—any more than Balaam or Caiaphas were excluded from being divine oracles because they were personally in pagan or Judaic error.

'Nothing good will come of the Alt-Catholic movement, unless a strengthening of infidelity or some form of Protestantism be good. No strengthening of the Church of England, of the Via Media, or of the Branch Theory will come of it.

'Very truly yours,
John H. Newman.'

To Mr. Arthur Arnold.

'Sept. 22, 1872.

'I have no confidence I brought out my meaning adequately in my letter to you. I recollect, on reading it over, I noticed clauses which might have been expressed better—for instance, in the last two lines, written along the page, I recollect I seemed to confuse inspiration with "adsistentia"—the Apostles were inspired—the Pope is not. What he "defines" or explains in Catholic doctrine is gained by him by human means such as the advice of theologians, etc.,—but in the last step, a Divine Hand is over him, keeping him *in tether*, so that he cannot go beyond the truth of revelation. He has no habit on what is called "donum infusum" of infallibility, but when he speaks *ex cathedra* he is restrained *pro re nata, pro hac vice.*

'I am told those are highfliers who say much more than this, and there are those, learned men, who wish to bring in a higher doctrine—but Perrone, whose book is the theological hand book for students in this day, says "Nec enim sive Rom. Pontificis, sive concilii oecumenici infallibilitas media excludit ad veritatem de qua agitur assequendam, quippe, non per modum infusi doni, sed per modum praesidii, sive ut ajunt adsistentiae, Deus illam promisit" t. 2, p. 541, Ed. 1841.

'Again: "*Nunquam* Catholici docuerunt donum infallibilitatis a Deo ecclesiae tribui per modum inspirationis" ibid. p. 253.

'Again, the recent definition says that the Pope has *that* infallibility which the Church has—but as Perrone says above "*Never* have Catholics taught that the gift is an inspiration."

'I think I have unintentionally shown you in these last sentences, to which I have been led on, how difficult it is to do justice to the subject in a few words.'

The following letter was printed in the *Guardian* in reply to an attack by Mr. Capes published in that journal:

'Sept. 1872.

'Sir,—I cannot allow such language as Mr. Capes uses of me in yesterday's *Guardian* to pass unnoticed, nor can I doubt that you will admit my answer to it. I thank him for having put into print what doubtless has often been said behind my back; I do not thank him for the odious words, which he has made the vehicle of it.

'I will not dirty my ink by repeating them; but the substance, mildly stated, is this:—that I have all along considered the doctrine of the Pope's Infallibility to be contradicted by the facts of Church History, and that though convinced of this, I have in consequence of the Vatican Council forced myself to do a thing that I never, never fancied would befall me when I became a (Roman) Catholic:—viz: forced myself by some unintelligible quibble to fancy myself believing what really after all in my heart I could not, and did not believe, and that this operation and its result had given me a considerable amount of pain.

'I could say much, and quote much from what I have written in comment upon this nasty view of me. But, not to take up too much of your room, I will, in order to pluck it up "by the very roots" (to use his own expression) quote one out of various passages, in which, long before the Vatican Council was dreamed of, at least by me, I enunciated absolutely the doctrine of the Pope's Infallibility. It is in my "Discourses on University Education," delivered in Dublin in 1852. It runs as follows:—

'"Deeply do I feel, ever will I protest, *for I can appeal to the ample testimony of history to bear me out*, that in questions of right and wrong, there is nothing really strong in the whole world, nothing decisive and operative, but the voice of

Him, to whom have been committed the Keys of the Kingdom, and the oversight of Christ's flock. That voice is now, as ever it has been, a real authority, *infallible* when it teaches, prosperous when it commands, ever taking the lead wisely and distinctly in its own province, adding certainty to what is probable, and persuasion to what is certain. Before it speaks, the most saintly may mistake; and after it has spoken, the most gifted must obey. . . . If there ever was a power on earth who had an eye for the times, who has confined himself to the practicable, and has been happy in his anticipations, whose words have been deeds, and whose commands prophecies, such is he in the history of ages, who sits on from generation to generation in the chair of the Apostles, as the Vicar of Christ, and Doctor of the Church. Has he failed in his successes up to this hour? Did he, in our Fathers' day, fail in his struggle with Joseph of Germany, and his confederates; with Napoleon—a greater name—and his dependent Kings, that though in another kind of fight he should fail in ours? What grey hairs are on the head of Judah, whose youth is renewed like the eagle's, whose feet are like the feet of harts, and underneath the everlasting arms?" pp. 27–28.

'This passage I suffered Father Cardella in 1867 or 1868 to reprint in a volume, which he published at Rome. My reason for selecting it, as I told him, was this,—because in an abridged reprint of the discourses in 1859 I had omitted it, as well as other large portions of the volume, as of only temporary interest, and irrelevant to the subject of University education.

'I could quote to the same purpose passages from my "Essay on Development" 1845: "Loss and Gain" 1847: "Discourses to mixed Congregations" 1849: "Position of Catholics" 1851: "Church of the Fathers" 1857.

'I underwent then, no change of mind as regards the truth of the doctrine of the Pope's Infallibility in consequence of the Council. It is true I was deeply, though not personally, pained both by the fact, and by the circumstances of the definition; and when it was in contemplation I wrote a most confidential letter, which was surreptitiously gained, and published, but of which I have not a word to retract, the feelings of surprise and concern expressed in that letter have nothing to do with a screwing one's conscience to profess what one does not believe, which is Mr. Capes's pleasant account of me. He ought to know better.

'John H. Newman.'

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XXXII

The following letters (see p. 409) refer to Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on 'The Vatican Decrees' and Dr. Newman's reply to it in his 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk':

To Mr. de Lisle.

'Nov. 6, 1874.

'For myself, I consider he is misled in his interpretation of the ecclesiastical acts of 1870 by judging of the wording by the rules of ordinary language. Theological language, like legal, is scientific, and cannot be understood without the knowledge of long precedent and tradition, nor without the comments of theologians. Such comments time alone can give us. Even now Bishop Fessler has toned down the newspaper interpretations (Catholic and Protestant) of the words of the Council, without any hint from the Council itself to sanction him in doing so. To give an instance of what I mean:—Broad statements, standing by themselves, are open to large exceptions;—thus, St. Cyprian and St. Augustine, as the succession of great ecclesiastical authorities since, have said "out of the Church is no salvation"; yet Pius the IX, and perhaps he the first Pope, has made in addition the large exception to that principle, of invincible ignorance. Obedience to the Pope in like manner has, in the writings of theologians, important limitations. But the subject is too large for a letter.'

To Mr. Arnold.

'The Oratory: Dec. 8th, 1874.

'No one has any authority to say I am writing against Mr. Gladstone. Many friends press me—but it would be no good writing, unless I satisfied myself—and, even if I did that, it still would not follow that I should be satisfying other people. There are many things which you can neither avow nor deny—as the old question, Had you the wickedness to knock so-and-so down—and which it would take a volume to explain, and I am too old to write a volume. And then it would not be pleasant to make things worse instead of making them better, as would be the case if I wrote a weak pamphlet. This is about how I stand.'

To Canon McMullen.

'The Oratory: January 18, 1875.

'Letters such as yours are a great kindness, because a great support to me. I have done my best, but I do not know how it will be taken in some quarters—It is a great thing therefore to be able to say to myself, whatever happens, nothing can deprive me of the sympathy which these private letters express for me. It is not that I have any reason for misgivings—but I have at various times been so strangely misunderstood that I am thrown back upon my own conscience and the testimony of friends.

'Your letter then is of great value to me.'

To Father Jones, S.J.

'The Oratory: January 22nd, 1875.

'. . . It is a great gain to me that, though I have not deserved it of you, I have your letter. Great as the weariness of writing has been, my anxiety has been quite as great a trial. I have never considered theology my line or my forte, and have not written on it except when obliged. Under these circumstances you may think how exceedingly gratified I have been to receive your letter. It is a great thing to have cause to believe, that on the whole I have been prospered in what I have written. Please sometimes say a prayer for an old man.'

To Mrs. W. Froude.

'Jany 29, 1875.

'It is very pleasant to hear what you [both] say of my Pamphlet, which was almost too much for my strength, and especially William.

'As you and he say, we must wait to see what Archbishop Manning says—meanwhile letters come in to me from all sides, approving and confirming my statements. I should not like names or places mentioned, but for yourself I say that I have letters of approval from Bishops Brown, Clifford, Errington, and especially your own, Dr. Vaughan, from St. Beuno and Stonyhurst, from the Dominicans of Newcastle and of Campden, from Maynooth, Provost Cookson

. . . and various priests. The section on the Syllabus is the most opposed, I am told, to Archbishop Manning, and in it I am sheltered by Fessler, whose book is sanctioned by the Pope.'

To Mrs. W. Froude.

'Feby. 23, 1875.

'. . . I send you a lot of letters. You will see they are very confidential and I very immodest in sending them—twenty-two, including Dr. Cullen's Pastoral. This is the most important testimony I have had, as being in print and read in all the Dublin Churches. He never would so have done, unless he meant to sanction the *substance* of my Pamphlet. Dr. Purcell's (Archbishop of Cincinnati) is very important too. It shows there will be some opposition to me in the United States—and doubtless in England too, for some one is moving against me, as regards portions of my Pamphlet, in a Catholic Liverpool Paper—but I trust they will not be able to do anything to hurt my views and arguments in the estimation of Protestants, by anything like a bold opposition to them.

'You will observe besides, among the letters I send, those of a Bishop, two Provosts of important Dioceses, two Jesuit theologians, two Dominicans, the President of Maynooth, and among Ultramontanes, Bowyer and Lord Denbigh. The allusion in Dr. Russell's letter to a balloon was in consequence of my saying that I was up in one, and was as yet in danger of being entangled in chimney pots, of being lodged on some high tree, trailed along the ground, or run away with into the German ocean, and I could not be comfortable till I found myself safely seated by my own fire-side.

'I hear good news from France. M. Veuillot is giving up the *Univers*—some say from bad health, others because he finds his position a very ticklish one. In Italy, too, Father Curci, S. J. is leaving the staff of the *Civiltà* and wishes to set up a moderate periodical at Florence, having already published a paper in which he plainly announces that it is a dream to fancy that the temporal power can be restored in these times, and that the Church must go back to Apostolic times. Other moderate organs of religious opinion, I am told, are struggling into light in Italy.

'P.S: Thanks for the compliment you pay my crabbed "Assent."'

To Mrs. W. Froude.

'The Oratory: March 9, 1875.

'Certainly I shall not have to write any Pamphlet. Gladstone's Vaticanism is mainly against the Archbishop, not against me.

'In a new Edition of my Letter I shall add a Postscript—but I should really like to be enlightened as to what I have to answer; for G. only denies what I have said for the most part, without giving reasons why.

'To go into the Council of Constance is merely to take up the old trite controversy which has been gone through time out of mind by the two parties, each having its cut and dried answers and rejoinders.

'The only thing that Gladstone says new is about the marriage question—that I shall take up as far as I know anything about it. I am sorry to say there is some very unpleasant case at Rome to which G. refers. Some one I believe of the K. family is the principal in it, which has shocked numbers, including, I hear, the Archbishop and our Bishop. It will be sure to come out, and will be a scandal, if it be what I am told it is. It is said that some of our Bishops will make a statement about it. The passage which Father Perrone writes, and

Gladstone quotes, is atrocious—but I cannot be sorry, if the case is brought out, for they must be made to feel at Rome that they, as others, are exposed to the public opinion of the world—but we shall have to suffer.'

To Miss Froude.

'April 29, 1875.

'As to your first question, I should say that the word "infallibility" has never been ascribed to the Church in any authoritative document till the Vatican Council—and it has been not unfrequently urged as an objection (and I think by myself in print in former days) that the Church's "infallibility" was not *de fide*. Yet the Church acted as infallible and was accepted as infallible from the first. What was the case with the Church was the case with the Pope. The most real expression of the doctrine is, not that he is infallible but that his decisions are "irreformabilia" and true. So that the question did not arise in the mind of Christians in any formal shape "is he infallible, and in what and how far?" for all they felt was that what he said was "the voice of the Church," "for he spoke for the Church," "the Church spoke in him," and what the Church spoke was true. And accordingly his word was (to use a common phrase) "taken for gospel," and he meant it "for gospel," he "laid down the law," and he meant to "lay down the law"—he was sure he was right, no one had any doubt he was right—he was "the proper person to speak and to settle the matter." This (with whatever accidental exceptions) was his and the Christian world's feeling in the matter—as any ordinary man now, (bigoted Protestant, if you will, acting from prejudice) says "I know I am right," so the Pope would say "I know it is so, and it is my duty to tell the flock of Christ so," *without analyzing* whether it was a moral certainty, or an inspiration or a formal limited infallibility, or whatever other means which was the ground of his unquestioning and his absolute peremptoriness. Honorius then or any other Pope of those times, when he chose, *acted* as infallible and was *obeyed* as infallible, without having a clear perception that his *ipse dixit* arose from a gift of infallibility.

'But again, at least the Church acted as infallible from the first, e.g. in Councils, &c.—Now the Pope ever acted in company with the Church, sometimes before the hierarchy, sometimes after, sometimes simultaneously with, the hierarchy. He always spoke as the voice of the Church. The Vatican Council has decided that he is not only the instrumental and ministerial head or organ of the Church, not only has a power of veto, not only is a co-operating agent in *de fide* decisions, but that in him lies the root of the matter, that his decision, viewed separate even from the Bishops, is gospel.

'Before the Vatican Council, even Gallicans allowed that the Pope was infallible, *supposing* the Bishops accepted his decision—and at least that Honorius would feel, supposing him led to make any *ex cathedra* decision, so that I deny your correspondent's words, "he could not in the 7th Century actually intend to exert that infallible authority, which has been dogmatically defined in the 19th." Yes, he could, and though he might not be clear as to the conditions of infallibility, though he might take for granted, or implicitly expect, and *be sure of*, the concurrence of the Bishops of the world with him as a condition of the act being infallible.

'The account I have given of the Council of Ephesus in "Theodoret" in Historical Sketches is a further illustration of what I have tried to bring out here.

'I might have taken a higher ground, for long before the Vatican Council, though not perhaps in the time of Honorius, Popes have realized to themselves their own infallibility, and from the first, as we see in the history of St. Victor, St. Stephen, St. Dionysius in the Ante-nicene times—they have acted as if their word was law, without making nice distinctions.

'When your correspondent says "Previous to the Vatican Council no doctrines defined only by the Pope are absolutely to be received," I remark on the contrary there was such an agreement in fact between Pope and Bishops that, when he taught and was followed by the world, (as took place) it was impossible to discuss whether the Bishops concurred by an act of independent judgment or by an act of submission to him. Practically the Pope has taught dogmatically from the first, e.g. it is not at all clear that Leo's famous Tome against Eutyches is an act of infallibility; but what is clear is that it had the effect of turning a great mass of Bishops right round, as if he were infallible, and making them with him in the Council of Chalcedon use the words definitive of the two natures in One Person, which he had in his Tome forced upon them. He has been from the first (where history is minute enough for the purpose) the beginning and the end, he has had the first and last word, of every definition. You understand me, I am bringing out my view, without stopping to notice objections or opposite statements.

'Well, and now I am not sure whether I have expressed myself clearly, and should like you to tell me, whether it enables you to answer your correspondent.

'But any how I am tired just now, and shall reserve your second question for another letter.

'When you write, tell me honestly that you are well, for till you are quite, I think you must honestly watch over your doings.'

To the Same.

'Rednal: July 28, 1875.

'I am not sure that you apprehended my answer to your first, which was, I think, to this effect. "Did not the Pope exert his infallible voice in early times? but if so, must he not have known himself infallible, and did he?" I think I answered thus—He never acted by himself—he acted in General Council, or in Roman Council, with the concurrence or co-operation of some local Council, or with his own counsellors and theologians; never by himself—nor to this day has he acted by himself. Now in cases of this kind, the question always arises, what was, and in what lay, the essence of the act—for instance, the Holy Eucharist is a sacrifice—but to this day it is an open question what is the act of sacrifice, what is the constituting act, which is the sacrifice. The common opinion is that the act of consecration is the act of sacrifice—but Bellarmine, I think, held that it is the Priest's communion. While another opinion is that the whole action from the consecration to the communion is sacrificial. I believe also it is allowable to consider that it cannot be determined, but that the whole canon must be viewed as one indivisible act, ("per modum unius" is the theological phrase) and that we cannot analyze it, as schoolmen wish to do.

'The condemnation of Nestorius illustrates what I would say; his doctrine is first condemned by the Alexandrians—then by his own people of Syria—then the Pope sends round to the principal sees of Christendom, who do the same. Upon this the Pope sends him notice he must recant within ten days or he will excommunicate him. After this the General Council is called and his condemnation passed—on which the Emperor banishes him Now where and in what lay the infallible voice? if they had been asked, I suppose, they could not have told—viz. whether it lay in the whole process as being the result of it, or in the Council or in the Pope, or again, taking the Pope by himself, while they would understan that an infallible decision followed on his voice. Still they would not be able t say whether he spoke by his own intrinsic absolute authority, or as the voice an organ of the whole Church, who spoke through him.

'This too must be considered—that the infallibility of the Church (or of th Pope) is, as far as I know, a novel phrase. The infallibility of the Church ha never been defined as a dogma (except indirectly in the late Vatican Council) The form which the doctrine took was to say that the point in dispute, when onc decided, was "irreformable," it was settled once for all, it was part of th Catholic faith. Therefore attention was centred in the thing, not in the person— and, though of course it could not be settled for good in one certain way, unles the parties settling it were infallible, this view of the subject did not prominentl come before the Pope or the Bishops. This is what I have meant to say on you first question.

'Your second, I think, was this—"If the Schola Theologorum decides th meaning of a Pope or a Council's words, the Schola is infallible, not *they* or *he.*

'In answer to this I observe that there are no words, ever so clear, but requir an interpretation, at least as to their extent. For instance, an inspired write says that "God is love"—but supposing a set of men so extend this as to conclude—"*therefore* there is no future punishment for bad men?" Some powe then is needed to determine the general sense of authoritative words—to determin their direction, drift, limits, and comprehension, to hinder gross perversions This power is virtually the *passive infallibility* of the whole body of the Catholi people. The active infallibility lies in the Pope and Bishops—the passive in th "universitas" of the faithful. Hence the maxim "securus judicat orbis terrarum. The body of the faithful never can misunderstand what the Church determines b the gift of its active infallibility. Here on the one hand I observe that a loca sense of a doctrine, held in this or that country, is not a "sensus universitatis, and on the other hand the Schola Theologorum is one chief portion of tha universitas—and it acts with great force both in correcting popular misapprehensions and narrow views of the teaching of the active *infallibilitas*, and, by th intellectual investigations and disputes which are its very life, it keeps the distinction clear between theological truth and theological opinion, and is th antagonist of dogmatism. And while the differences of the School maintain th liberty of thought, the unanimity of its members is the safeguard of the infallibl decisions of the Church and the champion of faith.

'I wonder whether I have made myself clear.'

To Henry Bedford, Esq.

'The Oratory: November 30, 1875.

'Thank you for your affectionate letter.

'I don't feel so vexed at Mr. Ward, as you are in your kindness for me. H has a right to his say—and I don't know that we had any right to expect that h would sit down quiet, when I had delivered so fierce a protest against him. Al one can say is, that since he had the first word, he need not have determined t have the last word too. However, I only wished an opportunity of making m protest—that I have done—and he cannot undo the fact that I have made it— and, by making it, have recorded that all Catholics do not agree with him, an that he is not the spokesman for the *orbis terrarum*.

'As to Oxford, Father Gallwey asked me to preach at the opening of th Church. He, and the Jesuits all along have shown me nothing but kindness an sympathy. I did not preach, because for this twenty years and more I have preached nowhere but in my own Church. There have been one or two exceptions which, for one reason or other, I could not help making. Also, I am too old now to preach, and have long said that even exceptions are not to be in future.

'I repeat, from first to last I have had nothing but kindness from the Jesuits. It is not they who have kept me from work.'

The following is the letter referred to at p. 407:

MR. WILLIAM GEORGE WARD TO DR. NEWMAN.

'Weston Manor, Isle of Wight, 20th January, 1875.

'My dear Father Newman,—I was so engaged yesterday in business connected with our forthcoming number that I could not give your letter my attention. But I was extremely glad to see your handwriting again after some interval, and am grateful also for your various kind expressions. I infer that you would wish me rather to answer said letter than merely acknowledge its receipt, so I will try to answer what you say point by point. I have taken up my best pen, so as to minimise (not indeed doctrine but) your trouble in deciphering me. At last you can throw it unread into the fire if it bores you.

'I see most clearly and admit most readily that you had no legitimate alternative between either not writing at all or including in your pamphlet what you consider a just rebuke of our exorbitances. My grief is not that you say what you say, but that you think it.

'I feel sensibly your kind eulogy of my straightforwardness.

'Your chief charge against me is that I "make my own belief the measure of the belief of others." As these words stand they do not convey to me any definite idea. But it seems to me that the difference between you and me (I do not wish at all to under-rate it) may be understood by some such explanation as this.

'It has always appeared to me that a Catholic thinker or writer ought to aim at this: viz., so to think and write, as he judges that the Holy See (interpreted by her official Acts, and due regard being had to individual circumstances) would wish him to think and write. I have often said in the *Dublin Review* that peace and truth are in some sense necessarily antagonistic; that every proclamation of a truth is a disturbance of peace. I have then gone on to say that whether or no in some given case the interest of souls would suffer most by the proclamation or the withholding of some given truth—that this question is one which ordinary men (I mean not specially helped by God) cannot even *approximate* to deciding; that consequently is one of the very chief gifts bestowed upon the Pope, that in his authoritative teaching he can so decide.

'By a further consequence, I have thought it might very often be a duty to persuade Catholics (if one can) that certain beliefs are obligatory on them which as yet they do not recognise. I have thought that this was one's duty, whenever it should seem to one (after due deliberation) that the Holy See is desiring to enforce this obligation; and on the other hand I have always said that truths, which one might think to have been infallibly declared, ought not on that account to be brought forward, unless there are signs that the Holy See wishes them to be now brought forward (I refer to truths other than the dogmata of the faith, though connected intimately with them). And I have thought that the "peace and unity" which as you so truly say are the "privilege and duty of Catholics," are to be sought in one way and no other, viz. in increasing among us all a *ex animo deference*, not only to the definitions but to the doctrinal intimations o the Holy See.

'I have written on at dreadful length, but I did not see how otherwise t explain myself. Now I am daily more and more convinced that my aim has bee the true one; but I am also daily more and more convinced that I have falle into grievous mistakes of judgment from time to time, whether as regards what have said, or (much more) my way of saying it. I may say with the greates sincerity that the one main cause of this has always appeared to me t be my breach with you. Never was a man more unfit than I to play any kin of first fiddle. You supplied exactly what I needed; corrected extravagances, co rected crudities, suggested opposite considerations, pointed out exaggerations o language, etc. etc. When I found that you and I (as I thought) proceeded o fundamentally different principles, this invaluable help was lost; and I hav never been able even approximately to replace you. If you will not laugh at th expression, I will say that I have felt myself a kind of intellectual orphan. I ma say in my own praise that my censors have complimented me on my submissive ness; but I have always wished to submit myself much more could I have found guide whom I trusted.

'Excuse this tremendous prolixity of egotism. It will at least show how ver desirous I am that you should think less ill than you do of my intellectual attitud and that your rebukes therefore should be less severe. *The whole colour of my li has changed*, I assure you, from the loss of your sympathy. But my gratitude fo the past will ever remain intact.

'Affectionately yours,
W. G. Ward.

'I hope I am not dreadfully illegible.'

I append some further letters and memoranda (see p. 418) whic illustrate the thoughts which occupied Newman's mind in the year covered by this chapter. The decay actual and prospective of Chris tian faith, and the thought of death and what follows after death, wer subjects to which he frequently recurred.

To Mrs. Wilson.

'August 3, 1874.

'I think our Lord's words are being fulfilled, "When the Son of Man comet shall He find faith upon earth?" the plague of unbelief is in every religious com munity, in the Unitarian, in the Kirk, in the Episcopalian, in the Church o England, as well as in the Catholic Church. What you want is faith, just as s many persons in other communions want faith. The broad section of the Churc of England wants faith—you in the Catholic Church want faith. The disease i the same, though its manifestations are different.

'It is a moral disease, and therefore there must be some fault in those wh are afflicted with it. They ought to strive and to pray, and sooner or later the would get the better of it. There is no proof they do. I wish to speak wit great tenderness of you, because I should be most presumptuous, if I spoke lightl of temptations from which God's mercy, and that alone, has protected me,— but as far as I see, I do not think you have with a resolute heart, and wit earnestness, fought the battle of your soul. I know others who, with greate disadvantages than I suppose yours are, have been brave, and determined, and, though they have been knocked down, have got up again, and fought on. They will have their reward, and it will be great. St. Philip says, "Paradise is not meant for cowards," and, when I see such instances of courage, I feel how little I have myself done in that line—and I think you have done very little too.

'It seems to me that, instead of going straightforward to your work, you indulge yourself in finding fault with priests, whom you should not come near, and are not unwilling to provoke them—that you do not make the best of things, but take pleasure in complaints. I may be wrong in points of detail in my view of you, and beg you to pardon me, if I am—but I don't think I am wrong on the whole. We cannot do without *faith*, and faith is the *gift of God*. You do not seem to me to keep before your mind, and to realize, these two awful truths.

'I have not written to you sooner because I have had so many letters to write, and many requiring an immediate answer—and sometimes, when I had time, I forgot to do so.'

THE INTERMEDIATE STATE.—MEMORANDUM.

'Aug. 29, 1875.

'A few days ago (on August 22), an old lady died—suddenly; so suddenly that her daughter had gone away for a week—and she was well enough to enjoy the garden—her daughter says "quite suddenly, from the breaking of something in her lungs." She had a strange dream two nights, or one night before she died. She thought her daughter, who had died in wedlock ten years since, appeared to her in shining light, and said "Mother, I am permitted by God to come and speak to you, before you leave the earth." She then asked her, "Are you in heaven? are you happy?" "Not yet in heaven," she was answered, "but O so happy! Busy, busy for God—doing work for him." The old mother asked what work? "Not employments as on earth—we see and know so differently," and she added, "I cannot tell you more, than I am permitted by God." Her mother asked if she knew what passes here, she said, "No, nothing since I left the earth; I remember my own life perfectly, but nothing after." Then she asked by name after her husband and children, and each of her brothers and sisters. This dream left the lady "perfectly radiant from henceforth." At this time she "seemed quite well."

'It seems to me a very remarkable dream, as being very unlike what would occur to a Protestant, as the lady was, nay to most Catholics. First there is no immediate introduction into heaven for the departed soul. Secondly (tho' nothing is said of penal suffering,) there is definite mention of the "quoddam quasi pratum" of St. Bede and various Holy Virgins. Thirdly there is the mention of employments which cannot be described—which is a metaphysical thought strange as occurring to an old lady. Fourthly the statement of the soul's ignorance of what goes on here is against the grain of Protestant, not to say Catholic anticipations. Fifthly the vivid remembrance (contemplation) of its own past life is not commonly attributed by Protestants to the separated soul. And sixthly there is no suggestion, which is so familiar a thought with Protestants, not to say Catholics, of the dead enjoying the society of their dead friends. Where did the lady get the ideas which make up this dream? And then its coming, if there is no inaccuracy in the account, to warn her of her approaching death, at a time when she was in no serious state of weakness or with other physical intimation of what was coming.

'I am the more struck with the dream, because I have either long or at least lately held about the intermediate state all the six points I have enumerated. The first of course, because it is an article of Catholic faith—the second, since I wrote in 1835 "They are at rest &c." The third I have thought about much lately, our dense ignorance being painfully brought home to me by the death of friends lately. The fourth from the silence of Scripture on the subject—of course the instance of saints who enjoy the beatific vision is not in point. Nor does the ignorance of the departed concerning us preclude their praying for us. The fifth, as in my verses in 1832, "My home is now &c." And the sixth from the circumstance of the resurrection being spoken of in Scripture as the time when there is a restoration of all things, and, as we may suppose, a meeting of friends. Before that, the departed, as such, are not members of the heavenly "Curia."

'Not till then, if even then:—our duty being, when we lose those who have been hitherto the light of our eyes, not so much to look forward to meeting them again, as to take their removal as an occasion to fix our thoughts more steadily, and our love, on Him, who is the true Lover of Souls, recollecting the great danger we lie under of making an idol of the creature, instead of cherishing the intimate conviction that God alone can be our peace, joy, and blessedness.

'As I am on the subject of dreams, I will mention one which was granted to a young lady on her death bed, not so striking in its contents, nor bearing upon any definite doctrines, yet well worth remembering. It is given in the words of her brother.

'"About 15 hours before she died she was with my Father and Mother, and said something of the blessing it would be to be sure she was saved. My Mother said something of God's mercy which made her rather eagerly disclaim any 'prying into the secrets of God,' and, 'she should know in His good time.' Then she shut her eyes and seemed to go to sleep. All at once she opened her eyes and stretched out her arms with great animation and said 'Dear Papa, dear Mamma, I have received the seal of my salvation; we shall all meet again. Call the dear boys and the dear girls.' . . . My Father and Mother both declare that it was not the least like wandering of mind. Certainly afterwards all she said, which was little enough, and at intervals, was like a person thinking of those about her, not of her own future state. When we came in, she kissed us all, saying 'I *think* something to everybody.' To me she said 'God bless you, dearest Fred, you have been of great use to me.'"'

The following is from a letter of the same year:

'Dec. 4, 1875.

'I think what a severe purgatory it would be, tho' there were no pain at all, but darkness, silence, and solitude, and ignorance where you were, how you held together, on what you depended, all you knew of yourself being that you *thought*, and no possible anticipation, how long this state would last, and in what way it would end, and with a vivid recollection of every one of your sins from birth to death, even tho' you were no more able to sin, and knew this, and though you also knew you were.

'Or again, supposing the phenomena of sleep and dreaming arise from the absence of the brain's action, and the feeble, vain attempt of the soul to act without the brain, so that without a brain one cannot think consecutively and rationally, and that the intermediate or disembodied state, before the elect soul goes to heaven, is a helpless dream, in which it neither can sin on the one hand, any more than when a man sins when dreaming now, but on the other cannot be said to exercise intellect or to have knowledge.'

'Sept. 10, 1876.

'I suppose, when we are brought into the unseen state, we shall find things so different from what we had expected, that it would seem as if nothing had hitherto been revealed to us; or more exactly, it will be like our first sensations on personally knowing a man whom we had known hitherto only by his writings, when we are led to say that he is so unlike, yet still like what we anticipated.'

To Dr. Northcote.

(Written after the death of Mrs. Wootten.)

'Jan. 17th, 1876.

'My dear Northcote,—I thank you for your very kind letter which has just come, and thank you also most sincerely for your intended Mass for Mrs. Wootten and for me.

'It is only a wonder she lasted so, and it has been God's great mercy that she has been kept here for us so long. As Pusey reminds me in a letter just come from him, though I did not need reminding, 40 years ago she was dying every winter. I have thought her going for the last year, and told Fr. St. John so. She had a fall last summer year, which must have been a great shock to her—and Fr. St. John's death was a great shock too of another kind—but she was herself to the last, vigorous, active, and cheerful. Our boys who came around her bed as familiarly as if she were up, would not believe it was her deathbed, and she was conversing and giving her judgment on ordinary matters within a few hours of her death. The doctor (a Protestant) said he never met a person with less fear of death though she knew it was at hand. Her only anxiety was lest in dying she should in any of her words or acts disedify bystanders. At three o'clock in the afternoon she was as bright as usual—she suddenly fell off at six or seven—and died at eleven. Her last word to me was "Jesus."

'I am not forgetful of your sister-in-law's great family trials, those she mentioned to me, and those she did not.

'Most sincerely yours,
John H. Newman.'

To Mrs. W. Froude.

'The Oratory: July 9, 1876.

'My dear Mrs. Froude,—I am quite ashamed you should make so much of me. What can I have done to deserve such words as you use? What can I have said, when with you, which is worth Isy making a note of for the benefit of Hurrell? This only I know, that all through my life God has mercifully given me good friends, and that I never know how to be grateful enough to Him for so precious a gift.

'In proportion as you love me, you will pray for me that I may make a good end. When a man gets to my age, the awful future comes before him vividly and is ever haunting his thoughts. I am quite well according to all my sensations, but I was quite surprised at Christchurch to find what a unity of thought and feeling there was between that poor girl who was dying and myself who had no illness about me. We seemed both to be going beyond that dark curtain together.'

To Sister M. Pia.

'July 25th, 1876.

'As to your pictures, where would our Church and House be without them They give brilliancy to every one of our dead walls—they are evergreen plants lasting winter and summer. The only difficulty I felt about St. Jane Frances wa where to put her. As to St. Francis himself it is now twenty years that I hav had in mind to give an altar to him—but we have not yet space. I shall hai your two pictures with great satisfaction when they come—and so that of dea Ambrose too, which you have so thoughtfully done.

'I went to pay the visits you speak of with a great effort,[1] and had no acciden except slipping down a staircase without hurting myself. This time two year when I last went to Jemima I managed to dip my foot down to the wheel of th rail carriage, and rolled under the wheel of a pony chaise. My ankles and knee are so weak, that, for that reason alone, I dread a journey. But besides this travelling always makes me ill. I am quite well at home, but going about is great trouble to me. I was forced to take my last journey—it was to see poo Eleanor, née Bretherton, who is dying, and is leaving four children apparentl without means of support. It did not take many hours, and I was not with he above two hours. I gladly would come to see you, if I were sure the journe would not make me ill before I got to you. Pray ask your Bishop for his blessin for me and all here. It is very kind in him to send me a message. I was sorr to hear he was in a bad state of health.

'To scandalize is to make to fall, or to trip up against an obstacle. We ma be religiously scandalized and irreligiously. Things which ought to scandalize ar called "scandala parvulorum"—those which ought not are "scandala Pharisaeorum"— the words "little ones" and "Pharisees" being allusions to Scripture. Perhap this isn't what you want.

'Ever yours affly,
J. H. N.'

'The Oratory: Oct. 10, 1876.

'My dear Sister Pia,—God bless you for your thoughts about yesterday. grieve indeed at your sad news and will say Mass for your intention about you Brother. You never can have an idea of the worth and power of prayer, or the great efficacy of your own prayers for him and others, till you are in th unseen world. He does for us "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask think according to the power that worketh in us." You must go by faith, not b sight.

'Thank you for what you say about Frank. He has formally joined th Unitarians. My hope is that on his death bed, God will be merciful to him, an his belief in our Lord may revive.

'Ever yrs affly,
John H. Newman.'

To Lord Blachford.

'The Oratory: Nov. 17, 1875.

'My dear Blachford,—Your news about James Mozley shocked me much. wrote off to his sister and his sister-in-law, but neither could give me much mo in the way of information than the word "paralysis" conveys.

'It has ever been to me a terrible idea, because its first attack is so oft utterly without warning, and because, however slight, it is commonly, in elder men, the beginning of the end. James must be nearly 60, but of course I on recollect him as a young man, and to me his life seems scarcely begun. A hasty word I spoke of him broke off all intercourse between us when I became a Catholic, and as I have never felt sympathy enough with his mind and views to make efforts to renew it, and he has never come in my way, I have not seen him for 30 years. I sent him a message on receipt of your letter about him, but Caroline Johnson feels it to be imprudent as yet to deliver it to him. He is getting better every day, but they are resigned to his never being quite what he was.

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[1] Farewell visits to his relations.

'This complaint is the penance and stern memento of intellectual men. How many in our time, who have exercised their brains, have died of it! I used to have a list, but I have given up collecting instances—among my own friends, Keble, Whately, C. Marriott, G. Copeland, Ogilvie, Woodgate, E. Churton, Ogle, &c. I am trying to think what James M. can have done to weaken a constitution which everyone thought so strong. Has he been over excited and tried by his metaphysical controversies, which I can conceive might be very distressing to a man who had the onus of an argumentative combat with the responsibility of a Chair? or has he sat up late at nights, which I suppose is very wearing? Even from selfish motives I am always trying to find out a way of accounting in individual cases for what seems so mysterious—the appearance to self and to others of perfect health and ordinary strength, and then the sudden failure of one's powers.

'As to your paper, let it be only a squib or a cracker, yet such small things may kindle a great fire, and this I meant when I said, I hoped you would have to write again. As to your being only half a metaphysician, I don't know who is a whole one, though some men have more confidence in themselves than others. The assumptions of Mill are for an able man incomprehensible. For myself I am very far from agreeing with many of your positions, e.g., that matter is "that which occupies space"; I am utterly ignorant what matter is objectively—phenomena prove that it exists, but not what it is. Therefore space is only the word for the *idea* of a break in the continuity of phenomena, and is doubly subjective, as depending on phenomena which are subjective and as being bowed out of actual existence by the actual continuity of phenomena. While we thus differ, is not metaphysical science in abeyance?

'But this does not help Mr. Huxley in your quarrel with him. If he would be modest in his teaching, he would be tolerable, but from all I know of him, I must consider him intolerant and therefore intolerable. Your argument anyhow is good. You say first, we must from the analogy of self and of our experience of others, i.e., men, (whom we determine to have sensation and volition from external indications) determine from like indications that brute animals can feel and can will. How is this conclusion to be touched as regards brute animals, without our holding that our friend feels nothing when he is subjected to a surgical operation?

'Your second position was that, tho' there was, or might be, such a phenomenon as unconscious cerebration, yet, because there was, sometimes in the case of man, it did not follow that to it was to be attributed *all* that seems like sensation and volition in brutes, or else we might similarly infer, that, because patients under the operation of chloroform utter cries when the knife touches them, but recollect nothing afterwards of having suffered pain, therefore none of us know what pain is, however we may show signs of it.

'This is how I understood you—and I don't see how you are to be answered—and I rejoice that Professor Huxley is put on the defensive.

'Yours affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

To Mrs. W. Froude.

'The Oratory: Jany. 9, 1877.

'My dear Mrs. Froude,—Thank you for your affectionate letter and dear Isy for her desire to write. This is the first anniversary of Mrs. Wootten's death. Father Caswall was then quite strong—attended her in her illness, and had the whole administration of her will and property. He worked hard at it after his wont, always busy and never seeming tired. How little we thought that he was soon to be laid up by heart disease. He went off to Norway to attend the opening of a Church, which was a novelty there, and was seized in the midst of his journey back with a sudden breathlessness at night, which might have proved fatal. His death is now a question of months, weeks, or days.

'He is one of four very dear friends, who were in a position to place, and did place, themselves and all they had at my service; Ambrose St. John, Joseph Gordon, Mrs. Wootten, and he. His wife was suddenly carried off by cholera at Torquay. The next day he made a will in my favour. It was but a sample of the devotion he has shown to me for thirty years, to me unworthy, as I may truly say.

'My only comfort in the thought of having so many friends, (for I feel I must be a hypocrite, and taking them in, that they are so loving to me) is that they pray for me. For where shall I be hereafter, if I have, contrary to my deserts, so many "good things in my life-time"?

'All best wishes for the New Year to you, William, Isy and Eddie.

'W. Mallock's article is very good. Father Ignatius is very much taken with it. If you write, send to his sister my best New Year wishes.

'Ever yours affectionately,
(Signed) John H. Newman.'

A few letters on theological and controversial matters may be added:

To Mr. J. R. Mozley.

'The Oratory: April 19th, 1874.

'My dear John,—I have been so busy since I got your letter that I could not help delaying my answer. Moreover, I was puzzled what I could have said, which has so misled you as to my meaning, for certainly I give up the Catholic cause, if I must rest it either on the intellectual powers which it develops in its adherents, or its manifestation in them of a moral excellence undeniably superior to the results of every other form of Christianity.

'My view of the drift of revelation is as follows:—the truths in the natural order, which are the basis of the sciences, are few, clear, and have a ready acceptance in the world at large, though they do not admit of demonstration (as that fact every effect must have a cause)—but those which point to a system of things beyond this visible world, as the law of conscience, the sense of religion &c., are delicate, subtle, fitful, mysterious, incapable of being grasped, easily put down and trampled underfoot.

'The initial truths of science can take care of themselves—but not so those of religion and morals—and therefore, since in fact they often (though accidentally, in the action of life, not that they need) come into collision with each other, the weaker would assuredly go to the wall, had not the great Author of all things interposed to support them by a direct and extraordinary assistance from Himself. Revelation then is the aid and the completion of nature on that side of it on which it is weak.[1]

'It follows that to suppose it will teach or defend those natural sciences, which issue in a large organisation of human society is to mistake the final cause of Revelation—or rather, not to start with anticipating that it will (accidentally) oppose or seem to oppose them, is to fail in apprehending duly its aim and outcome. When Our Lord introduces the rich man saying, "This will I do, I will pull down my barns &c. and I will say to my soul, take thine ease &c." and then commenting on his proceeding, says "Thou fool &c." He brings out emphatically the antagonism between the prosecution of the secular sciences and Revelation—not as if the science of farming, not as if the enjoyment of this life, were in themselves wrong, but that, as men are, that science, that enjoyment will inevitably lead to an obliteration in their minds of what is higher than anything here below, unless the sanctions of Revelation, (or, as I should say, the Catholic Church, which is the embodiment of Revelation,) are present to support and enforce those higher considerations.

'Coming back then to your two questions, as to "organisation," "reasoning" &c. I consider these to be natural products of the mind, and therefore the authorities and officials of the Church make use of them, because they are men, for the purposes of that Revelation of which they are the guardians and defenders; but in no sense profess to advance them.

'As to your other question, the virtues peculiar to Catholics, I think there are various such—but here we enter upon another large question—I do not think they make a show—that is, are such as to constitute what is called a Note of the Church. Our Lord Himself foretold that His net would contain fish of every kind—He speaks of rulers who would be tyrannical and gluttonous—and it was one of the first great controversies of the Christian Church, issuing in the Novatian schism, whether extraordinary means should or should not be taken to keep the Church pure—and it was decided in the negative, as (in fact) a thing impossible. Now when this is once allowed, considering how evil in its own nature flaunts itself and is loud, and how true virtue is both in itself a matter of the heart and in its nature retiring and unostentatious, it is very difficult to manage to make a "Note of the Church" out of the conduct of Catholics viewed as a visible body. Besides it must be recollected that the Church is a militant body, and its work lies quite as much in rescuing souls from the dominion of sin as in leading them on to any height of moral excellence.

'Moreover, in the course of 1800 years it has managed to impress its character on society, so that when countries fall away from its communion, the virtues, which it has created in their various people and civil polities, continue on by a kind of inheritance, and thus the contrast between the realm of nature and the realm of grace has not that sharpness which is seen in the juxtaposition of Romans I, 21–32, and Rom. XII.

'And, once more, civilisation itself, that is, the cultivation of the intellect, has a tendency to raise the standard of morals, at least in some departments, as we see in the history of philosophy, e.g. in the Stoics, in Juvenal, Persius, Epictetus &c. and as regards the minor virtues of gentlemanlikeness &c. &c., and this again tends to blur the contrast, which really exists between nature and grace, the special characteristic of the latter lying in the motive on which actions are done.

'Lastly, if, after these remarks, I am asked in what I conceive in matter of fact consists the superiority of well-conducted Catholics over Protestants, I should answer, in purity of intention, in faith, in humility, in contrition, in chastity, in honesty, in command of the tongue.

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[1] This argument is more fully stated in the *Idea of a University*, pp. 514 *seq.*

'Yours affecly
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

TO DR. NORTHCOTE.

'Sept. 20th, 1874.

'My dear President,—It is most natural and becoming in the holy Community at Westbury to be zealous in behalf of their great saint; and gladly would I do anything in my power to further the object about which they write to you. Moreover, as far as my own personal feelings go, nothing would rejoice me more than to find that the Holy Father had pronounced St. Francis a Doctor of the Church. But it seems to me that the Holy See alone has the means of judging who they are who have by their writings merited that high honour.

'In the Canonization indeed of Saints it is intelligible to appeal even to the popular voice, because sanctity can be apprehended, not only by good Catholics, but by bad, nay, by those who are not Catholics at all. But none except the learned can judge of learned men, and none but the Ecumenical Doctor of the Church, the Holy Father himself, can pronounce about Doctors.

'For myself and of myself your letter makes it necessary for me to speak. I cannot understand why the existing assemblage of Doctors is just what it is in quantity and quality. It is easy to understand why St. Gregory Nazianzen or St. Augustine, St. Leo or St. Thomas, are doctors; but why should St. Peter Chrysologus, St. Isidore, or St. Peter Damian, be on the list, and St. Antoninus or St. Laurence Justinian not? I cannot make out by my own wit why St. Alfonso has lately been put upon the level of St. Athanasius and St. Jerome. I do not even clearly understand why a woman has never been pronounced a Doctor; for, though St. Paul says they they are to "keep silence in the Churches," he is speaking of ecclesiastical and formal teaching, not of the supernatural gifts and great works, of such a one as St. Catherine of Siena.

'The conclusion I draw from this is plain. If I should have made such mistakes, left to myself, in determining who are Doctors and who are not, having in the view the existing list, how can I possibly tell that I should be correct, if I pretended to judge whether that great and beautiful Saint, St. Francis of Sales, has or has not upon him the notes of a Doctor? No—these things are matters of faith. What the Holy Father holds, I hold;—I follow, I do not go before him, in so deep and sacred a matter. I am sure Rev. Mother will sympathize, even though she may not agree with me.

'Ever yours very sincerely,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

TO CANON JENKINS.

'(*Private.*) The Oratory: Dec. 2, 1875.

'My dear Mr. Jenkins,—I return to you the forcible incisive letter which you have paid me the compliment of addressing to me, and I have no difficulty in saying that for years I have wondered how a high ecclesiastic and a theologian could write some sentences which Cardinal Manning has written. The sciences necessary for a theologian and the *responsibility* weighing upon an ecclesiastical ruler, one should have thought, would have precluded indulgence in rhetoric.

'But you have in your letter solved for me, or at least reconciled me to this anomaly, by referring to the history of Ennodius, who, a bishop (at least afterwards) and (doubtless) a theologian, shows us that such a phenomenon, unhappy s it may be in its consequences, is no new thing in the Church. But I do ot think still, that that precedent can be used for your particular purpose, or hat you can logically infer that Cardinal Manning ought to go on to formularize he Pope's impeccability, because he has used vague language about the extent of is infallibility. And I will say why.

'First, let me say that I thought it was *granted* that the Decretales Hilde-randi were not really Hildebrand's—but the embodiment of his general views y some authors of his school after his time.

'Next, the fourth and sixth Synods sub Symmacho are apocryphal—or at ast the 5th and 6th as the Bollandists show in their edition of St. Leo.

'For the sentiment then of the *sanctitas* or *innocentia* of the occupant of the ee of St. Peter we are thrown simply on Ennodius, at that time (I think) deacon nd secretary to Symmachus, who was officially employed in defending his master gainst charges of immorality, violence etc. I am not aware that the question f the *teaching* came in at all. When Ennodius said that the Pope, as such, was fficially "sanctus," he said so, not as driven to it by the necessity, or as a way f defending or proving his infallibility, but as an argument in favour of his being ree from the imputation of those bad personal deeds which he was charged with. ecause then Ennodius would prove the Pope guiltless of certain definite sins y the general proposition "He is impeccable," it does not at all follow that ardinal Manning will be forced on to impeccability from infallibility—for a fault n teaching would not be a sin in him unless it was wilful, and even though the nunciation of a doctrine were in a particular case sinful, still it might be true. nfallibility and impeccability are ideas altogether separable.

'As to your letter of Nov. 23rd I wish I entered into your difficulty as fully as attempt to do. You argue that, if the Church or the Pope has power to nnounce to the world *the word of God* (as being a sufficient Authority for such n act) she ought also to have power to infuse into the hearers *faith in it*—But hen

'1. Those who, like the Anglicans, hold the infallibility of four or six Ecu-nenical Councils, must allow that the Third made Theotocos a point of faith, hich is not in Scripture, and not known (except by that very Council) to be an rticle of the traditional Depositum Fidei, and that the sixth Council condemned he doctrine that there is but one ἐνέργεια in Christ, which is again condemned either by Scripture, except by inference, nor by tradition. If she did not supply race to the hearer for the internal acceptance of the Pope's Infallibility, did she or the acceptance of the Theotocos and the double energies?

'2. It is said "Obey your rulers," but does not obedience require grace as vell as faith? and if *particular* precepts are binding which come from the ulers of the Church, let alone the question of grace, why not doctrinal teaching lso?

'3. And further, grace *is* a gift of the Church viz: through the Sacraments, nd, if obedience is gained through the Sacraments, why not faith?

'I feel extremely the more than kind way in which you speak of me, and you nust not doubt this, though I don't find the fitting words to thank you for it.

'Most truly yours,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

'P.S.—I have been so interrupted in writing this, that I have omitted acci-entally some thoughts which would have brought out and recommended my rguments more fully.

'For instance, Ennodius' harangue is that of a counsel for the Pope. It vould seem as if he found facts to be stubborn things or thought that to go into the details of the charges against his master was dangerous or wearisome, endless, so he takes a showy line and says "Can you conceive how a successor St. Peter on whom the shadow of St. Peter falls can possibly be allowed to fa into sin"—(just as the counsel for a defendant might say "Here is the son of most religious and honourable family, can you fancy his doing this dishonesty?' And he shews that this is his meaning by saying "It is not at all consistent wit that piety which we ought to feel to so great an official to question his doin instead of leaving the judgment to Almighty God."

'J. H. N.'

To the Same.

'The Oratory, Rednal: Feb. 27, 1877.

'My dear Mr. Jenkins,—Your letter is very learned, important and interes ing, and opens a large field for thought. I feel it to be a great compliment th you address it to me—very much more than I can claim. But, please do not ca my Volume on the Arians "great," it is not even little. It was to have been, Mr. Rose's intention, the beginning of a Manual on the Councils, and the g went off in quite another direction, hitting no mark at all; and then, too, I w obliged to finish it by a fixed day, and had to hurry the last pages especially, t I knocked myself up.

'And now I have forgotten what I once knew, and do not recollect enou to criticise you and to say whether I follow you or not in your argument. I not follow you in your interpretation of the Ephesine prohibition. In "Prophetical Office" I had taken the usual Anglican view of it:—but, under da of July 15, 1839, only two years after my book came out, I find I had made th pencil note in the margin—"I very much doubt, having now read the Acts a History of the Council of Chalcedon, whether my use of it here is fair."

'I agree with you in one thing; though I grieve to say my antithesis to it a conclusion from it is different.

'The more one examines the Councils, the less satisfactory they are. reflection is, the less satisfactory *they*, the more majestic and trust-winning, a the more imperatively necessary, is the action of the Holy See.

'J. H. N.'

To the Same.

'The Oratory: April 6, 1877.

'My dear Mr. Jenkins,—I thank you heartily for your most kind a sympathetic letter, and I return you your Easter greetings very sincerely.

'Also for the valuable Easter present you sent me.

'I am ashamed to receive so many things from you, but they will keep your memory in our library.

'It is, as you say, a most cloudy time—clouds which both portend ill for o religious future and conceal it. What is coming? Yet evil has often before n threatened and passed away. These signs in the sky are doubtless those whi will precede the end in all things; yet in former times they have faded aw instead of becoming clearer, and so it may be now. But, whether religion is be utterly cast out or no, anyhow I fear there is coming on us a time of fierce tr for Christianity, and one is naturally led to think with compassion and anxiety the danger that will come on many of the fresh innocent souls all around us w are now entering into life.

'I am, very sincerely yours,

John H. Newman.

'The Pope is the key note, the Bishops the third, the Priests the 5th, the people the octave and the Protestants the flat 7th which needs resolving.—J. H. N.'

To Father Coleridge.

'The Oratory: April 10th, 1877.

'My dear Fr. Coleridge,—*Confidential.* I want to ask you a question. Rivington wishes to publish a selection (say 50) of my "Parochial and Plain Sermons." I have made it a condition that such only shall be selected as are able to stand a Catholic censorship, knowing that the want of this hinders Catholics from using them. Not that I mean to alter a word of Copeland's text of them, nor that I mean it to be *stated* that they have an Imprimatur. But I mean to publish them as from myself and not from Copeland as editor, and I mean to pluck out all of those selected which have anything un-catholic in them. (Perhaps you will say, "Then they will all be plucked.")

'Now my question is this, if you will in confidence answer it. Would Fr. Harper undertake the office of censor, his name being kept secret? has he time and health for it? is he the man? would he be fair, both to Catholics and to my Sermons?

'I add below the advertisement I contemplate.

'Most sincerely yours,
John H. Newman.

'*Advertisement.*

'In publishing in one Volume a selection from his "Parochial and Plain Sermons," the Author has been careful to follow faithfully the text as it stands in Mr. Copeland's Edition of them. At the same time he is glad to be able to state that they do not contain a word which, as a Catholic, he would wish to alter.'

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XXXIII

The following are letters, some of them of considerable importance, relating to the conferring of the Cardinal's Hat on Dr. Newman (see p. 450). Some of them show his own feeling and the feelings of English Catholics at the time. Others are the official and semi-official communications on the occasion.

Cardinal Manning to Cardinal Nina.

'The Duke of Norfolk and the Marquis of Ripon have represented to me on their own part, and on the part of Lord Petre, a strong desire, which is shared in, as they state, by many of the Catholics of this country, that the Holy See should manifest, by some public and conspicuous act, its sense of the singular and unequalled services rendered by Dr. Newman to the Catholic Faith and to the Catholic Church in England.

'He was the chief agent in the intellectual movement which in 1833 stirred the University of Oxford towards the Catholic Faith.

'The fact of his submission to the Church has done more to awaken the mind of Englishmen to the Catholic religion than that of any other man. Many both directly and indirectly have been brought by his example to the Catholic Church. His writings both before and after his conversion have powerfully contributed to the rise and extension of the Catholic literature in England and wheresoever the English tongue is spoken.

'The veneration for his powers, his learning, and his life of singular piety and integrity is almost as deeply felt by the non-Catholic population of this country as by the members of the Catholic Church. In the rise and revival of Catholic Faith in England there is no one whose name will stand in history with so great a prominence. Nevertheless he has continued for thirty years without any token or mark of the confidence of the Holy See: and this apparent passing over of his great merits has been noted both among Catholics and non-Catholics, as implying division among the faithful in England, and some unexplained mistrust of Dr. Newman. It is obviously not only most desirable that this should be corrected, but obviously right that Dr. Newman should be cleared of any unjust suspicion.

'He is now in his seventy-eighth year and his life cannot be long. The opportunity in which the Holy See could render this testimony of confidence to the singular merits of Dr. Newman is therefore brief. Such an act of the Supreme Authority of the Holy See would have, it is believed, a powerful effect in demonstrating the unity of the Faith in England, and in adding force to the impulse already given by Dr. Newman in his life, writings, and influences, to the return of many to the Catholic Church.

'Some years ago Pius IX. designed that Dr. Newman should receive Episcopal consecration as Rector of the Catholic University in Ireland.

'This design was not then executed: and, when subsequently revived, Dr. Newman expressed his firm resolution to refuse such a proposal. There remains therefore only one mark of the confidence of the Holy See to so distinguished a Priest. And no greater gratification to the Catholics of England could be given than by the elevation of Dr. Newman into the Sacred College.

'I have felt it to be a duty, very grateful to myself, to convey to your Eminence this expression of the desire of the distinguished Catholic laymen in whose name I write and of those whom they represent.' [1]

The following letters were written after the announcement in the *Times* that the honour had been offered and declined by Dr. Newman:

CANON OAKELEY TO DR. NEWMAN.

'Feb. 18, 1879.

'My dear Newman,—I do not know when I have heard a piece of news that has given me more pleasure than the announcement about you in *The Times* of this morning. It is the answer to a prayer I have again and again made in the Mass that your services to the Church might receive some public recognition in your lifetime, for indeed I felt that in such a prayer I was asking something for the Church as well as for you; since I do not know of anything which is more likely to win over to her the mind and heart of England than such an act as that which our Holy Father has done in offering you the highest ecclesiastical dignity which it is in his power to bestow. Of course I could have wished, as many others do, that you could have seen some way to accept it, but still the great fact is that you should have received the offer.

'Yours affectionately,

FR. OAKELEY.'

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[1] The autograph copy from which the translation into Italian was made is neither dated nor signed; it is merely headed 'To Cardinal Nina.'

Lord Blachford to Dr. Newman.

'Feb. 18, 1879.

'My dear Newman,—So you refuse to be a member of the Hebdomadal Board at Rome. I am very glad that the offer has been made, as it makes one think pleasantly of those who made it (if one may say such a thing without disrespect). And I think I should have been glad to see you a Cardinal, if you could have had the office without accepting it. It is a kind of recognition, which is like putting the seal to a document which is to go down to posterity—a proceeding which sets things in their proper places for future history. I suppose under the circumstances it would be purely honorary—as my imagination wholly refuses to conceive you posting off to Rome to work (to speak *John Bullese*) with those Italians.

'I think I have always preferred that you should decline things—from the beginning of time—and so I go on to the end.

. . . .

'Ever yours affectionately,
Blachford.'

The Marquis of Bute to Dr. Newman.

'Feb. 19, 1879.

'Dear and Rev. Dr. Newman,—The assertions in the newspapers that you have been offered or are about to be offered the Cardinalate have assumed a form which must be my excuse for writing to you upon the subject, if they are really unfounded. My object is to implore you not to decline—I know that St. Philip declined, and that you will have a tendency to do the same. But I hope that you will allow some kind of weight to my opinion, as of one much younger than yourself, and one who sees much more of the world, from which you live so much secluded. I would most respectfully submit for your consideration whether you have any moral right to decline, either for the sake (1) of your own labours and principles, which would thus be sanctioned, and of your disciples, who have admired the one and received the other, and of the general world, to whom you would thus be made more useful, or (2) of the Sacred College, which you would (pardon my saying so) ennoble, or (3) of the Pope, who, placed amid many difficulties, calls upon you thus to stand by him.

'Forgive me if I am thrusting myself improperly into your affairs, and, believe me respectfully yours,

'Bute.'

Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England, to Dr. Newman.

'Feb. 20, 1879.

'My dear Dr. Newman,—To-day I think is your birthday, and you must let a dutiful and loving friend who owes you much and loves you truly—as he ought indeed—send you one line of good wishes and hopes that it may please God to grant you many years yet if it is as good for you as for your friends. Many and happy returns of the day I send you with a full heart.

'I assume that the notice in the papers of the offer to make you a Cardinal is correct. Nothing could make you to us greater or higher than you are; but it may be allowed me to say that though you could not accept it, it is a real joy and satisfaction to think that the greatest worldly honour which the Church can bestow has at last been offered to you.

'Always your most grateful and affectionate,
Coleridge.'

THE MARQUIS OF RIPON TO DR. NEWMAN.

'Feb. 20, 1879.

'My dear Dr. Newman,—I cannot resist the impulse which prompts me to tell you with what extreme satisfaction I learnt the offer which has just been made to you by the Holy Father.

'Those who like myself owe to your teaching, more than to any other earthly cause, the blessing of being members of the Catholic Church, must rejoice with a very keen joy at this recognition on the part of the Holy See of your eminent services to the Church and to so many individual souls.

'I do not venture to question the wisdom of your refusal to accept the dignity of Cardinal, though I cannot but regret that you should have felt bound to decline it.

'I believe that this letter will reach you on your birthday; if I am right in this respect, will you allow me to offer you the heartiest good wishes.

'Believe me, ever yours sincerely and gratefully,

RIPON.'

ARCHBISHOP ERRINGTON TO DR. NEWMAN.

'Feb. 22, 1879.

'Very Rev. dear Dr. Newman,—I thought I had passed the time for taking as much pleasure in any piece of information as I felt in reading the D. of Norfolk's letter with the Resolutions of the Catholic Union in *The Times* of yesterday. Most warmly do I congratulate you on this testimony of the Holy See to the long, laborious, and wise course you have followed in the service of God's Church. Scarcely less do I congratulate Catholic England on the effect this testimony from his Holiness will have in guiding and stimulating the cultivation of the vineyard.

'But I won't waste your time in the expression of my own gratification, and so conclude with a very earnest hope that the next news may be that you have been created Cardinal, and are on your way to take your place at the Council Board of the Pope. Though the expression of the wish of the Sovereign Pontiff in this matter may be equally satisfactory to your own feelings (probably much more) as the carrying the wish into effect, it cannot have the same fruits of public utility, either now or at a later period.

'With sincere congratulations to your Community,

'I remain, dear Dr. Newman,

Yours sincerely,

✠ GEORGE ERRINGTON.'

DR. HEDLEY, COADJUTOR BISHOP OF NEWPORT AND MENEVIA, TO DR. NEWMAN.

'Feb. 24, 1879.

'My dear Fr. Newman,—In common, I believe, with every English-speaking Catholic, I desire to offer you my respectful congratulations, and to say how rejoiced I am that the Holy Father has intimated his wish to make you a Cardinal.

'I cannot speak as one of the large number whom you have helped to find the true Church. But I know English Catholic feeling for the last twenty-five years. One of the first things that ever stirred me and lifted me up was your sermon, the "Second Spring," which I read when a boy at school. Since then I can testify, from personal knowledge, that the whole generation of Catholics with whom I have grown up have, to a very large extent indeed, formed themselves on your writings. We have longed for you to speak, we have devoured what you gave us, and we have all along looked to you with pride and confidence, as to a leader and a father.

'I pray to God that He may long spare you to labour for His Church and His flock.

'With great respect and devotion,
I remain, dear Fr. Newman,
Your faithful servant in Christ,
✠ J. C. HEDLEY, O.S.B.'

MR. AUBREY DE VERE TO DR. NEWMAN.

'March 3, 1879.

'My dear Fr. Newman,—I cannot help writing you just a line to tell you how deeply gratified I have been by the great and signal token of respect which you have lately received from the highest authority on earth. It is what I have long been ardently wishing for, in common, I suppose, with all English and Irish Catholics, who know well how deep a debt of gratitude they owe to you, and indeed in common with Catholics of all countries—I might add in common with many who are not Catholics, judging from the tone in which the subject has been treated in the chief journals.

'Some of the journals speak as if the final issue were still doubtful. Should this be the case I cannot but earnestly hope you will find yourself able to accept the high dignity which so many would regard as itself dignified by your acceptance of it, that is, always supposing your doing so imposed no burden upon you, and required no alteration, permanent or temporary, in your usual mode of life.

'Believe me ever,
My dear Father Newman,
Affectionately yours,
AUBREY DE VERE.'

DR. NEWMAN TO DR. BROWN, BISHOP OF NEWPORT.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Feb. 24, 1879.

'My dear Lord,—I lose no time in thanking you for your very kind letter.

'But so far, though not more, I may say, that the statement in *The Times* is incorrect, and that I have not received the offer of a Cardinal's Hat, and therefore have not declined it.

'In such circumstances, I have always understood silence is a duty. Certainly I should account such a communication as sacred myself.

'The statement of the Catholic Union, which has done me so great a service by its Resolutions, and so high and kind an honour, speaks of having "received intelligence of the offer," but does not speak of my having declined a Cardinal's Hat.

'If I am forced to speak hypothetically, I should say that I do not anticipate my friends (among whom I hope you will allow me to consider your Lordship) would fail to pardon me, if at my age I felt it impossible to migrate from England to Italy.

'I am, begging your Lordship's blessing,
'Your faithful servant in Christ,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Dr. Ullathorne, Bishop of Birmingham, to Cardinal Nina.

'Feb. 11, 1879.

'Most Eminent and Reverend Lord,—After much anxious consideration I feel that I shall hardly have done my duty, unless I open my mind to your Eminence in regard to the Rev. Fr. Newman, to whom I have shown your gracious letter, and as to whose disposition of mind in regard of accepting the Sacred Purple I have carefully inquired. I am the rather moved to this, because a report has been spread in London, though as yet it has not reached Birmingham, that this sacred dignity has been offered to Fr. Newman, and that it has been declined by him. Letters have come from London, altogether unknown to the Fathers of the Birmingham Oratory, stating what I have just written. It has not been, certainly, Fr. Newman's intention to decline what the Holy Father has so graciously offered, but simply to state the difficulties of his position. He is a man so modest and humble, especially to his superiors, and above all towards the Holy Father, that in the letter he addressed to me, he wished simply to express his sense of his own unworthiness, his advanced age, his state of health, and his unfitness for living in Rome, both on account of his age, and of his want of readiness in speaking any modern language but his own. And thus he said to me: "How can I possibly intimate, or in any way suggest conditions—it would be altogether unbecoming." I answered: "Write your letter, and leave it to me to give the needful explanations." And thus, in addition to his letter, I sent another to the most eminent Cardinal Manning, in which I gave my full explanations. But when the most eminent Cardinal, in acknowledging the receipt of the letters, said that he would forward Dr. Newman's to your Eminence, without a word about mine, and when I found it reported and believed in London, that Dr. Newman had shrunk from and declined that very great honour, I began to fear that my explanatory letter had not been sent on to Rome.

'Wherefore, by way of precaution, I now enclose a copy of my English letter to Cardinal Manning. For so many erroneous statements have reached Rome, in regard of Dr. Newman's disposition of mind, that as his Bishop, knowing better than most his modesty, his perfect faith and charity, knowing, moreover, the great things he has done for the Church of God, and how many he has drawn from heresy to the Faith, and in what esteem as a writer he is held by all, both within the Church and outside it, I deem it a part of my duty, in a matter of such grave moment, that his disposition of mind should not be misapprehended. And if, while acting with a good intention, I err in act, I know I shall be readily forgiven.

'And now, kissing your Eminence's hand in token of my reverence, I have the honour to be,

'Your Eminence's
Most humble, most devoted and obedient Servant,
✠ William Bernard,
Bishop of Birmingham.'

Translation of the official notice of the Pope's intention to confer on Dr. Newman the Cardinal's Hat:

'(From the Vatican): March 15, 1879.

'Very Rev. Father,—The Holy Father deeply appreciating the genius and learning which distinguish you, your piety, the zeal displayed by you in the exercise of the Holy Ministry, your devotion and filial attachment to the Holy Apostolic See, and the signal services you have for long years rendered to religion, has decided on giving you a public and solemn proof of his esteem and good-will. And to this end he will deign to raise you to the honours of the Sacred Purple, in the next Consistory, the precise day of which will be notified to you in due time.

'In forwarding you this joyful announcement by its fitting and prescribed channel, I cannot refrain from congratulating your Paternity on seeing your merits rewarded in so splendid a manner by the august Head of the Church, and I rejoice in heart that I shall very soon have you as a colleague in the Sacred Senate, of which you will not fail to be one of the chief ornaments.

'Accept, I entreat you, this expression of my regard, and at the same time the assurance of the particular esteem with which I sign myself,

'Of your Very Rev. Paternity,
(From the Vatican,)
The true servant,
L. Card. Nina.'

Dr. Newman to Cardinal Nina.

'My Lord Cardinal,—Were I to delay my answer to the very generous communication your Eminence deigned to make to me, on the part of his Holiness, until I could write what seems to be befitting and adequate to express all the feeling of my heart, I fear that I should never write at all. For the longer I think of it, the more generous and gracious the condescension of the Holy Father seems to me, and the more deeply I feel that I am altogether unworthy of it.

'I am overpowered, first of all, by the weight of the high dignity to which the Holy Father condescends to raise me, and still more by the words he has used to announce to me his intention, words breathing a goodness so fatherly, and implying an approval the more touching and precious that it is the Vicar of Christ who awards it.

'I venture to hope that the Holy Father will allow me, as soon as the weather becomes milder, and the journey less toilsome, to present myself before his sacred person, that I may try to tell him how deeply I feel his immense goodness, and may receive his apostolic blessing.

'I cannot close this letter, my Lord Cardinal, without begging you to accept the homage of my profound respect and my deep-felt gratitude for the kind courtesy with which you have condescended to discharge the commission of his Holiness.

'I have the honour to kiss the Sacred Purple and to be,

'Your Eminence's most humble and devoted servant,
John H. Newman.'

Dr. Church, Dean of St. Paul's, London, to Dr. Newman.

'The Deanery, St. Paul's: March 12, 1879.

'My dear Newman,—I too have been waiting to be certain before writing to you; for I did not know how to trust the newspapers in such a matter. I heard incidentally yesterday from Oakeley that he considered it certain; and was thinking of writing, when your note came.

'I don't know how to thank you enough for writing. It is indeed quite right; one's sense of justice is satisfied, and it seems like the accomplishment of what has been going on, at least in England, since the "Apologia." It is indeed wonderful to look back, and it is very pleasant to see what curious and genuine satisfaction it gives to most intelligent and well-feeling Englishmen, even to those from whom it might least be expected. I have been more than once surprised in society with the hearty expression of feeling that it was just what ought to be, and was the proper crown and finish.

'But now we shall not know how to behave to you. It is as if you had been carried up among Dukes and Princes and great Court people and none of my old friends has risen higher than a Viscount, most not higher than Barons. You must tell us for instance how to write to you. I know it is very absurd not to know all these things by instinct—but one doesn't.

'With all our best good wishes and heartiest rejoicings,

'Ever yours affectionately,
R. W. Church.'

Lord Blachford to Dr. Newman.

'March 14, 1879.

'My dear Newman,—It is very kind of you to tell me at once of the completion, or at least the completion of the certainty, of your Cardinalate. I am very glad it is as it is. And the Pope's letter certainly shows a very pleasant power of saying happily what is true.

'I suppose it does not make a journey to Rome necessary. Certainly your going to live there would have been an impossible uprooting.

'Knowing how particular you are in answering letters, I began half to think that I might have said something rude, or difficult to answer—and I was the least in the world relieved to get your announcement.

'I suppose all Cardinals *who are not Diocesan Bishops* have to reside at Rome.

'Ever yours affectionately,
Blachford.'

Dr. Clifford, Bishop of Clifton, to Dr. Newman.

'April 5, 1879.

'My dear Father Newman,—I write these few lines wishing to join my voice with that of all your friends in congratulating you on the honour which the Holy Father has conferred upon you by nominating you a member of the Sacred College of Cardinals. There are many reasons why all your friends rejoice at your elevation, but the reason for which above all others they value so highly this act of the Holy Father, is because they feel that by it the highest approval of Christ's Vicar is set upon all that you have laboured and written for the cause of God's Church. To yourself also this must be the source of great satisfaction. I returned to Clifton from Rome only last night. When I saw the Holy Father he spoke to me of the great pleasure he felt in making you a Cardinal, and he is much gratified at hearing of the universal satisfaction with which his choice has been received.

'I sincerely hope, my dear Father Newman, that God will give you life and health for some years to come still to labour for His glory, and to enjoy the honour which His Vicar has bestowed upon you.

'I remain, dear Fr. Newman,
Yours most sincerely,
✠ William Clifford,
Bishop of Clifton.'

FR. ROSSI[1] OF THE ORATORY AT ROME TO DR. NEWMAN.

'Rome, from the Vallicella: March 23, 1879.

'Very Reverend Father,—All Europe is gladdened at hearing that our Holy Father Leo XIII. has resolved, for the glory of God, for the honour of the Catholic Church, and as a reward of your many labours, to honour you with the high rank of Cardinal, and give you as a stay and support to the Church itself. Wherefore, although I am still very weak, from a serious and dangerous illness, I cannot refrain from sending you my congratulations, and this for many reasons; especially for the gratitude I owe you continually. Receive then this very sincere expression of my *feelings:* like that of the poor woman in the Gospel, who could offer to the treasury of the Temple only two mites—she gave all she had, and I in my insufficiency, offer with my whole heart all I can.

'Kissing your hands and begging your holy blessing,

'I am,
Your Eminence's most devoted servant,
CARLO ROSSI,
Of the Oratory.'

DR. NEWMAN TO FR. ROSSI OF THE ORATORY AT ROME.

'To my excellent and very dear Father Carlo Rossi, Vallicella, Rome.

'Birmingham: March 29, 1879.

'I well knew, my dear father, that your affection towards me was so deep that it would be a great joy to you that the Holy Father has deigned to raise me to the high dignity of the Cardinalate. This I very well knew, and yet I feel now a two-fold pleasure in receiving, under your own hand, the assurance and memorial of that joy.

'This comes to increase my joy; happily I hope to be in Rome sooner or later, and to find you freed from illness and weakness. The seeing you, and talking with you, will be much better than the reading of many letters. I had never ventured to hope that I should again see the face of your Paternity, but the mercy of God has, it would seem, decreed otherwise. I hope to be with you, and to be able to talk with you face to face, "that our joy may be full."

'Believe me, very dear Father,
Ever your most loving
JOHN H. NEWMAN,
Priest of the Oratory.'

The following letters—the first to a non-Catholic friend, the other two to his co-religionists—illustrate what has been said in the text of the feelings which prompted Dr. Newman to accept the offer of the Cardinal's Hat:

(1) 'Feb. 28, 1879.

'Everything has two sides. Of course my accepting would disappoint these men, but declining would disappoint those. And just now for the same reasons would their feelings be contrary, viz., because my accepting would show the closest adherence of my mind to the Church of Rome, and my declining would seem an evidence of secret distance from her. Both sides would say: "You see, he is not a Catholic in heart."

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[1] Early in life Father Rossi was a notable Father of the Oratory in Rome, and it was he who, in 1847, was appointed by Pius IX. to teach Dr. Newman the Rule of St. Philip. Father Rossi was ill and away from Rome when Dr. Newman was there in January 1856, and thus they had not met in the long interval between 1847 and 1879.

'Now this has ailed me this thirty years; men won't believe me. This act would force them to do so. So that to a man in my mental position your argument tells the contrary way to what you anticipate.

'But again, as to what you kindly call my "post of deep moral value," this must be viewed relatively to Unitarians, Theists and Sceptics, on the one side, and Catholics and Anglicans on the other. I wish to be of religious service, such as I can, to both parties—but, if I must choose between Theists and Catholics, "blood is thicker than water." You forget that I believe the Catholic religion to be true, and you do not. It is not that I am insensible to and ungrateful for the good opinion of Theists, but Catholics are my brothers, and I am bound to consult for them first.

'J. H. N.'

(2) 'March 6.

'I knew what gladness it would cause to you and yours to hear of the high honour to be conferred on me by the Holy Father. It has a special value in my case, who have suffered so much from the suspicions which have been so widely prevalent about me. My writing and publishing days are over, and I am looking for a far more solemn Tribunal than any on earth; but one naturally likes the good opinion of one's Catholic brethren, and it was hard to receive letters to the effect that I was under a cloud, and why did I not set myself right, and why did I take part with ———, ——— and Garibaldi? Now the Pope in his generosity has taken this reproach simply away, and it is a wonderful Providence that even before my death that acquittal of me comes, which I knew would come some day or other, though not in my lifetime. . . .

'J. H. N.'

(3) 'March 29.

'Thank you also for your congratulations on my elevation. It has, as you may suppose, startled and even scared me, when I am of the age when men look out for death rather than any other change.

'J. H. N.'

The following is the unfinished letter to William Froude referred to in the text at p. 466. I give it as it stands with the later additions in brackets and the suggestions of alternative phrases put down by the Cardinal above some of the words he had at first used. Here and there however, it has been necessary to insert a few words to complete a sentence. These are placed in square brackets.

'Rome: April 29, 1879.

'I have been much touched by your consideration for me in writing to me when you would put into shape your thoughts upon religion, thus putting me in your affection and regard, on a level with dear Hurrell; and I wish I had just now leisure enough and vigour of mind enough to answer your letter so thoroughly as I think it could be answered, and as its delicacy and tenderness for me deserves But I will set down just as it strikes me on reading, having no books and depending mainly on my memory.

'My first and lasting impression is that in first principles we agree togethe more than you allow; and this is a difficulty in my meeting you, that I am no sure you know what I hold and what I don't; otherwise why should [you] insist so strongly on points which I maintain as strongly as you?

'Thus you insist very strongly on knowledge mainly depending upon the experience of facts, as if I denied it; whereas, as a general truth and when experience is attainable, I hold it more fully than you. I say "more fully," because, whereas you hold that "to *select*, square, and to fit together materials which experience has supplied is the very function of the intellect," I should [not] allow the intellect to select, but only to estimate them.

'I will set down dicta of mine, which I think you do not recollect, which are to be found in my University Sermons, Essay on Development of Doctrine, and Essay on Assent.

'"No one can completely define things which exist externally to the mind, and which are known to him by experience."

'"Our notions of things are never simply commensurate with the things themselves."

'"It is as easy to create as to define."

'"This distinction between inference and assent is exemplified even in mathematics."

'"Argument is not always able to command our assent though it be demonstration."

'"Concrete matter does not admit of demonstration."

'"It is to me a perplexity that grave authors seem to enunciate as an intuitive truth, that everything must have a cause."

'"The notion of causation is one of the first lessons which we learn from experience."

'"Starting from experience, I call a cause an effective will."

'"There are philosophers who teach an invariable uniformity in the laws of nature; I do not see on what ground of experience or reason they take up this position."

'"Gravitation is not an experience any more than is the mythological doctrine of the presence of innumerable spirits in physical phenomena."

'"Because we have made a successful analysis of some complicated assemblage of phenomena, which experience has brought before us, in the visible scene of things, and have reduced them to a tolerable dependence on each other, we call the ultimate points of this analysis and the hypothetical facts in which the whole mass of phenomena is gathered up by the name of causes, whereas they are really only formulæ under which these phenomena are conveniently represented" etc., and so on.

'You say "I doubt whether it is really possible to give a blind man a common idea of a star." I have drawn out elaborately in one of my University Sermons the necessity of experience from the case of a blind man attempting to write upon colours, how he might go on swimmingly at first—but before long—in spite of his abstract knowledge would be precipitated into some desperate mistake.

'I can't think you would write as you have written had you recollected in my volumes passages such as these. Therefore you must let me state what, according to my own view of the matter, I consider to be our fundamental difference, and it is certainly so considerable and accompanied with so [much that is] simply *a priori* and personal, that, if you really hold firmly all you say, I must with
consider
great grief think I shall have done all that I can do, when I have clearly stated what I conceive it to be.

'We differ in our sense and our use of the word "certain." I use it of minds, you of propositions. I fully grant the uncertainty of all conclusions in your sense of the word, but I maintain that minds may in my sense be certain of conclusions which are uncertain in yours.

'Thus, when you say that "no man of high scientific position but bears in mind that a residue of doubt attaches to the most thoroughly established scientific truths," I am glad at all times to learn of men of science, as of all men, but I did not require their help in this instance, since I have myself laid it down, as I had already quoted my words, [that] "concrete matter does not admit of demonstration." That is, in your sense of the word "doubt," viz. a recognition and judgment that the proof is not wholly complete, attaches to all propositions; this I would maintain as well as you. But if you mean that the laws of the human mind do not command and force it to accept as true and to assent absolutely to propositions which are not logically demonstrated, this I think so great a paradox, that all the scientific philosophers in Europe would be unable by their united testimony to make me believe it. That Great Britain is an island is a geographical, scientific truth. Men of science are certain of it; they have in their intellects no doubt at all about it; they would hold and rightly that a residuum of defectiveness of proof attaches to it as a thesis; and, in consequence they would admit some great authority, who asserted that it was geographically joined to Norway, tho' a canal was cut across it, to give them his reasons, but they would listen without a
as to
particle of sympathy for the great man or doubt about his hallucination, and all this, while they allowed it had not been absolutely and fully proved impossible that he was right.

which
'Then I go on to say, that [it is] just this, what scientific men believe of Great Britain, viz. that its insularity is an absolute truth, that we believe of the divinity of Christianity; and, as men of science nevertheless would give a respectful attention and a candid and careful though not a sympathetic hearing (to any man) of name and standing who proposes to prove to them that Great Britain is not an island, so we too, did men in whom we confide come to us stating their conviction that Christianity was not true, we should indeed feel drawn to such men as little as professors of science to the man who would persuade them that Great Britain was joined to the continent, but we should, if we acted rightly, do our utmost, as I have ever tried to do, in the case of unbelievers, to do justice to their arguments. Of course it may be said that I could not help being biassed, but that may be said of men of science too.

'I hold, then, and I certainly do think that scientific philosophers must, if they are fair, confess too, that there are truths of which they are certain, tho' they are not logically proved; which are to be as cordially accepted as if they were absolutely proved, which are to be accepted beyond their degree of probability, considered as conclusions from premisses. You yourself allow that there are cases in which we are forced and have a duty to act, as if what is but possible were certainly true, as in our precautions against fire; I go further so much, not as to say that in merely possible, or simply probable cases, but in particular cases of the highest probability, as in that of the insularity of
human intellect
Great Britain, it is a law of the thought to accept with an inward assent as absolutely true, what is not yet demonstrated. We all observe this law; science may profess to ignore it; but men of science observe it every day of their lives, just as religious men observe it in their own province.

'In opposition then to what you assume without proof, which you don't seem to know that I have denied, even to throwing down the gauntlet in denying, I maintain that an act of inference is distinct from an act of assent, and that [its] strength does not vary with the strength of the inference. A hundred and one eye witnesses add strength to the inference drawn from the evidence of a hundred, but not to the assent which that evidence creates. There is a faculty in the mind which I think I have called the inductive sense, which, when properly cultivated and used, answers to Aristotle's φρόνησις, its province being, not virtue, but the "inquisitio veri," which decides for us, beyond any technical rules, when, how, etc. to pass from inference to assent, and when and under what circumstances, etc. etc. not. You seem yourself to admit this faculty, when you speak of the intellect not only as adjusting, but as selecting the results of experience. Indeed I cannot understand how you hold certain opinions with such strength of conviction, as you[r] view of divine justice, of the inutility, if not worse, of prayer, ("it seems to me *impossible* that I should *ever* etc.) against eternal punishment, against the Atonement, unless you were acting by means of some mental faculty (rightly or wrongly used) which brought you on to assents far more absolute than could be reached by experience and the legitimate action of logic upon its results.

'I am led to conclude then that you grant or rather hold two principles most important to my view of this great matter:—first that there is a mental faculty which reasons in a far higher way than that of merely measuring the force of conclusions by the force of premisses: and next, that the mind has a power of determining ethical questions, which serve as major premisses to syllogisms, without depending upon experience. And now I add a third, which is as important as any: the gradual process by which great conclusions are forced upon the mind, and the confidence of their correctness which the mind feels from the fact of that gradualness.

'This too you feel as much as I should do. You say, "the communication of mind with mind cannot be effected by any purely abstract process." I consider, when I sum up the course of thought by which I am landed in Catholicity, that it consists in three propositions: that there has been or will be a Revelation; that Christianity is that Revelation; and that Catholicity is its legitimate expression; and that these propositions naturally strengthen the force of each. But this is only how I should sum up in order to give outstanders an idea of my line of argument, not as myself having been immediately convinced by abstract propositions. Nothing surely have I insisted on more earnestly in my Essay on Assent, than on the necessity of thoroughly subjecting abstract propositions to concrete. It is in the experience of daily life that the power of religion is learnt. You will say that deism or scepticism is learnt by that experience. Of course; but I am not arguing, but stating what I hold, which you seem to me not to know. And I repeat, it is not by syllogisms or other logical process that trustworthy conclusions are drawn, such as command our assent, but by that minute, continuous, experimental reasoning, which shows baldly on paper, but which drifts silently into an overwhelming cumulus of proof, and, when our start is true, brings us on to a true result. Thus it is that a man may be led on from scepticism, deism, methodism, anglicanism, into the Catholic Church, God being with him all through his changes, and a more and more irresistible assent to the divinity of the Catholic Church being wrought out by those various changes; and he will simply laugh and scoff at your doctrine that his evidence is necessarily defective and that scientific authorities are agreed that he can't be certain. And here I must digress a moment to give expression to a marvel that you should think I do not hold with [Hurrell]. "There is another point in which etc. etc. he used to feel that, whoever was heartily doing his best to do God's will, as far as he knew it, would be divinely guided to a clear knowledge of theological truth." Why, this is what I have enunciated or implied in all that I have written:—but to return.

'You continue:—"The consciousness that they mean the same thing by the

same words is a consciousness growing out of experience or daily experiment." This I have virtually insisted on in a whole chapter in my Essay on Assent, in which, among other instances in point, I refer to the difference of the aspects under which the letters of the alphabet present themselves to different minds, asking "which way does B look? to the right or to the left?" Moreover, it is the principle of my Essay on Doctrinal Development, and I consider it emphatically enforced in the history of the Catholic Schools. You must not forget that, though we maintain the fact of a Revelation as a first principle, as firmly as you can hold that nature has its laws, yet, when the matter of the Revelation [given] comes to be considered, very little is set down as the original doctrine which alone is *de fide*, and within which the revealed truth lies and is limited. As Newton's theory is the development of the laws of motion and the first principles of geometry, so the corpus of Catholic doctrine is the outcome of Apostolic preaching. That corpus is the slow working out of conclusions by means of meditation, prayer, analytical thought, argument, controversy, through a thousand minds, through eighteen centuries and the whole of Europe. There has been a continual process in operation of correction, refinement, adjustment, revision, enucleation, etc., and this from the earliest times, as recognised by Vincent of Lerins. The arguments by which the prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin are proved may be scorned as insufficient by mechanicians, but in fact they are beyond their comprehension, and I claim for theologians that equitable concession that they know their own business better than others do which you claim for mechanical philosophers. Cuique in arte sua credendum: I do not call
tho'
your friends "technical" in their mechanics, because you do call me "technical" in my theology; but I go so far as to take for my own friends what I grant to yours, and should ever do (so); I have long thought your great men in science to be open to the charge of superciliousness, and I will never indulge them in it. Our teaching, as well as yours, requires the preparation and exercise of long thought and of a thorough imbuing in religious ideas. Even were those ideas not true, still a long study would be necessary for understanding them; [when such a study is given] what you call the random reasonings of theologians will be found to have as clear a right to be treated with respect as those proceedings of mechanical philosophers who you say are so microscopic in their painstaking. Words are but the symbols of ideas, and the microscopic reasoner, who is not only so painstaking, but so justly successful in his mechanics, is simply an untaught child in questions of theology. Hence it is that we, as well as you, make such account of authority, even though it be not infallible. Athanasius, Gregory, Augustine, Leo, Thomas Aquinas, Suarez, Francis de Sales, Petavius, Lambertini, and a host besides have, from (our estimate of) their theological instinct that honour with us, which, on account of their mechanical and physical instincts, you accord to your men of material science. You say that an ordinary man would think it his duty to listen to any great mechanical philosopher who should bring reasons for even so great a paradox as the possibility of perpetual motion; why should such personal reverence be reserved for mechanicians alone? why not for theologians? To none indeed of the opinions of the schools, nor to the reasonings even of Councils and Popes, are we bound; none are *de fide*; none but may be changed. I think there was a day when the whole body of divines was opposed to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception; two great men, St. Bernard and St. Thomas, threw back the reception of it for 600 years. The Jesuits have reversed the long dominant opinion of St. Augustine of absolute predestination, and have been confirmed by two saints, St. Francis de Sales and St. Alfonso. On the other hand sometimes a doctrine of the schools has been

nade a dogma, that is, has been pronounced a portion of the original revelation, out this, when it has occurred, has been no sudden extempore procedure, but the ssue of long examination and the controversy of centuries. There were circumstances in the mode of conducting the Vatican Council which I could not like, out its definition of the Pope's Infallibility was nothing short of the upshot of numberless historical facts looking that way, and of the multitudinous mind of theologians acting upon them.

'What then you say of mechanical science, I say emphatically of theology, viz. that it "makes progress by being always alive to its own fundamental uncertainties." We may allowably argue, and do argue, against everything but what has been ruled to be Apostolic; we do (thus argue), and I grant sometimes with far less temper, and sometimes with far less freedom of mind than mechanical philosophers (argue) in their own province, and for a plain reason, because theology involves more questions which may be called burning than physics; but f you [who] are modest before Newton and Faraday may be fierce with tableturners, and the schola astronomicorum with that poor man who some years ago maintained
said that the moon did not rotate, I think it no harm to extend an ndulgence towards the prejudicium or the odium theologicum, in religious writers.

'And now I go on to the relation of the will to assent, in theological matters, as to which, perhaps from my own fault, I have not made my doctrine quite clear to you in the passage in Loss and Gain. You seem to think that I hold that in religion the will is simply to supersede the intellect, and that we are to force ourselves to believe against evidence, or at least in some way or other not to give the mind fair play in the question of accepting or rejecting Christianity. I will say then what I really meant. Now, as far as I recollect, Reding says, "I see the truth as tho' seen thro' clouds. I have real grounds for believing, and only floating imaginations against it; is this enough for faith?"

'First of all, then, I had fancied that every one granted that in practical matters our wishes were apt to bias our judgments and decisions, how then is it strange that a Catholic Priest, as in that story, who was quite sure that there was out one truth and that he possessed it, should be urgent with a youth who was within grasp of this pearl of great price, lest, under the strong secular motives
miss
against his acting, he might through faintheartedness lose it? But he would hold, and I hold most distinctly that, tho' faith is the result of will, itself ever follows intellectual judgment.

'But again; it must be recollected, that, since nothing concrete admits of lemonstration, and there is always a residuum of imperfection in the proof, it is always also possible, perhaps even plausibly to resist a conclusion, even tho' it be one which all sensible men consider beyond question. Thus, in this day especially, new lights are thrown upon historical events and characters, sometimes important, sometimes, as the world agrees, clever, ingenious, but not likely o have a permanent value. Now here it is the common sense, good judgment, ρόνησις, which sweeps away the aggressive theory. But there are cases in which udgment influences the will. Thus a tutor might say to his pupil, "I advise you not to begin your historical studies with Niebuhrism or you will end by knowing nothing; depend upon it the world is not mistaken in the grand outline of events. When objections come before you consider them fairly, but don't begin with doubting:" and his pupil might, by an act of the will, put from his mind, at least for the time, real difficulties.

'Still more [does this apply] to the cases, not a few, in which excited, timid, narrow, feeble, or over-sensitive minds have their imaginations so affected by a one single difficulty connected with a received truth that [it] decides for them their rejection of it against reason, evidence, authority, and general reception. They cannot get over what so distresses them, and after a thousand arguments for the truth, return with full confidence to their objection. Thus if a man said he was fully convinced of the divinity of the Catholic Church, if he judged her by her rites, her doctrines, her history, or her fruits, but that he could not get over the fact that in the Apocalypse the dragon was red and red was the colour of the Cardinal's cassocks, I should (think) it would be the duty of a friend to tell him to put this difficulty aside by a vigorous act of the will, and to become a Catholic.

'This is an extreme case; there are others more intelligible and to the point. Wives may be unfaithful, but Othello ought by a strong act of the will to have put aside his suspicions. Do you mean to say that a man can feel any doubt whatever of the truth and affection of an old friend? is he not in his inward heart fully confident and certain of him, while he will willingly own that there is a residue of doubt looking at the fact as a matter of inference and proof? Will it be anything to him that a stranger who has not his experience does not feel the force of them, when put into words? That stranger will of course disbelieve, but that is not reason against his own believing. You will say that cases of perfidy are possible, and a man may at length be obliged to pronounce against his friend; certainly, and (false) arguments may overcome the Christian and he may give up his faith, but, till such a strong conclusion has overtaken him, he will by an act of the will reject, it will be his duty, as well as his impulse to reject, all doubts, as a man rejects doubts about his friend's truth. And if it be said that his friend is visibly present, and the object of faith invisible, there the action of supernatural grace comes in, which I cannot enter upon here. It brings us into a leading question of premisses, not of proof. I have said much on this point in my Essay on Assent.'

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